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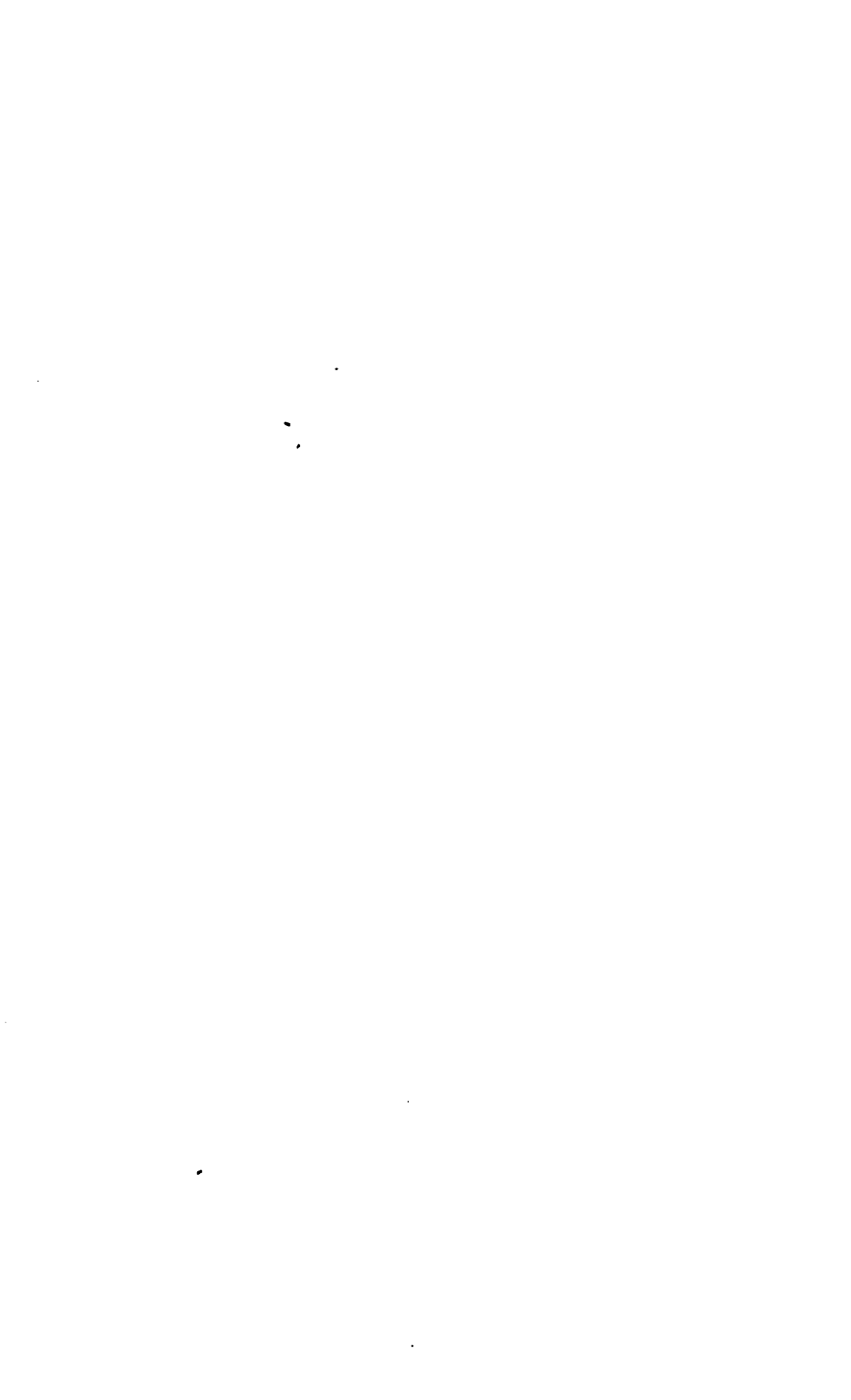
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The Gift of
The Writer,
Mrs. Jane A. James
of Providence,
R. I.
Rec. Sept. 26,
1850.





BUDGET OF LETTERS.

BT

BBUDGET OF LETTERS,

OR

THINGS WHICH I SAW ABROAD.

By Mrs Jane A. Tr...

c BOSTON:

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

M DCCC XLVII.

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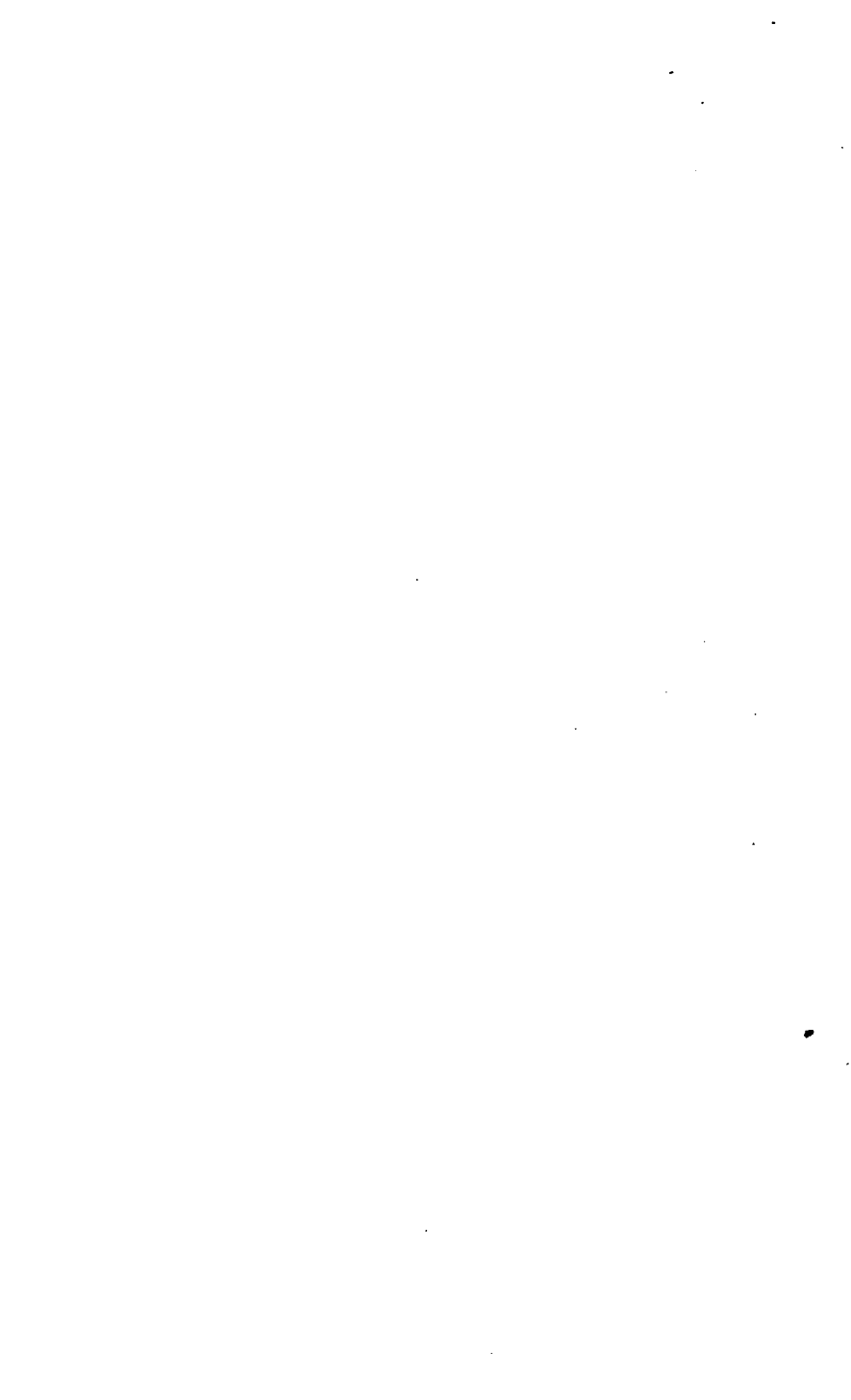
MY FATHER.



PREFACE.

I SEND forth into the world this "Budget of Letters," with no lengthened apology. I have merely to say that I wrote them while travelling abroad to friends at home. Those friends have repeatedly asked for their publication, but for various reasons I have hitherto refused to comply with their request. I now consent solely for their gratification; and as the account of the "things which I saw," afforded them pleasure, so now would I fain hope, it will interest those who favor it with their perusal.

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LETTERS.

ON BOARD SHIP BURGUNDY,
Off Staten Island, March 26, 184—.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

HERE we lay at anchor, the wind being ahead, and how long we shall have to stay is more than we can tell. We had an opportunity this afternoon to go up to the city with the captain, but we preferred to stay on board ship, that we may begin to feel at home before we get out to sea, for as you may well imagine every thing is strange to us. As we stepped on board this morning, our ears were saluted with sounds that seemed more appropriate to a farm-yard than a ship. We turned suddenly and saw a meek, innocent looking cow, apparently as much out of her element as we were ; and that she might have somewhat to remind her of her country home, sundry pigs were squealing near by, which sounds, ever and anon, were relieved by the noisy geese, the gobbling turkey, the cackling hen, and the quacking duck. From the appearance of this live stock, we judge that we shall want for none of the good things of this life, and with all this preparation for the body, the mind is not neglected, for there is a fine library on board, to which all the passengers have access.

We have ten passengers on board, but three of whom are Americans, so we shall be quite accustomed to the clatter of strange tongues, before arriving in foreign lands.

Our hours are to be, breakfast at nine, lunch at twelve, dinner at three, tea at seven.

I cannot write more at present, as there is just motion enough of the ship to prevent my writing with ease.

Friday, half past one.—I have just time to say that we are now under way, and are rapidly nearing Sandy Hook. I have staid on deck and witnessed all the movements preparatory to getting out to sea, and I have almost been stunned by the orders of the captain and mates, given in a stentorian tone of voice. Our pilot is soon to leave us; his little fragile bark follows in our wake. I must hasten to close this, so I may send it by him to the city. I look forward to the voyage with cheerfulness and perfect freedom from fear.

Adieu. "The Lord watch over me and thee while absent one from another."

On Board Ship, April 7th.

MY DEAREST FRIEND :

Thus far have we sped on our seaward flight. There is nothing around us but the water and the sky. Before, behind, on the right hand and on the left, the blue sea stretches out. More than eighteen hundred miles intervene between us and our beloved home, that home so far away, seeming now dearer than ever, if dearer it can be. Doubtless you will feel anxious to know how the voyage has prospered with us, so I hasten to particularize, and if I should prove too minute in detailing the events of a ship life, you will please bear in mind that I am surrounded by new things, and that I take it for granted that you are as ignorant on these subjects as I am.

You will see by the date of this that we have been almost two weeks at sea, and you are ready to ask if I am tired of "a life on the ocean wave." I answer, "No! by no means."

For me there is no monotony in the sea, but all is vivid and full of life and perpetual change. No two days has the sea looked alike, yet in all its forms and changes it is to me most beautiful and sublime.

But I hear you say, "Have you not been sea-sick?" Notwithstanding all your prognostications that I should be sick for at least ten days, I have not been sick as many minutes. I never enjoyed more perfect health or a better appetite than since I came on board ship. Hereafter sea-sickness has no terrors for me. I should never be deterred by fear of that from undertaking any voyage, however long, but should laugh at it as an idle tale. But think not that dear —— has been so free from sea-sickness as I have been; no, in respect to this he can a most piteous tale unfold, for he has scarcely yet been able to leave his berth, and I suppose will have to suffer more or less till we get on land.

Besides having escaped sea-sickness, I have been free from fear, which you know is another great inconvenience attending a first voyage. Think not from this that we have sailed smoothly on, without a tempestuous wind to ruffle our sails, or to stir up the blue waters. Far from it, for scarcely were we out of sight of land, before a storm came on which continued two nights and days. It commenced in the middle of the night. I was awakened from a sound sleep by a sudden jar which almost threw me from my berth. At first I could scarcely realize where I was. The wind howled and whistled through the rigging, the waves dashed against the sides of the ship, ever and anon sweeping across the deck; the captain was issuing his orders through a trumpet, there was a sound over my head of the heavy tramping of men, and every plank in the ship seemed to have a separate creak and squeak as she rocked to and fro. My heart quailed, and I thought if ever I got on land, it would be long ere I would again brave the dangers of the deep. It was but for a moment, however, for I knew that though "the waves of the sea were mighty, yet the Lord who dwelleth on high was

mightier," and I remembered that once when the seas raged high, there came a gentle voice that said "Peace, be still." I sang to myself a verse of the Psalm that was sung the last Sunday I was in — Church,

"The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply."

And I soon fell asleep as calmly as though I had been soothed by some gentle lullaby, instead of the roaring of the waters.

The wind during these two days and nights, happily for us, was fair, and we sped quickly on our destined way. It was too rough for me however to be up, so I kept my berth the most of the time, and thus was prevented from witnessing that dread sublimity which attends the ocean in a storm. Although I have not seen the sea in all its fury, I have beheld it, when, though the storm had ceased, the waves had not grown calm, but were still heaving and tossing, as if they could not soon forget their former rage. But I can no more at present, for it requires a steady hand to write when a ship is ploughing through the water at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour.

Sunday, April 11th.—A Sunday at sea!—how different from a Sunday on land. There the sun seems to shine brighter, the skies look softer; the hum of business, the strife of tongues are stilled, and every thing seems to partake of the quiet and calm of the holy day. But here there is nothing to distinguish this from any other day. No sound of the church-going bell strikes upon the ear; no voice of prayer and praise is heard. But is there here no sanctuary in which to worship God? Ah yes! The hoarse voice of old ocean, the mighty tones of the sea, boundless and fathomless, call us to prayer and praise. Here is a fit temple in which we may bow before the Great and Mighty God. The sea is indeed the "throne of the Invisible," so "boundless, endless

and sublime," it is the "very image of eternity." Here God is seen in all His power. Whether "calm or convulsed," His name and attributes are written on its blue bosom. Oh my soul! learn here a lesson of the greatness of that Being thou adorest! Learn to trust more in the power of Him who holds the waters in His hands, and guides the winds and directs the storms.

To-day is Easter, the day in which our loved Lord threw off the bands of death and rose triumphant from the grave. To-day, in our own dear church, many that we love have gathered around that board where were spread the emblems of a dying Saviour's love. And were there none in that church, and in the dear church at B——, who thought of us? Ah yes! we would fain believe that many prayers were offered for us and for our preservation on the great deep; and though not with them in person, yet in spirit were we there, and many dear faces have come before our eyes to-day.

'Tis night upon the sea, a glorious night. The moon and the stars look lovingly down; the world of waters around me seems sleeping beneath their pure light. I have gazed upon the calm and spiritual beauty of this scene, till I have felt almost raised above the earth. I think of my distant home across the wide Atlantic, and I adore the power of Him who can watch over us in all our roamings by sea and by land, and over you who are now in the calm stillness of a Sabbath evening at home.

Tuesday 13th.—We are still going "onward, right onward," and if this wind continues, in a few days we shall be in Havre. Still, though anxious to commence our journey on land, we shall be quite sorry to bid the sea adieu, and shall resume with pleasure our acquaintance with it in the autumn.

We have just risen from lunch; it is one o'clock; with you it is about nine; such is the difference of time as we go farther eastward. I have said nothing to you as yet, about our companions on board ship. I find them all pleasant and

agreeable. Shall I give you a slight sketch of us as we sit at table? At the head sits the captain, a large and well proportioned man, with full red cheeks, looking like what he really is, a nice, cheerful, jolly companion. Next to him sits Mademoiselle H——, a young lady just in her teens, a pleasant, agreeable girl. Beside her sits her father, a grey-headed gentleman, whose prominent feature is his nose. Then come Messrs. D. and De L., the life of the company, both lively, boisterous Frenchmen, always singing and full of fun and humor. Next is Mr. B., another Frenchman, quiet and gentlemanly, with whom I have not as yet exchanged a word. Come we back to the head of the table. Opposite Captain L., behold your correspondent, Madame ——, for that is now my title. The next seat is generally vacant, as J. is rarely able to take his meals with us. Then comes Mr. A., a young Philadelphian, and the only American besides ourselves. Next to him sits Mr. M., a pleasant quiet man, who, after residing twenty-four years in the United States, is returning to his beloved Switzerland to visit his aged father. Then comes Mr. U., a young German, who is revisiting his home after four years' absence. Last of all sits Mr. C., the first mate, an unobtrusive man, but always ready to impart all information in his power. This completes our party at table. We are lively and sociable, as well we may be, feasting daily on the bounties of the land and the sea. A great deal of our time is spent on deck; we are allowed to talk with the sailors, provided they are not on active duty. No one is permitted to speak to the man at the helm. The officers are amused at my attempts to imitate their orders, and laugh heartily at my confounding names and things on board ship; as for instance, for a long time I persisted in calling "weather braces," leather braces. I believe I am rarely on deck when Mr. L., the second mate is on duty, but that he is giving some orders about the topsails. Hence we call him "the topsail reefer."

We have on board sixty-three persons; ten cabin and

twenty steerage passengers, twenty-four sailors, the captain, two mates, a carpenter, two cooks, two stewards, and one chambermaid. The sailors are divided into two watches, having a mate at the head of each watch; each watch remains on deck four hours. At half-past eight "one bell" strikes, at nine "two bells," and so on till "eight bells" are struck, and the four hours are passed. This ends one watch and begins another. But the afternoon watch is divided, the watch then lasting but two hours; this is called the "dog watch," and is thus arranged in order that the watch that was last night eight hours on deck, may to-night be but four. The sailors live well, having plenty of meat, potatoes, cod-fish and rice. When the morning watch goes in at half past eight, they take their breakfast, the other watch having taken theirs just before. At half past twelve they have their dinner, and at half past six their supper.

The mornings have been foggy and unpleasant, so that I have not yet witnessed "a sunrise at sea." The captain has promised to call me some fair morning.

To-day we have seen four vessels. This is a sign that we are approaching land. One passed quite near us. It was an exciting scene, and although it was raining quite fast, we all staid on deck till she was far from us. We hoisted the "star spangled banner," and she, in her turn, showed English colors. The wind being against us prevented the captain from speaking her.

The "first day of April" there were many sights to be seen; whales, ships, steamers, and I know not what else. It was not till after I had two or three times rushed on deck at the risk of life and limb, that I remembered what day it was, and contented myself with staying below.

One day last week I saw them "heave the log." Instead of seeing a "log" going over, as I confidently expected, they threw into the sea a little triangular piece of cork attached to a long cord, which was knotted at intervals. A sailor stood by with an hour-glass in his hand, and by counting the

number of knots let out during so many seconds, could of course tell the speed of the ship. Thus from counting the knots, arose the expression so many "knots an hour."

Wednesday, 12th.—Last evening saw the light-house off Scilly Isle. The captain came in with the news just as we were taking tea. Instantly there was a rush. The deck was wet and slippery, and it was raining fast, but we all stood a few minutes to see the light. It is a revolving light and had just disappeared as we went out. This morning at four, we passed the one off Lizard's Isle, two hundred miles from Havre. We are going now quite rapidly along, although the sea is as calm as a little lake, and we can scarcely perceive the slightest motion. We are told that we shall breakfast to-morrow in Havre. Our pilot has just come on board. We gathered around him as though a man was a queer animal, but it really seemed strange to see a different face from those we had seen for twenty days.

Thursday.—This morning I was almost tempted to be angry, for you must know I had quite set my heart on witnessing a sunrise at sea. Now last night I engaged Mr. C., whose watch it would be this morning, to call me early, if there was promise of a fine sunrise. Well, I was aroused by a tap on my window; I jumped up, threw on my dressing-gown and sea-cap, and almost in a moment stood upon deck, but "lo and behold," the sun was already risen! I had a great mind to be provoked with him, but finally concluded I would not, so I laughed it off and went to my berth again. But to sleep was entirely out of the question, as all the passengers started this morning betimes, hoping to breakfast in Havre. You would hardly believe so much noise could be made by so few people. Trunks were moved about, carpet bags were tossed hither and thither, while the Frenchmen shouted and sung louder than ever, which certainly was quite needless. When I went out to breakfast I stared with astonishment at the change that had come over the passengers. Old hats and caps had been consigned to oblivion; old coats and pan-

taloons were among "the things that had been," while in their places appeared shining beavers, and clothes of the nicest cloth and latest cut. After breakfast we all rushed "en masse" on deck, to see who would be the first to discover land. It was a lovely morning. The air was balmy, the sea calm and clear, and the ship moved along as gracefully as a swan, "when floating down from his native grove." The hours rolled on; lunch came, and even dinner. Visions of oysters that had come before our eyes, that we had anticipated eating at this hour, now floated away far down the dim perspective. Murmurs, loud and deep, were heard on every side. Now it was quite a joke our having to dine to-day on board ship, for they of the galley, supposing yesterday was to have been our last dinner on board, gave us a sumptuous repast. But hark! I hear a shout. "Land!" cries the man aloft; "land!" echoes the captain; "land, land!" shouted the passengers, and a loud huzza testified their joy. I ran on deck. The cliffs of Havre were seen in the distance, looking like white clouds with a roseate tinge. We gradually approach nearer and nearer, but still there is no prospect of getting on shore to-night. The Frenchmen are more uneasy and fidgety than ever, while we take all with our usual calmness, and as part and parcel of the inconveniences of travelling. Towards night some small boats came along side, and offered to take us ashore. All went but Mr. H. and his daughter and ourselves. How still we are this evening! You would not fancy this to be the same ship we have been in so long. No singing, no laughing is heard; no cries to the steward for "whiskey punch" break in upon the stillness. We go to our state-room, knowing that this is our last night on board ship, and we almost sigh to think our voyage has been so quick. I close this long letter here, hoping to be able to send it off to-morrow as soon as we get on shore. When next you hear from us, we shall be amid the stirring scenes of the old world. Adieu.

HAVRE, April 16.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

After being twenty-one days at sea, we have once more set our feet on "terra firma." Amid all the bustle of arriving in a foreign land, and surrounded by the utmost confusion of tongues, I am almost bewildered; and were it not that I still see around me the faces of our former companions, I should really feel like a "stranger in a strange land." But I will give you the details of our arrival here. This morning we were called before sunrise, as the pilot's little sloop was seen coming for us. But think not we got off thus early. No, we were not so fortunate, for the steerage passengers had to go with us. It took a long while to lower down their baggage, for they were encumbered with many a "great trunk, little trunk, bandbox and bundle." Some of the trunks looked as though they were made just after the flood, or at least when trunks first came in fashion, for they bore about them the evident marks of antiquity. Finally, all the baggage was removed, and then came "the live stock," consisting of men, women, and children. We all had to descend a perpendicular ladder, no easy task I can assure you. At last we got off, and we bade good bye with regret to the good ship Burgundy, to her pleasant officers and orderly crew. Our parting injunction to Mr. L. was not to forget the topsails.

Havre presents a fine appearance as you approach it from the sea. High cliffs protect it on one side, while, on the other, the land slopes gradually down to the water's edge. The fields look green and fertile, and the trees are in full bloom. The harbor is very good; two piers of superior workmanship extend some ways into the water, forming a kind of basin, or inner harbor. As we neared the wharf, some small boats came off, in which were men from different hotels, each one eager to recommend his own. Such a clattering and jabbering, and such a thrusting of cards into our hands, I never before witnessed. All I could distinguish was "Hotel

de Paris," "Hotel de Londres," and I can't tell how many other "hotels." At last came one from "Hotel d'Europe," where our fellow passengers had gone. This man came on board and accompanied us on shore. No sooner had we landed than we were surrounded by a file of soldiers, who, with charged bayonets, marched us to the custom-house. Was not this a formidable beginning of our travels? As for our humble selves, we began to think we were of some consequence in the world, that our arrival should cause such a stir. As we entered the custom-house an officer came to Miss H. and myself and said, "tobac, segars?" We drew ourselves up to our utmost height (we are both quite short) and said with supreme indignation, "No! ladies in America do not use such things." Mr. H. and J. had their pockets punched and their hats searched, to see if they bore about any contraband articles. Having gone through this personal examination, our keys were demanded, and our trunks opened. Into these, however, they but barely looked, and then we were allowed to go off in peace. How we stared about, as we walked to the hotel, every thing was so strange to us. The constant jabbering of French would have struck us still more strangely than it did, if we had not been in some degree accustomed to it on board ship.

We had not walked two steps from the custom-house, before I stopped short and stared at the queerest little cart, and the oddest harnessed horse that I ever saw, the collar rising far above the horse's head. I could not speak for laughing, but could only stand and point at it. Then there were women wearing caps instead of bonnets, and having on great wooden shoes, which went "clumpy-ti-clump" along the stone pavements, causing us many a time to start, thinking a horse was after us. Then we saw little donkeys with great baskets slung across their backs, so that no part of the animal was seen but his feet and ears. Between the baskets were frequently perched a man and a woman, with often a child or two seen peeping from the basket. The houses too

are odd ; they are high and narrow, and built of stone, having windows opening up and down through the middle like blinds. These when open give a house an airy appearance. The paving stones are flat on the top, and are three or four times larger than those at home, and thus one can walk on them quite as easy as on the sidewalks. In fact only the principal streets have sidewalks.

And now behold us arrived at the "Hotel d'Europe," a large, stone house built around a court. You may well imagine we soon called for breakfast, it being eleven o'clock when we arrived. There being no public table for breakfast, each one calls for whatever he chooses. We made our breakfast of oysters, which however have a different taste from our oysters. After breakfast we took a long walk. Again our attention was all absorbed by the novel sights and sounds by which we were surrounded. You know my aversion to dogs ; well, one kept constantly at my heels. I attempted by threats and scoldings to get rid of it, but in vain. At last it suddenly popped into my head, that probably the dog did not understand English, so I spoke to it in French, and if you will believe me, it instantly obeyed. Curious, was'nt it ?

The shops are fine looking, though there is not a great variety of them, the most of them being occupied as cafés and for toys, jewelry and embroideries. Caps are in almost all windows ; you see no bonnets. Some of them are very beautiful, others are of common materials, adapted for the lower classes.

We dined to-day at half-past five. As this was our first dinner on shore, you will permit me to give you a little account of it. The meats were in covered dishes, and the dessert was all on the table when we sat down. First we had soup ; this was served the same as at our hotels at home, then beef, mutton, chickens, game, &c. These were all successively carried to the head of the table, where they were carved and then sent round to each individual. If you do not choose to eat of the first dish, you must

wait till the second is sent round, and so on. At dessert, however, each one can help himself. At each plate to-day was a bottle of wine.

This evening, notwithstanding our fatigue, we again walked out. The streets were full of people, the shops were brilliantly lit up, and there were crowds around each window, all gazing as though they had never seen the like before, and yet I am told this occurs every evening. It seemed like the evening of the Fourth of July as it is with us, except that here was no riotous noise or confusion.

Saturday Morning.—I have time merely to say, that we are soon to start in the Diligence for Rouen. I must soon seal this, as in a few minutes the mail leaves for England, and I wish to send it by the steamer that sails from Liverpool on Monday, and thus you will hear from us two weeks sooner than you anticipated when we left home. Oh! I must not forget to tell you that this morning when our bill was given us, there was a separate charge for every thing that we had had, even to the use of a candle in our room last night. But my letter is called for; so for the present adieu.

ROUEN, Saturday Evening.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Late as it is, I cannot think of retiring for the night without giving you the events of this day, for so much of our time is taken up in sight-seeing, that I dare not postpone my letters for a single day, for fear of getting too far behindhand. We went soon after ten o'clock to the Diligence office; for you must know they do not come for us at home, but we have to get ourselves and baggage conveyed to the office. We bade farewell to our fellow passengers, excepting Mr. and Miss H., and Mr. M., who accompanied us here. The Diligence is about as large as one of our large omnibuses,

and is divided into three parts, "the Coupé," "Intérieur," and "the Rotund." The "Conductor" sits on top. Underneath him is "the Coupé," which can accommodate but three persons; this is the best seat, as it is open both in front and at the sides, and of course commands the finest view of the country. "The Intérieur" holds six persons, and is open at both sides; this is the next best seat. Last of all comes "the Rotund," which will seat four, six or eight persons, according to the size of the Diligence. This is open at both sides and at the back, and could one always get the first choice of a seat, he might get along nicely, but if he should have to sit between two fat passengers, he would find his vision somewhat bounded by his neighbors' sides and elbows. "The Coupé" is five francs, and "the Intérieur" two more than "the Rotund." The lower classes of people generally ride in this last, and to-day we were obliged to take our seats there too, as all the other seats had been previously taken up. Indeed "the Coupé" is often engaged a week beforehand.

The country for twenty or thirty miles from Havre was exceedingly beautiful. The grass was green and the trees in full bloom; not a fence or a wall was to be seen, hawthorn hedges entirely taking their place. In order that the cows and donkeys might not trespass, each had a rope tied around its neck, sometimes fastened to a tree, and as often held by a man, woman, or child.

We passed some delightful seats; these mostly stood some distance from the road, and had fine avenues of trees leading to them. The trees however were clipped, which gave them rather a stiff appearance.

Sometimes the road ran in sight of the Seine, the banks of which, though low, abound in scenes of beauty. After the first thirty miles the country grew tamer and poorer. Limestone hills bordered one side of the road. In the excavations of these hills, whole families live, nay, I may say, whole villages are thus formed.

The houses of the common people in the country through which we passed, were low, seldom more than one story, and nearly all had thatched roofs. They had a picturesque appearance, and their inhabitants seemed to know what constitutes rural beauty, for their little yards were planted with flowers, and enclosed by the hawthorn hedge.

The road was wide and very good, and so singular did it seem to us from the absence of walls, that it appeared as though we were riding across some large meadow. We saw in many places women working in the fields, and carrying on their heads bundles of fagots larger than many of our laboring men at home would like to bear. I did not see any bonnets, all wore caps, and the complexion is much better than one would imagine it to be, from so much exposure to the sun. The women wear gowns reaching but little below the waist, and petticoats of different color and materials from the gown. They were in this attire all along the road; one woman rode ten miles on the outside of the Diligence, without bonnet or shawl, while I was in my thick travelling dress and cloak.

Again the scene changed, and became highly picturesque and beautiful. Rouen lies in the midst of a fertile country, and often from the winding road we caught sweet glimpses of this ancient place. Just as we entered the city, what do you think I saw? Yankee though you are, you would never guess. It was a woman shaving a man! Yes, a woman barber! only think of it. The streets of Rouen are so very narrow, that the wheels of the Diligence almost touched the windows on either side. As we got into the city we had cards in abundance thrust into our hands, but we took the hotel nearest to the Diligence office, which is the "Hotel Vatel."

What a queer room we are in; I wish you could see it. You would wonder where we are to sleep, but open that large cupboard door, see that small, handsome bedstead. Step across the room this way; open this door, behold

another bed. In another little recess see the washstand and dressing-table. Isn't it queer? Yet it is a nice arrangement, for when these doors are shut, it gives the room the appearance of a parlor.

Perhaps you think we contented ourselves with sitting down quietly in our room after our ride of sixty-six miles. Well then you are quite mistaken, for no sooner were we rid of our coats and cloaks, than taking a guide with us, we started out to view the city. Here was just such another scene as we witnessed last night in Havre. There were crowds in the streets before the shop windows, which, as we came home, were lit up as for an illumination. In our walks we passed the place where Joan of Arc was burnt, where a monument is erected to her memory. Adjoining this spot is the former "Hall of Justice," where she was tried and condemned. On the lower part of the outside of this building is sculptured in bas-relief her history. Here she is first seen in her humble capacity as a peasant girl; then she presents herself to the king as an ambassadress from Heaven; in her suit of armor and on her fiery war horse, she leads the troops to battle, and the English are seen flying before her. The very peasant's cap she is represented as wearing is the same as those now worn by the common people, and is still called "Joan's cap." It is a high, conical cap, made of thick muslin, starched very stiff, and so set upon the head as to add a foot or two to the height of the wearer.

We just looked into the Town Hall, where is quite a large gallery of paintings, called the Corneille Gallery, but it was too late to examine them minutely, so we went into the Library, which contains about fifty thousand volumes. On the table lies a large book, bound and clasped in the most antique manner. It is over one hundred and sixty years old, and was done by a Dominican monk, who was thirty years engaged upon it. It is written in Latin, and contains the Psalms set to music, and histories of different events in the life of our Saviour, each event illustrated by a

painting done by the same individual. Thus at the birth of Christ, the shepherds are seen tending their flocks by night, while an angel appears to them proclaiming the glad tidings. Thus, too, His circumcision, His baptism, His miracles, the last supper, the crucifixion, the resurrection and the ascension, are all illustrated by paintings; these are on parchment, and the colors are as bright and fresh as though just put on. A few years since some Englishmen offered ten thousand dollars for it.

In this library is a glass case, in which, on a velvet cushion, lie two keys connected together by a silken cord. They are of silver gilt, and are the keys of the city, presented to Napoleon on his passage up the Seine.

I am really too tired to write more at present, so must bid you good night.

Sunday.—How different has this day been from a Sunday in our own city! This day, in this country, seems to be the day of days, not for worshipping God, but for recreation and amusement. As there is no English place of worship here, we went this morning to the Cathedral. It is an imposing edifice, but I am not sufficiently versed in architecture to give you a description of it. We entered, by a large door, at once into the interior of the church; the ceiling is lofty, supported by massy pillars. There are no pews, but hundreds of little flag-seated, common looking chairs are scattered about. Fastened to the pillars, at the entrance, are basins containing the holy water, into which those going in dip their fingers, and make on their foreheads the sign of the cross. This is done without any apparent reverence whatever. When we went in, there were many persons in the church, some sitting, some kneeling, but few there were who seemed devoutly to worship God. Even the kneeling ones would follow us about with their eyes, wherever we went.

Within the chancel were many priests, and several boys who assisted in the service, though what they said, or what

they did, or what it all meant, is more than I can tell. They were all dressed in scarlet robes, with a white mantle over them. In the midst of the service some of the priests and the boys disappeared, and came back dressed in black, instead of scarlet. They then went out of the church in a procession, to attend a funeral. All this time the people were going in and coming out just as they pleased. Here were the common people in their caps and short gowns, with their baskets of provisions on their arms, and there were high-born ladies in their silks and velvets; all were mixed together, and the small slipper was seen side by side with the great wooden shoe.

This church has several towers, and still another is being built of iron, which, when finished, will be the highest in Europe. In one of the towers are four bells, whose soft chimes, now at eventide, come floating upon the air, filling my ears with their sweet music.

When we came out of the church, we saw some boys spinning their tops upon the steps. As we came back to our hotel, we should never have judged from the appearance of the streets, that it was a day of rest. Here, we saw stands of fruits and flowers, and there stalls, where were exhibited for sale every article of wearing apparel, and all kinds of household utensils, both new and old. Here, we passed a crowd of people gathered round a man who seemed to be acting some kind of a play, and there another, round one who was playing on a violin and singing, and still another round a pole, to which were attached little wooden horses, on which men, boys, and even girls were seated, and which swung round and round with amazing velocity.

How we have sighed to-day for the stillness of our own home, and the service of our own church!

As we were coming out from dinner, what question do you think the hotel keeper asked me? Why, if I was going to the theatre this evening! What can be the religion and morals of any place, where, instead of the church, the

theatre is open on the Sabbath evening? Apparently no city in France has suffered more from the Revolution, in a religious point of view, than Rouen, for previous to that event there were thirty-six churches in this city; now it can boast but of fourteen. One, that was once consecrated to the service of the living God, is now a stable. Yes, a fine stone church, with its Gothic windows, its towers and buttresses, is now thus desecrated! The arched doorway, where once entered many a robed priest, many a noble lord, many a princely dame, is now an entrance for "the horse and his rider!" The walls, which once were vocal with songs of praise ascending to the great Creator, now resound to the neighing of steeds! Such is one of the effects of that Revolution, when the Sabbath was abolished, and religion pronounced an idle, useless thing!

But I must close, for we leave to-morrow morning at one o'clock; so now, farewell, and may the God of our fathers have you in his holy keeping.

PARIS, April 21.

MY DEAREST P.:

Behold us now in this great city of Paris, the city where probably are combined splendor and wealth with as much squalid wretchedness and poverty, as in any other city of the globe. You expect me to be overwhelmed with the first sight of this great metropolis, and to be in ecstasies with every thing I see and hear? I am sorry to dispossess you of this idea, but the circumstances of our arrival here were such as to excite almost any other feelings than those of pleasure or admiration. We arrived here in a pouring rain, and it has rained ever since, as it seems to me it can rain only in Paris. Besides, I had not then got over the fatigue of my first day's sight-seeing.

But you may like to hear the particulars of our journey to this city, so here you have them. We succeeded in getting seats in the Diligence that left Rouen Monday morning little after one o'clock. Before we started, I took off my bonnet, and putting on my quilted cap, settled myself to sleep, and by the time we were well out of the city I was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, and so soundly did I sleep, that it was seven o'clock before I awoke. Do you not think I am well calculated for journeying, if I can sleep at that rate?

It was raining quite fast when I awoke, and as the windows of the Diligence were closed I could see but little of the country, but from what I did see, it did not seem as beautiful as from Havre to Rouen. The houses were not scattered along the road-side, but were collected together in little villages, at some distance from each other, so that we often rode two or three miles without seeing a house. These villages were walled, and were any thing but interesting objects of vision. The land seemed in a good state of cultivation. When we stopped at the Diligence office, our trunks were examined, though but slightly. You will wonder why it was necessary to have this done, but your wonder cannot be greater than ours, till we were told that it was to prevent the possibility of smuggling the country wines into the city. Could they have known our strict temperance habits, they would never have suspected us; but so it is all the world over, the innocent have to suffer with the guilty.

As we came from the office, a man asked us, as I thought, if we would have a carriage; and I said, Yes. So he lashed our two trunks and carpet-bag on his back, and motioned for us to follow. He started off, but instead of his being a coachman, we found he was a porter, and so we had to trudge on, in all the rain and mud, and, as it seemed to us, through all the streets of Paris. At length we came to a fine row of buildings, the lower story arched, and supported by pillars, forming a beautiful colonnade the whole length

of the street. On the other side was the garden of the Tuilleries, so we knew we must be in the Rue Rivoli. We soon reached "Hotel Meurice," but found they had but one room to spare, and that was in the upper story. However, as we expect to stay only long enough to get our draft settled, and our passports ready for Italy, we thought the room would be a secondary matter. Besides, we were told another room would be empty in a day or two, so we agreed to take the upper chamber. But, "goodness me!" I thought we never should reach it. Up six flights of stairs we toiled. We sighed and groaned, and so did the poor porter, and well he might with those heavy trunks on his back; he well deserved his four francs. As soon as we got rid of the mud and dirt that had accumulated on us in our long walk, we started out to find Galignani's bookstore, as we wanted his "Paris Guide." After losing our way several times, and misunderstanding our directions as many more, we made out to find it, but not till my poor feet ached sadly; and then for my consolation I had to think of the one hundred and twenty stairs I was obliged to ascend after I got home. Was it not dreadful?

Yesterday and to-day J. has been busy in getting the draft and the passport ready for Italy, and so numerous are the formalities we have to go through, that we find we cannot get away before Monday; so to-morrow we begin the rounds of sight-seeing.

This is one of the largest hotels in Europe. It is built around a court, or, I may say, two or three. We enter the first court from the street through a large gateway. On the lower floor is the lodge for the porter; which word, by the way, is used in quite a different sense from what it is with you. The duty of a porter is to watch all that go in or out, and all packages and letters are left with him. After sunset the gate is closed; you can then gain admission only by knocking. The first evening that we walked out, we were quite surprised to find the gate locked though it was quite

early; we knocked pretty loudly, and while the knocker was yet in our hand, the gate flew open, though no person was visible. We have since found out that there is a cord attached to the gate, which passes into the porter's lodge. The moment he hears the knocker, he pulls the cord, and the gate flies open as by magic. This cord hangs directly over his bed, so that he can let any one in during the night without being obliged to get up. His bed is in such a position as to command a view of the whole court, and should any one enter but those who belong to the hotel, he is instantly on the alert.

Each person staying here is desired to lock his room when going out, and leave his key in a little office on the lower floor. One day I came in from walking, and hurried to my room, counting each stair as I went up, and never thought of my key till I got to my very door, and then I had to go way down and come way up again. Now was not this enough to try the patience of a more Job-like personage than I am known to be?

All the waiters at this hotel speak English; this makes it a great resort for Englishmen and Americans. As soon as we arrived here, our passport was demanded; it was sent to the Police office, where were registered our names, the hotel where we are, and even the very room we occupy. Every hotel keeper is obliged by law to see that this is done. There is one convenience attending this arrangement. If you want to know if there are any of your countrymen in the city, you have only to step to the Police office, and there you will find out where they are, when they came, and what day they leave, that is, if their passports have been signed for any particular day. Let me give you another instance of its conveniency. A stranger arriving in Paris, went to a hotel, and while his room was being prepared for him, sauntered out to take a view of the city. His attention became so much engrossed that he noticed not how fast time flew, nor how far he had walked, and when he began to retrace

his steps, he became so bewildered, as utterly to forget even the name of the hotel where he had stopped. Now here was a sad predicament for a stranger in a strange city. He knew not where to go, or what to do. At last he suddenly remembered of having heard of this arrangement I have mentioned; so he took a carriage, rode to the Police office, and asked if they could tell him where he had left his baggage. The Commissary instantly turned to his book, opened at the page corresponding with the day of the week, and the month, gave him the name of his hotel, and the number of his room, and also told him where he came from, and whither he was going. Thus he found that a stranger to him knew more of his own affairs than he did himself. But this has also one inconvenience; you are overwhelmed with cards of different persons and different trades. Now, it is the card of a fashionable tailor; then, of a first-rate shoemaker; now, a modest note, asking your subscription to some newspaper; then, an earnest request for a donation to an orphan society or some such object. We have not yet come in from walking, but we have found several of such cards on our table. But I have digressed far from my subject.

We dine at the hotel at half past five. The dinners are conducted in the same manner as at Havre, excepting that when we sit down, nothing is seen on the table but the desert and large vases of flowers. We know nothing about what we are to eat, till it is passed around to us. We have the nicest dinners here, and every thing is conducted in the most orderly manner imaginable. We take our breakfast at a café. You can have a simple or a most sumptuous repast; each article has its price, and you pay only for such things as you call for. They have the nicest rolls and the most cunning little cakes of butter you ever saw. The butter is made new every day, and is never salted, each one doing that to his own taste. I wish you could have seen the look of astonishment on the waiter's face, when in answer to his

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question, what drink I would take for my breakfast, I told him "cold water." I do not doubt he thought I was a savage from some far off isle in the ocean. A great drink among the Frenchmen is sugar and water. At all hours of the day you will see them enter the cafés and call for "eau sucre." A glass of water is handed them, and a few lumps of sugar; they sweeten the water to their taste, and then deliberately put the remaining pieces in their pocket. Economical, is'nt it? Each café has a marble counter, behind which sits the mistress of ceremonies, sometimes young, sometimes old, sometimes pretty, sometimes homely. From her the waiters take their orders, and to her carry all the monies. Almost all these cafés have the papers of the day, so we have an opportunity to get the news with our breakfast. Galignani's paper is in great demand, as it is printed in English and has the English and American news.

But it is time for me to draw this long letter to a close. I have given to you, in a desultory manner, such little items of information as I have here and there picked up. I assure you, one has to keep his eyes wide open and his ears too, for that matter. I find my little smattering of French does me some good, though thus far I have not found so much use for it as I shall hereafter, when I am away from those who speak English. But if I do not stop soon, you will think I have the bump of continuance largely developed, so good-bye.

Saturday, April 27th.

MY DEAR —:

Three days have passed since I wrote to you, and in those three days I have seen so much, that my poor head, never one of the strongest, is almost bewildered. I have intended every evening to write to you, but each succeeding one has found me so utterly fatigued, that after I have noted the

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events of the day in my journal, I really have had no strength to write another word.

On Thursday morning, after breakfast, we started on our journey around the city. Now think not from this, that it was in the "fresh, young morning" we commenced the duties of the day. No; we do not practise the primitive habits of our forefathers who rose before the sun, and took their breakfast ere his first rays kissed the dews from off the flowers. We breakfast at ten o'clock, and find it the most convenient hour as we dine so late. Besides, the palaces, museums, &c., are not open till half past ten or eleven, so we should gain nothing by being out earlier. You say, "breakfast at ten! Pray, may I ask, what time do you get up?" Ah! that's a secret.

But to our task. We spent two or three hours on Thursday morning at the picture gallery in the Louvre. Now do not think that I am going to trouble you with a long description of this palace. No! for that you must look into some of the guide books of the day. Suffice it to say, this gallery is in the second story of the palace, and runs through the whole length of this immense building. It is divided into many rooms, and the pictures line the rooms on both sides. There are more than two thousand pictures, and my eyes ached before I had seen the twentieth part of them. They are mostly placed there for exhibition, and there are at present none in the gallery that have been there more than three years. I speak, of course, of the modern paintings. After spending as much time as we could spare in looking at the pictures, we went into another gallery, where were all kinds of curiosities from all quarters of the globe. Of these I can give you no account whatever. The ceilings of all the rooms we visited were beautifully painted, and the walls of some of them were of marble, with mirrors reaching from the floor to the ceiling. We also went into the gallery of old paintings. Can you credit me, when I tell you I was disappointed in these? Am I not unfashionable? for, do

not all tourists instantaneously become imbued with a passion for the old masters? However, when I have seen more of them, I may alter my mind on the subject.

After leaving the Louvre, we traversed several streets, crossed the Seine by a fine bridge, and walked, I know not how far, but far enough to completely tire me, till we reached the "Museum of the Artillery." This is a large palace, built around a court. There are four galleries, each one occupying one side of the building. Here were complete suits of armor of various ages; helmets, shields, casques and breastplates, in great numbers; cannons, guns, and swords; battle-axes, scimitars, and arrows, and all those implements that make war so terrible and destructive.

On our return home, we stopped at the "Hotel des Invalides," or retreat for disabled soldiers. This is an immense building, six hundred and twelve feet long, and four stories high. It was erected by Louis XIV., and will accommodate seven thousand persons; at present there are but three thousand inmates. All who are disabled by their wounds, and all who have served thirty years, are entitled to admission, and to spend the rest of their days there. They are boarded, lodged, and clothed. They have so much allowed them a day, and if they do not choose to take up all their allowance, they can receive an equivalent for it in money. If one has lost both of his legs, he can demand the money his shoes would cost. So you see he may have some consolation even in the loss of his limbs. All officers above the rank of captain can take their meals in their rooms; the others eat in messes. In the garden we saw many old soldiers, some sitting, some walking about; they all looked healthy and happy. Doubtless some were telling over the history of their campaigns.

In the rear of the "Hotel" is the church. It was being repaired, so we could not tell what kind of a building it was. In fact we did not go to see it for its architectural beauties; it had a deeper interest for us, for there repose the remains

of Napoleon Bonaparte. The chapel, in which is his tomb, is beneath the dome. Around the entrance to it, are hangings of purple velvet. An iron-grated door leads to the chapel, through the bars of which we were obliged to look. Over the tomb and around the chapel, wave many banners taken in battle. The walls are hung with crimson velvet, on which, in many places, are embroidered in gold his coat of arms, with the letter N. in the centre. His tomb is of marble, on the top of which lies his crown. A strange sort of awe pervaded our minds, and we felt subdued as in the presence of a master-spirit. We spoke in whispered tones, as though we were in the very chamber of mourning, with the dead before us. Once I spoke aloud, and so hushed was every thing around, though there was a crowd in the church, that I was actually startled by the sound of my own voice.

Yesterday morning we visited the Royal Library. The outside of this building looks like an old prison. It was formerly a palace, and like all other houses in Paris, whether public or private, is built around a court. There are nine hundred thousand volumes in this library. The books are in cases, having a front of iron net-work, so that no book can be touched without the consent of the Librarian. One room, however, in which is a large collection of books, is set apart; any one can go there and spend several hours a day, by getting permission from the proper authorities. Adjoining the principal gallery is one of medals and antiques. This interested us much, though I should fail in attempting to give you even the faintest idea of so vast a collection.

In the manuscript library, there are about eighty thousand volumes. Here we saw some curious specimens of antiquity in the manuscript line, before the art of book-making had reached its perfection. Among these was a book written in the fourth or fifth century; it was in Latin, on dark purple parchment, in letters of gold. There were also letters of Henry IV., Francis I., Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, Voltaire, Racine, Corneille, Bossuet, and the manuscript of

Telemachus, written in a fine, clear hand (in which I thought I could trace Fenelon's own pure mind), and many other things, too numerous to be mentioned. There are about one million six hundred thousand engravings in this library; they are not seen, except by artists and those who obtain previous permission. The room was filled with those engaged in copying them.

We then took a carriage, and rode to Père la Chaise. Who has not heard of this beautiful cemetery? So generally is it known, that it may appear a work of supererogation to enter into any details respecting it; but I will take it for granted, that for the moment, they have slipped from your mind, so I will jog your memory a little.

In the fourteenth century, a rich grocer, named Regnault, built, on this very site, a magnificent house, which the people called "Regnault's folly." After his death, a female devotee bought it and presented it to the Jesuits. In the time of Louis XIV. it was called "Mont Louis." That monarch, being much attached to his confessor, Père la Chaise, appointed him, in 1765, superior of this community, and this house then became the centre of Jesuitical power in France. The building was enlarged and the grounds improved, but on the suppression of the order of Jesuits, Mont Louis was sold. After passing through several hands, it was purchased by M. Frochet, prefect of the Seine, to be converted into a cemetery. It now covers about one hundred acres of land. The house was taken down, and a small chapel was erected, where the funeral service is performed. The gateway is adorned with funereal ornaments, and Latin inscriptions from the Bible. Leading from the gate is a wide avenue, from which diverge paths in every direction. The trees are beautiful, and the monuments of various forms and designs; some are merely a slab of marble, and others in the form of temples, chapels, pyramids, obelisks, columns, altars, urns, &c. Some of them are exquisitely beautiful; most of them are surmounted by a cross. Those in the form

of a temple have an altar inside, on which were a crucifix, vases of flowers, and large silver candlesticks, in many of which candles were burning. There were chairs, too, near the altars, where the bereaved go and sit, and muse and weep over the departed and loved ones. In many of these little temples, there was a window of stained glass, which threw a rich light over the polished marble. Almost all the graves had garlands of flowers thrown around them. Flowers grow all around; no one ever seems to molest them. Is it not a beautiful custom, thus to invest the home of the dead with so much light and loveliness? How much more delightful, than to have our friends repose in some gloomy place, where the sun scarcely ever seems to smile!

As we came out, we met a procession. Two carriages came first, in which were priests in their black and white robes. The carriages were hung with black, and large mourning plumes nodded upon the horses' heads. Then came the hearse, the sides of which were looped up, so that we could plainly see the coffin. It was covered with a white pall, on which lay the sword and arms of the deceased. Then came a number of men, dressed in the habiliments of mourning, who, I supposed, were friends of the departed, though they seemed any thing but mourners. A party of soldiers were drawn up at the gateway, and were firing salutes as the funeral train passed in, which so frightened the horses attached to one of the carriages, that some of the priests had to get out and walk. In order that they might not be behindhand, they darted through the shrubbery, jumped over the bushes, cut by the trees, and so got up with the hearse, laughing, and apparently as much pleased as though they had performed some great feat. Now this conduct seemed neither clerical nor reverential.

As we came back, we stopped at one of the large slaughter-houses erected by the city. There are five of them at different extremities of the city, as no animals are allowed to

be driven through the streets; all must be carried to these places and killed. They are substantial stone buildings.

We also stopped on the site of the Bastille, which was destroyed in 1790, during the time of the Revolution. By order of Napoleon, a fountain was commenced here. The design was an immense elephant of bronze, from the trunk of which the water was to issue. This design was never carried into execution; the plaster model of the elephant stands near, to attest the grandeur of the conception. A monument has been erected on the foundation of the fountain, to commemorate those who fell in the Revolution of 1830, whose names are inscribed on the column.

But the splendor of Paris is seen the most in the evenings. Then the shops are brilliantly illuminated, and the whole population seems to be out of doors. It is like a fairy scene to be on the Boulevards, and see the people walking about, and sitting under the trees, sipping their ices.

This morning we rode to the Gobelins, or Royal manufactory of tapestry. Carriage hire is very reasonable here. Yesterday we with our "valet de place" rode three miles in a nice carriage, with two horses, for two francs (about thirty-eight cents of our money), and to-day we hired one by the hour, which is equally cheap. When we got to the Gobelins we found they would not be opened for spectators under a half hour, so, as we lose no time in waiting, we went to the "Garden of Plants." This place is not altogether what you would suppose from its name, being occupied by all species of the animal kingdom, as well as the vegetable world. Of the "plants" I shall say nothing, for the best of all reasons, that I have nothing to say, as we examined only that part of the garden devoted to the animals. These are collected from all parts of the world. Each species has a separate enclosure, within which is a covered recess for them to go into at night, or in stormy weather. The more ferocious kinds are kept in pits, which are walled up perpendicularly, and are left open, so that we could look down upon them. There

is a large enclosure for the birds, surrounded by a network of fine wire, giving them free scope to walk, hop, or fly. Among them I noticed peacocks, some clear white, others with splendid plumage, beautiful pheasants, spotted with blue, and scarlet, and yellow, and birds of every clime and every hue ; some sweetly singing, others flying about and beating their wiry caging, as though struggling to be free.

Our half hour having expired, we went back to the Gobelins, so called from men of that name, who in the fifteenth century were famous in dyeing wools. Under Louis XIV. the establishment was bought and converted into a royal manufactory. Here are most beautiful specimens of art, exceeding in vividness and richness of coloring any painting I ever saw. The workman is seated behind his frame, with his model, a painting, back of him, to which he constantly turns. All the ends being fastened on the wrong side, it is necessary for him to be behind the frame ; the front presents an even surface. There are several different designs ; some, flowers for the bordering of walls, some, full-length portraits, others, Scripture scenes, such as Christ giving the keys of Heaven to St. Peter, the death of Ananias, Paul preaching at Athens, and some historical and mythological pieces. The execution of these is most perfect. The pieces are of a large size, sufficient to reach from the ceiling to the floor of a room. It is very slow and expensive work, a piece not being completed in less than five or six years, and costing about eighteen or twenty thousand francs. A full length portrait of Louis Philippe has been commenced ; but little has been done as yet, although more than a year has been consumed upon it, and it will probably take three or four more. There is also a portrait of the Queen, and of her sons.

Connected with this, is the royal carpet manufactory. Here are the most beautiful carpets in the world ; they look more like pictures wrought on velvet, than like carpets.

They are very large, and several years are consumed in making one. This work is done on the right side, because the surface of the carpet is a little raised like tufted work ; the ends are nicely clipped, the colors are varied, the designs beautiful, and the finishing perfect. They are very expensive, one costing frequently one hundred thousand francs, or twenty thousand dollars. They are never sold, but are used in the royal palaces, and sometimes one is presented by Louis Philippe to some king or distinguished man. Oh ! but did 'nt I wish at the moment, that I had some claims upon his notice ?

On our return, we stopped at the Palais Royal. This is a very large palace, built around a court, which is planted with trees, and laid out in walks. In the centre is a fountain, whose incessant play of waters, produces that pleasant humming, gurgling sound, so delightful to the ear. This court is divided into two by a splendid arcade, the sides and top of which are of glass. In the evening, when it is lit up, it has a most brilliant appearance. Here are some of the most beautiful shops in Paris ; they are small, but the articles in them are most tastefully arranged. Around the whole court runs an arched portico, sustained by pillars. Here are fashionable cafés, toy and jewelry shops, and every thing is seen that can please the eye, or open the purse. This forms a great promenade in a wet day, as one is quite secluded from the rain. Around the smaller court, are the rooms formerly occupied by the royal family. They are approached by a magnificent flight of stairs, with carved iron railings. There are several rooms open for visitors, the furniture of which is most splendid. There are no carpets, but the floors are of polished oak, in small diamond panes. In each room there is a large chandelier, besides stands for candles on the mantel-pieces and around the walls. In some of the rooms, the walls are of marble ; in others they are covered on one side with beautiful paintings, and on the other with immense mirrors, and in others still they are hung with flowered satin

or damask of different colors, the chairs and sofas being covered with the same material as the walls. The throne room is the richest of all; its walls are hung with crimson velvet, and the chairs covered with the same. The throne is raised two steps from the floor, and is also covered with red velvet; over it is a canopy of the same material. The chair of state is covered with crimson velvet, and has the crown embroidered in gold on the cushion and the back. All the other chairs are embroidered with gold. I wanted to sit in the chair of state, that, republican as I am, I might say I had for once sat on the throne of a king, but the crusty old guide would not let me. Like Lucy's lamb in the story book, "that was against the rule," though doubtless he was quite unacquainted with that poetic effusion. On either side of the throne is a magnificent candelabra. In every room is a clock, each differing from the other in design and workmanship. The floor and walls of the dining-room are of beautiful colored marble. Cool, I should imagine. Servants in royal livery were in every room. This palace is at present occupied only when some foreign prince visits Paris, when it is assigned to him as a place of residence.

And so end our "three days" in Paris. Have we not been expeditious in accomplishing thus much? Wherever I go, it is with pencil and paper in hand, that I may instantly note down any thing that strikes my attention. But the guides so hurry you about, that you have scarcely time to give a look at one thing, before they call your attention to another. But what a long letter! Really I must fancy it is as pleasant for you to read these letters of mine, as it is for me to see the objects which are described in them. You will probably not hear from me again till we are some ways advanced towards the sunny south. Oh! by the way, I must not forget to tell you that we are to have a companion in our future travels. When we came home to-day, we found on our table the card of a Mr. D——, of Boston. While we were conjecturing who it could be, the servant announced

the very gentleman. He brought us a note of introduction from the American consul, and as soon as the first compliments were over, turned to me with a comical expression, and said, "I think I'll count those stairs as I go down." I laughed, and told him I would spare him the trouble, and so gave him the number. He said he had but eighty where he staid, and thought that was quite enough, but to think of adding forty more, was really too much. His object in calling was to see what day we were to start for Italy, that he might accompany us, as he is alone, and thought it would be pleasanter to have some companions. He had his passport signed for Tuesday, but thought he would be able to get it changed in season to go with us on Monday, and soon after he sent word to us that he had engaged a seat in the Dilligence, in which we are to go. But, "now indeed, good night!"

PARIS, April 26.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

When I closed my letter on Saturday evening, I little thought of writing you again so soon, but as we do not leave here till two o'clock this afternoon, I have a little time to spare; in fact, I can do nothing else, as every thing is packed up excepting my writing materials, which I always have at hand.

I shall now tell you of our Sunday in Paris. We went in the morning to the cathedral church of Notre Dame. I shall not enter into the details of its architecture, but shall simply write about those things that particularly took my attention. It is an ancient looking edifice, with two square towers in front, and is built in the form of a cross; and here I will merely say for your edification, (for you may be laboring under the same mistake that I have been,) that the term

“form of the cross,” by no means applies to the exterior of the building ; on the contrary, that may look like a square, a parallelogram, or in fact any thing but a cross, but it is the interior which is in this form.

The ceiling of this church is arched, and is supported by pillars, four feet in diameter, and nearly one hundred in height. That which lies under the loftiest part of the ceiling, lengthwise between the pillars, or, in other words, that which forms the upright part of the cross, is called the nave ; the head of the cross forms the choir, within which is the chancel, and the arms of the cross are called the transepts.

I give you these technical definitions, because, in the course of our journey, we shall see many churches, and this little explanation will answer once for all. Along the side aisles are many little chapels, separated from the body of the church, by a low iron railing ; each chapel has its own altar, dedicated to some particular saint.

As you enter the arched doorway of Notre Dame, and look up through the church, the perspective is very grand. Nothing can be more imposing than its style of architecture, with its lengthened aisles, its massive pillars, its vaulted ceiling and its many tinted rays of light, which come streaming in through the richly painted glass. No church in France is richer in historical associations than this, for within its consecrated walls, have occurred many soul-stirring events. Here have been solemnized marriages, on which depended the fate of nations ; here have been baptized infants, in whose veins flowed the blood of a long line of princes, and here, too, have been crowned those monarchs, whose eventful reigns have thrown so much of light and shade, of glory and shame over France.

The streets of Paris presented a lively scene yesterday. The shops and cafés were open ; crowds of people in their holiday attire were walking about ; there was nothing to remind one of the holy Sabbath, but every thing bore rather

the appearance of a festal day, and already we tire of its noise and bustle, and sigh for a peaceful Sabbath in our own land. But it is time for us to go to the Diligence office; so now adieu. Yours ever.

LYONS, April 28th.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Here we are in this dirtiest of dirty towns; for of all nasty, dusty places I was ever in, I think Lyons exceeds all. We arrived here this afternoon about two o'clock, thus being two days and two nights on the way, and yet I did not find the ride so very tiresome. The road was good, and we rattled along at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, stopping occasionally to get refreshments, which were by no means of the choicest or most inviting kind. Not more than five or ten minutes were allowed for dinner, and then three or four francs were charged us, as though we had made a full meal.

The country was pleasant and in a good state of cultivation. As we passed along, we saw vineyards in every direction, covering the sunny plains and sloping hills. Now I know you will think I was rather "green," when I tell you that I always thought the vine here was trained to grow over a sort of trellis work, as with us, but very different was the reality from my supposition. The vines are planted in rows, at regular intervals of four or five feet, and they are trained to run upon stakes placed upright in the ground. Although these vineyards, at this early season, presented a barren appearance, yet they must have a beautiful aspect when covered with bright green leaves and clustering grapes.

We passed through many villages, which, for the most part, presented a wretched, squalid appearance. The houses were of stone, and bore the marks of antiquity and great

strength, being probably built at the period when it was necessary to make every house a fortress. All these villages were surrounded by strong walls. The men were loitering about with pipes in their mouths, apparently having nothing to do, but to stare at us as we passed; the women were sitting by the doors of their houses, sometimes knitting or sewing, and sometimes spinning.

We were molested by beggars all along the road. Every time we stopped, every hill we ascended, we were overwhelmed by entreaties for charity. We were besought "by the love of Heaven," "by the love of our own souls," "by a wish to save them from starving," to give, give. At one time, as we were going up a steep hill, a little boy ran along by the side of the Diligence, cutting up all kinds of capers and gambols to gain attention, and, what was of more consequence to him, money. I was lying back on my seat, but hearing our fellow passengers laugh at some of his antics, I raised my head to see what was going on. No sooner did the little fellow see me, than instantly his cap was up in the air, and he shouted, "long live the beautiful lady." Now as you well know, I have ever been called any thing but beautiful, so I thought the boy's discernment was to be prized, and I handed him out a sous, which threw him into a perfect ecstasy of delight, and the last words I heard were praises of "the beautiful lady."

This morning, at Chalons, we left the Diligence, and took a steamboat down the Saone. The banks of the river are low but very beautiful, though now the country is suffering from a late inundation, which carried off many houses, and left others standing in a ruined state. There were several priests on board, with one of whom I had quite a conversation. It was the first time I had dared to say much to any one in French, but I found myself so easily understood, that the strings of my tongue were at once unloosed, ("little need of that," say you,) and I have since rattled on with any one and every one, without regard to grammar or dictionary.

But the Romish priest, for his first question, asked me if I was a Catholic, and when he heard my answer, he edged off a little, but I was not for letting him go so easily; so I began to tell him about many things in my own country, which pleased him much. Still he returned to the subject of my faith, and when he heard I was going to Rome, he said, "Ah! when you have been to Rome, and seen the Pope, and received his blessing, you will return a good Catholic;" so dear friends, look out.

After taking an early dinner here, we took a carriage and rode round to see the city. We visited the Museum, but I shall not inflict upon you a description of the things we there saw, the altars, sacrificial vases, ancient lamps, household gods, and weapons of warfare, found in the old city Lugdunum, on whose site now stands the present town.

Lyons is finely situated on the two rivers, Saone and Rhone, near their junction. It is now principally celebrated for its manufacture of silks. The country around Lyons is exceedingly mountainous. High hills overshadow the banks of the rivers; lofty mountains raise their snow-capped summits in the distance. On one of the hills is a telegraph, which communicates with the south of France on the one side, and with Paris on the other.

In our rides we passed the "Hotel de Ville," (answering to our appellation, "town-house,") and the "Hotel Dieu," said to be one of the best hospitals in France, where an order of nuns, about one hundred and fifty in number, perform the office of nurses.

We start early to-morrow morning for Avignon, and as to-night I anticipate the luxury of a bed, which for two nights has been denied me, you will pardon me for making this letter a short one; so, good night.

AVIGNON, Saturday, May 1st.

MY DEAREST P.:

Two days only have elapsed since I sent off my last letter, and yet, behold another already begun. Will you not give me the credit of being a voluminous correspondent? You will perceive I take up no room with compliments or sentiment, but proceed at once to tell you about "the things which I saw," so think me not abrupt, if I begin directly with the subject-matter of my letters.

We left Lyons about half past four Thursday morning, in a steamer for this city. It is a delightful sail down the Rhone. The day was charming, and the country around us beautiful. The boat was full of passengers, and we glided swiftly along on our destined way. This river runs with an amazing rapidity, having a current of nearly twelve miles an hour.

Mountains and hills encompassed us on either side. On many a precipitous crag were perched ancient castles, whose walls, even now, after the lapse of ages, seem to defy the elements. Around them were grouped the cottages of the serfs, and all were surrounded by a massive wall. These, undoubtedly, were some of those old feudal castles, whose descriptions have so often met our eyes in the histories and romances of the middle ages. Often a picturesque little church was seen, covered with time-honored moss, and on many elevated spots, crosses were visible, seeming almost to touch the heavens to which they pointed.

There are many bridges over the Rhone; some are suspension, and others are of stone, whose solid piers and arches would seem to defy the force of this mighty current, and yet we occasionally passed one whose ruins showed that even such strength could not resist the rushing waters. The boat easily passed under these bridges, by just lowering the pipe, so that it inclined horizontally to the deck. In many places a rope was extended across the river, about the height of the bridges, so that those passing over in boats, were kept from

being carried down the stream, by the use of boat-hooks, with which they hold on to the ropes. As we passed under a bridge near Valence, another boat came along. While I was sitting on deck, and thinking how finely the boats looked going along so rapidly, J. ran to me, caught hold of me, and said, "run to the other side of the boat, quick." I started up, thinking there was some fine view to be seen, but before I could turn round, the truth flashed upon me, that the other boat was running into us. Twice the boats came in collision, with a force that almost threw me off my feet; but, providentially, our boat escaped unhurt, while the other broke one of her wheels. Thus have we a renewed instance of the kind care of Him who never slumbers or sleeps. Who can tell but at that very moment the prayers of some dear ones at home, were going up for our safety? And He who heareth prayer, heard and answered, and we were permitted unscathed to go on.

Before we got to Avignon we passed under a most beautiful bridge, three thousand feet long. It is a succession of solid stone arches, and was built by a community of monks, in the neighborhood, who devoted to this purpose a large sum of money offered at the shrine "of the Holy Ghost;" and is hence called "Pont St. Esprit." It was commenced in 1265 and finished in 1309.

Before I forget it, I must tell you the singular way in which these steamboats are steered. Instead of a wheel, there is a large rudder, at which four or five men constantly stand. Around the tiller, two ropes are fastened, one at the right side of the boat and the other at the left, and the right or left rope is pulled according to the way in which the boat is to go. Now a wheel with one man, or sometimes two, would seem all-sufficient, and would save this immense deal of labor.

All along the banks of this river are marks of the late inundation. As it is fed by mountain torrents, it, of course, rises very rapidly in the spring, when the snows on the

mountains begin to melt. Early last season, the priests proclaimed to the people that an inundation was to take place, and that the world was coming to an end. Business, labor, every thing were suspended; houses and lands were sold, and the money given to the priests. One day, the wife of the engineer of the boat in which we were, went to a small town to buy provisions. After she had been gone about two hours, she came back in great distress, and without making any purchases. Her husband asked her what was the matter. With many sobs she told him the world was coming to an end, for the priests had said so. He then asked her where were the provisions. She had none, she could procure none, as the meat shops were all closed. Where then was her money? She had given it away! for she said, "of what use would the money be if the world was coming to an end?" Now how strange it is, that, in this enlightened age, priests, many of them illiterate men, should gain such an ascendancy over the minds of the people! Yet this is a well authenticated fact, and we have like instances of such influences even in our own country.

Avignon is a collection of ruins and ancient buildings. In its day, it doubtless was a great place, but now, "Ichabod," may be written on its walls, for its glory hath departed. As soon as we had brushed up a little, we procured a guide, and walked out to view the wonders of the town. As we could not find one who spoke English, I had to make the most of my French, and to be interpreter for all our party; as J. and Mr. D. speak French but little. We went into the Museum, where was a collection that would feast an antiquary,—heads without bodies, bodies without heads, arms and legs without bodies, bodies without arms and legs, busts of Roman emperors, old coins, sacrificial vases, urns in which the ashes of great men had been deposited, ancient sarcophagi, mummies, and I can't tell what besides. We saw also some poetry in Petrarch's own hand, the will of Louis XVI., some leaves of ancient manuscripts, and many beau-

tiful pictures, among which were two portraits of Petrarch, and two of Laura. There were marks of the late inundation of the Rhone all about the lower floor of this building, the water having come up as high as the windows. In the court were many roses in full bloom, though only the 29th of April. Seeing me admiring them, the keeper of the Museum picked one and gave me, remarking that the roses there had but little fragrance, which I found to be the case. He also gave me a branch of myrtle, which, when rubbed in the hands, emits a delightful odor, and a piece of the laurel with which poets were formerly crowned, but, (oh! what a desecration!) it is now only used to give a rich taste to cream.

We visited the tomb of Laura, which is in a garden, where once stood a large church. This little spot, consecrated by having been the resting place of her who is immortalized by the poetry of Petrarch, is surrounded by cypress and willow trees, which seem to keep a close guard over beauty's sleep. A priest, with a fine, intelligent face, showed us around the garden, which is laid out in pretty style, though it then was suffering from the inundation of the river. On my asking him for a piece of cypress that grew over the tomb of Laura, he broke off several sprigs and gave them to me. I told him I should take them home to my own country, at which he seemed much pleased. He also went with us into an ancient and dilapidated church, one part of which is now used as a manufactory of velvet, and the other is occupied by shoemakers. I asked the priest how it happened that so noble a church was thus desecrated. "Ah!" said he, and a deep shade of melancholy crossed his fine features, "'t was the Revolution caused all this."

As we came out, after Mr. D. had slipped into his hands a piece of money, he handed me a little engraving of the tomb of Laura, saying, "Here is a little gift for Madame." "Madame" was profuse in her thanks, and told him she should carry it to America, and tell her friends who gave it

to her. With his hand on his heart, and with many bows, we separated.

We visited the Cathedral, but I shall not give you any description of it, only saying that, like all other things in Avignon, it has probably seen its best days. It is, however, still rich in paintings and old relics.

The streets of Avignon are narrow and dirty, and such a set of ugly, barking dogs, I never before saw in any one place. The whole city is surrounded by a high and solid wall, which looks as well able to defy armies now, as it did four hundred years ago.

Yesterday we took a most delightful ride to the fountain of Vaucluse, about fifteen miles from here. It is celebrated not only for its natural beauties, but for being the place where Petrarch wrote many of his sonnets to Laura. The country was enchanting, and the day lovely. The road was bordered by trees, which, however, are kept so closely trimmed, as to give them an artificial appearance. The hawthorn was in full bloom; its little white blossoms, and the wild flowers around, loaded the air with fragrance. Once when we stopped to admire a fine prospect, our coachman went to the roadside, and picked a bunch of flowers and several sprigs of hawthorn, and brought them very modestly to J., and told him they were for Madame. I tell you this little incident, to show the natural politeness of the lower classes of people. Mountains were all around us, some of whose summits were crowned with snow, while we were under the clear blue sky, and the bright sun of a warm day. Our road often ran near the Sorgia, which comes from the vale of Vaucluse, and empties into the Rhone near Avignon. As we drew nearer that delightful vale, the mountains encircled us more closely, till at last they appeared to hem us entirely in. Then the Sorgia came rushing by, dancing in the sunlight more briskly than ever. We followed the river up to its source, it every moment becoming more narrow and rapid as it bounded over the rocks, eager to escape its un-

easy bed. At last we came to the fountain. It comes directly from under the mountain, forming a little lake, which lay before us in placid beauty. We climbed partially up an almost inaccessible hill, being often obliged to make our way on our hands and knees, till I thought there would be left neither leather on my shoes nor kid on my gloves. When we started to go up, we left Mr. D. sitting beside the fountain, but no sooner had we reached the height for which we had been toiling, than we saw him, with his characteristic perseverance, coming puffing and panting after us. He said he could not submit to be outdone even by young folks like us. We seated ourselves on an overhanging rock, and looked down on the sweet vale below us. On this very spot had Petrarch often sat, and invoked his muse in favor of his lovely and adored Laura, making the rocks resound with that name which so often dwelt upon his lips. He used to call this vale his transalpine paradise, and confessed that he was almost angry to find any thing so beautiful out of his beloved Italy, for fear it might weaken his love for his native land.

The fountain seemed to rest at our very feet, and though farther down it leaped, and dashed, and foamed like a cataract, yet here it lay as still as though its peaceful bosom was never ruffled by a breeze. When we came down, we picked some flowers that grew by the fountain's edge, and drank deeply of its waters; but alas! for me, and for you too, no poetic inspiration followed the draught, even of the water of a fountain so celebrated.

Sweet vale of Vaucluse, farewell! a long farewell! for I may never again look on thy smiling beauties, but oft in my dreams, and in my reminiscences of by-gone days, will thy quiet fountain and rippling stream come before me, and I shall long to tread once more the delightful spot consecrated to genius, poetry and beauty.

In returning to Avignon, we saw the peasantry engaged in their various occupations. Women were at work in the fields and by the roadside, the cap of the north of

France displaced by the large gipsey hat, sometimes of straw, and sometimes of black stuff resembling felt. We met many riding or leading their little donkeys, which had, as usual, large panniers slung across their backs. Some were sitting by the roadside, knitting while their donkeys were eating, and others we saw knitting as they walked along. Some were washing their clothes in the Sorgia; all looked happy and contented, and oh! who could feel otherwise in the midst of so fair a landscape and under such a sky!

After breakfast this morning, we crossed the river, and passing through a small village, came to the castle Villeneuve, which stands on a high hill, and commands a fine prospect. Around the castle were little cottages, and all were surrounded by a wall, like those castles we saw on the Rhone. The entrance was guarded by two towers, in both of which were loopholes, so that the sentry might see all who came near. We went up to the top of one of these towers, and had a most beautiful view of the country around. We saw the snow-capped mountains, and those that overshadow the sweet waters of Vaucluse. Beneath our feet lay the city of Avignon, with its turreted wall, and Gothic spires, and ancient palaces, and around it the smiling valley of the Rhone.

As we came down from the tower, we visited the prison rooms of the castle. The walls were of immense thickness, and before the windows was a double iron grating, and the doors had strong locks and bolts. In the door was a little opening, through which the food was formerly passed.

After we recrossed the river, we went into the palace formerly occupied by the Pope, when the seat of papal power was removed to Avignon. Our object was not, however, to see the remains of its former magnificence, but merely to visit the prison within its walls. In one part of this palace was formerly-held that horrible invention of the Romish church, the Inquisition. Here we saw some of the instruments of torture, the remembrance of which even now

freezes the blood in my veins. We were also shown a large stone box, in which those who had undergone torture without confession, were burnt. In the floor were trap-doors, leading down to the subterranean dungeons, which, when opened, emitted a stream of damp and noisome air. Oh, the scenes of horror and misery these walls have witnessed! Could they all be brought to light, what a dark page in the history of human nature would be unfolded to our view!

We have at length gone through with sight-seeing in Avignon, and are now waiting to take the Diligence for Marseilles, which leaves this afternoon. On the whole, I have been exceedingly interested in this city. Its richness in historic and poetic associations, the delightful country around, its ancient walls, its ruined palaces and churches, all give it a peculiar charm to my eye.

But now once more, adieu.

MARSEILLES, Monday.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Through scenes of tribulation and discomfort, we arrived at this place. Although but twelve hours' ride from Avignon, it was about as unpleasant a journey as I ever took. The Diligence was exceedingly small, so that six in the "Intérieur," made a real jam, and there were but two windows, so that we suffered much for fresh air. Opposite to me sat one fat soldier, and next to me another. They were on their way to Africa, and had just taken a parting dinner with some of their friends. I wish you could have seen the leave-taking at the Diligence office. Although they were of the sterner sex, you would have said they made more fuss than the women generally do on such occasions. Embraces, kisses, even tears abounded. At last the tender scene was over, and we started. The soldiers soon forgot their sor-

rows in sleep, but from their open mouths proceeded such an odor of liquor and tobacco, as really to overpower me.

We plodded slowly along, over a poor and hilly road, the heat and close air at times exceedingly oppressive, and then as we ascended some steep hill, a blast from the mountains would come so cold, as to cause us to wrap our cloaks closely around us, and to draw our travelling caps well down over our ears, but by the time this operation was well performed, we were again almost suffocated by the heat. Then darkness came on, and we had to ride some time in the night. And as if all this was not enough thoroughly to exhaust me, I began to feel a dreadful cold coming upon me, so that by the time I got to this place, I was, as Mr.—— once pathetically observed, “tired, fatigued, emaciated, worn out, and sick.” And yet, for all this dreary ride, we had to pay but six francs each, which was misery cheaply bought.

But now amid the glorious scenes before us, with the mountains and the sea around us, and the bright blue sky above us, we are led to forget all past troubles, and once more to look forward with joy and eagerness to future pleasure.

Finding there was no English church in this city, we yesterday resolved to spend a quiet day in our rooms. But who can reckon upon a quiet Sunday in France. Opposite our windows are two cafés, in both of which the sound of billiards and dice was heard the whole day and till a late hour at night. All sorts of noises, vulgarly yclept music, were constantly heard; men there were with hand organs, and children with violins and tamborines. At one time there were three children under our windows; one played on a violin, and the other two, a boy and a girl, danced. They went through the figures of a beautiful dance even to the waltz and gallopade; but ah! what grace could there be in dancing on stone pavements and in wooden shoes? Then came quite a large girl, well dressed and rather pretty, with a violin in her hand. She boldly entered one of the cafés,

and after playing a few tunes, marched round the room, holding out a little cup for sous. Then there were flower girls with their little nosegays to sell. They would take a rose, fix it in a gentleman's coat, and then hold out their hands for their pay. With such sounds and such scenes around us, we could find no rest, so toward night we walked out. But we soon returned to our rooms, well satisfied that we could find as much quiet there, as any where. We passed several cafés, where on elevated seats in the back part of the room, were women dressed in theatrical attire, who were singing loudly in order to attract customers, but I must say in palliation, that this was seen only in those cafés that have not the highest claims to respectability. In no one of the first class cafés would the most delicate female witness any thing to shock her sense of propriety.

Every where in the streets and in the houses, we heard music and dancing, and then such narrow, dirty streets, you can have no idea how filthy every thing is. The streets are so narrow and the houses so high, that the air is constantly close and impure. We were much struck at the sight of the different nations we met; here were the dark-eyed Italian, the olive-brown Spaniard and Portuguese, the Greek and the Turk in their loose trowsers, the Chinese and Persian in their long flowing robes, and the dark African, and all speaking their own tongues, almost led us to fancy that we were carried back to the very tower of Babel.

This morning we walked to a fort on the top of a high hill, overlooking the city and the sea. It was a hard walk, up steps cut out of the solid rock, but the view from so commanding a height amply repaid us for our trouble. In a little observatory attached to this fort, a man is constantly on the look-out for vessels entering the harbor. As soon as he sees one afar off in the distance, and discerns by his telescope her name and where she is from, he communicates his intelligence by signals; this is immediately telegraphed, so that in connection with the telegraph in Lyons, of which I before

spoke, in a short time information arrives in Paris of what is going on in this distant port. We looked through the telescope, and were surprised at the ease with which we saw objects that were entirely invisible to the naked eye. A lighthouse, six leagues off, seemed close at hand, and a little fort four miles distant, lay at our very feet.

From this hill the view, as I said before, is very fine. Mountains were around us, some with bare and rock-ribbed summits, others covered with trees, with white houses and cottages ever and anon peeping out, as from a hiding place. The harbor of Marseilles, as your geography will tell you, is one of the best in the world. The largest ships go up to the very wharves, and unload their cargoes at the doors of the warehouses, and as there is no variation in the tide, vessels come in and go out at any hour. Ships from almost every port are here seen; there are always as many as six hundred in the harbor at once, and often a thousand.

We took a nice little boat this morning, and sailed down, to visit the steamers about starting for Naples. We selected the *Castor*, which leaves on Wednesday. We were careful to choose an English built boat, and one too which has an English engineer, as I have no confidence in going with a rattle-headed Frenchman, or Italian.

This afternoon we took a ride round the city and environs. We stopped at the office of the "Board of Health," the windows of which have an iron netting before them. Here letters and packages are brought from vessels lying at quarantine ground, and dipped in vinegar before sent into the city. We rode to the seashore, by the new road not yet completed. It is called "The Prado," and is three miles long, and turns but once from the city to the sea. It is very wide, and is lined with a double row of trees, and no houses are allowed to be built on either side, except in one particular style. All must stand at just such a distance from the road, and must have an open fence in front. When completed, it will be one of the finest promenades in Europe.

We got out of the carriage and walked some time on the beach. The clear blue water came in with a soft, lulling sound. The last rays of the sun threw their red light over the scene; then came the peaceful twilight, and the vast expanse of water seemed to sleep. The stars, like angels' eyes looked down, and surely it was a scene meet for their pure gaze. But perhaps you do not love the sea as I do, so I'll e'en forbear.

And now, wearied nature demands repose; so good night, to you, and all the dear ones around you.

Wednesday morning.

I went out but little yesterday, as J. and Mr. D. were engaged for a long time in seeing about the passports. Though signed by almost every Consul and Minister in Paris, yet they were obliged to pay the American Consul here ten francs a-piece for his signature, and he told them for their consolation, that this was but the beginning of trouble and expense in the passport line. Well, be that as it may, thus far we have had so little trouble, that we must not grumble if we suffer some inconvenience hereafter.

We walked last evening to the Cemetery which is quite prettily laid out. There are three separate enclosures, the Protestant, Romish and Jewish, divided from each other by a high wall. The three faiths are kept as distinct after death as before; there is no mingling one with another.

We had a good deal of fun yesterday at dinner. Two Englishmen sat opposite to us, who expressed much sympathy for the ignorance of those who would get up from table after eating a hearty dinner, and go out walking or riding; declaring that no one ought to move from the table till he had sat there three hours at least. I thought they probably had not such a "budget of letters" to fill out as I had, or they would not feel like sparing so much time.

We are now in readiness to go to the steamer. Every thing is packed up, and the man has come to take our baggage; so once more I leave you. Yours, ever.

Genoa, May 7.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Well, here we are in "a fine fix," kept from pursuing our journey, and all arising from that vexing passport. Notwithstanding the composure with which I received the Consul's announcement on Tuesday, that we must expect trouble before we got much farther, you see I have already quite lost my patience. But this is not an orthodox way of telling a story, so I will e'en begin at the beginning. We were on board the steamer Wednesday morning, with our usual punctuality, by twelve o'clock, at which time she was advertised to sail. We did not get away however, until after two. The sun was so intensely hot, that I could stay on deck but a little while after we started, so I went to the cabin, laid down and slept till evening. When I awoke, the boat was rolling and pitching about, the waves were roaring and dashing around us, the wind was howling, and all this with the rumbling of the engine, produced a terrible and almost deafening noise. I arose and went on deck. The sky was perfectly black, not a star was to be seen, and the sea looked as dark, and threatening as the sky; so I went back to the cabin, read awhile in a Boston newspaper, which was given me in Marseilles, and which, by the way, was the first American newspaper I had seen since I left home, and then went to my berth again. When next I awoke, we were in the harbor of Genoa. Soon we were summoned on deck. It was a beautiful morning; the blue sea lay stretched around us, bearing not an impress of the last night's storm. We were surrounded by a multitude of small boats, waiting for the consent of the authorities to take us ashore. In one boat sat a health officer, who with a huge pair of tongs, took the papers the captain sent him. After he had looked over them, we were made to pass before him in a row, the captain counting us off as we passed. Was it not like a farce, he, in his little boat, at a goodly distance from us, pretending to judge of our health, by seeing us march before him like a flock of sheep?

He took our passports away with him. We went off too, and no sooner had we stepped on land, than we were hurried into a little stone building, where our names were registered. This manœuvring over, we went to the "Hotel de Londre," where we had a good breakfast, after which, we took a guide and a carriage, and went about to see the city. We first visited the palace of the king of Sardinia, which is occupied by him but one month in a year. I shall not bore you with a description of the rooms of this palace, nor of the beautiful pictures with which it is ornamented, but will reserve this and many other things, for some long winter evening's talk.

We went into the Church of San Lorenzo, where, it is said, repose the true remains of John the Baptist. The iron urn in which are the bones, is in one of the side chapels. Mr. D. and J. were permitted to enter the chapel and view the urn, but I was not allowed to go within the railing, and for what reason do you think? Why, because a woman was instrumental in causing the death of John the Baptist, the Pope has commanded that no female shall ever behold these sacred relics! There's logic for you! So I, having the misfortune of belonging to the prohibited sex, was kept afar off.

How much I wish you could see the beautiful gardens of Genoa. We spent two or three hours in wandering through them, and never in my gayest dreams, did I imagine any thing half so fair and enchanting, as these magnificent gardens. The air was rich with the scent of the orange and lemon blossoms, the red and yellow and white roses grew on large trees, the splendid cactus, the scarlet camellia, the beautiful japonica, the verbena; in short, flowers of every clime and every hue met the eye on either side. We saw too the tea and coffee plants, the pineapple, the India-rubber tree, and every thing that is rare and valuable. Could I have transported to you in all their freshness and beauty, the bunches of costly flowers that were there given me, you would have acknowledged that in your cold New England

there was nothing that could compare with them. Then there were fountains too of all designs, eagles, birds, serpents spouting water in the most beautiful grottoes, Neptune in his car, drawn by his seahorses, and surrounded by naiads sending forth water from their mouths. Oh! it was all beautiful, and far exceeding my feeble powers of description.

Genoa is a large city, and is called by many, "the city of palaces," there being nearly an hundred. Many of them are large and lofty buildings, but without any claim to external beauty; others are magnificent looking. Most of these belong to nobles residing at foreign courts, or to decayed families, and may be rented for a small sum, so that one can live in a palace here as cheaply as in an ordinary house at home. On this account, many of them are used as offices for the transaction of business.

The streets are very narrow; many of them are no wider than our sidewalks, and of course are quite impassable for carriages; and here we first saw in use those means of conveyance, the sedan chairs, of which we have so often read. This is a kind of chair, fastened on a handbarrow, which is beautifully painted or gilded, and so covered with rich hangings, that the occupant of the chair may be entirely concealed from view. It is borne by two men who walk very rapidly, and you see them darting in and out the narrow streets and the courts of the houses, and now and then catch a glimpse of some dark eye glistening through the folds of the curtains.

The houses are so high that the tops seem to meet, thus making the streets cool and shady. All trades and occupations, even to the washing of dishes, clothes and children, are carried on at the very doors of the shops and houses. This at first excited my wonder, till I found out it was owing to the little light that penetrated down these narrow streets.

The women wear no bonnets, but almost all have a thin white muslin scarf upon their heads, the ends reaching below the waist. We saw priests in abundance, the most of

them seeming to be in much better keeping than those we saw in France. Soldiers and beggars too abounded.

At dinner to-day I saw two new things. Grated cheese was passed around to put in the soup, which, by the way, is a great improvement, and at each plate was a little toothpick. Quite an advance in civilization.

After dinner, we went to the steamboat, anticipating no difficulty whatever, but we soon found to our amazement and consternation that we could not go on, because our passport was only signed for Genoa. In vain we talked ; in vain the captain stormed, and assured us that he told us of this in the morning ; it was all news to us, for if he did tell us, it was in his mixture of French and Italian, impossible for any one to understand. Mr. D.'s passport came on board ; ours was left behind. The "long and the short" of the story was this, (I assure you there was more "long" than "short" to it), because we did not signify at the police office yesterday morning, that we were going to leave in the evening, the passport was not signed by the health officer, and if we were allowed to go on without his certificate, we should throw the boat at the next port in quarantine for two weeks, no very agreeable prospect, to be sure, so we had to give up. Our baggage was taken from the hold, which, as we came on board the first at Marseilles, was no easy task, and we bade "good bye" to Mr. D., telling him to secure us a room at a good hotel in Naples, and once more came on shore, where we were stopped, and our baggage thoroughly examined by the custom-house officers. I was exhausted with the day's fatigue and perplexity, and at this last hindrance I completely lost my temper, and heartily wished the Italian language, passport, and every thing connected with it, at the bottom of the Red Sea. But a night's rest restored my equanimity, and the first thing we did this morning, after getting our breakfast, was to race all over town, accompanied by our guide, to see that our passport was right this time, and all due certificates of our health were given.

Through narrow streets and alleys, up one hill, down another, now up three or four flights of stairs, now down again, we went, till all the ceremonies were over, and the passport had been signed by the consuls for Tuscany, Sardinia, Naples, and I can't tell how many more kingdoms, and by all the health officers in the bargain. This labor being accomplished, we began again to look around us. We visited the Brignole palace, where is the finest collection of paintings in Genoa. Here are the productions of the choicest and most renowned masters, Titian, Tintoretto, Guido, Guercino, Caracci, Cappucino, Veronese, Rubens, and others whose names have stood first in the number of those whom fame has blazoned forth as among the most distinguished artists the world ever produced. Nor must I forget one splendid picture by Raphael, the infant Jesus and his mother! The expression of the faces is most seraphic, the coloring and finishing perfect. Again and again did we return to it, and when obliged to leave the gallery, the "last, longing, lingering look" was turned to the gentle face of Mary, and the lovely innocence of the holy child. In a picture of Christ's agony in the garden, by one of the old masters, there is a look of mute anguish and chastened sorrow in the upturned face of the Saviour, which is enough to excite all hearts to sympathy for that Holy Being, who, though he was high, yet humbled himself for our sakes, and became "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

We ascended to the top of a dome of one of the churches, and had such a view as amply to repay us for our ascent up two hundred and fifty-three steps. The sea lay in one vast expanse before us, as calm, and tranquil, and beautiful, as though never stirred to fury. It is impossible to describe to you the clear blue of the Mediterranean, it is so entirely different from the blue of the ocean. It is more of an indigo cast, and the water is so clear and transparent, that often you can see far down into its very depths. Behind us were the lofty mountains that almost encircle Genoa, while be-

tween them and the sea lay the city, with its churches, and palaces, and beautiful gardens.

And now we are waiting for the boat to come and carry us off to a steamer that sails this evening for Naples. I have seized a few moments of rest to write you this hasty account. Fear not for us hereafter, for we have had trouble enough this time, to lead us to look out pretty closely for the future, that our passport is signed by every body and for every place, and that a due certificate of our good health is always ready; and you certainly need have no anxiety for our health, since you see it is the object of so much care to those high in authority. Now adieu to Genoa, and adieu to thee.

On board Steamer Francois I.
Saturday eve.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

"Once more upon the sea." From some cause to us unknown, we are deterred from getting off immediately, so with my usual propensity to occupy each passing moment, I seize my pen to write to you, not knowing when I shall be able to finish my letter. We have had a busy day to-day, and I hasten to give you an account of the "things which I saw." We arrived in Leghorn quite early this morning, and, without spending any time in looking around there, took a carriage and started for Pisa, about fifteen miles distant. We were fortunate enough to procure a guide who spoke English, one too who has been in America, and in our own city. No sooner had we started than we were surrounded by beggars, the lame, the halt, and the blind; each had his pitiful story to relate, but as our horses were pretty quick, we should soon have left them in the back-ground, had it not been that the lame threw away their crutches, trusting to their own good feet and legs, and the blind suddenly recov-

ered their eyesight, and the decrepid and infirm became, as by magic, sound and vigorous, so that they all had strength to follow us for some distance, raising their clamorous cries for charity.

We enjoyed the ride much; the road was most excellent, and the country beautiful. The land, for nearly the whole distance, is the private property of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in whose dominions we then were, and is in a fine state of cultivation. Although early in May, grain was very high, and almost ripe for the harvest. Instead of hedges, trees were planted around the fields, and from tree to tree the vine was thrown in festoons, which had a most picturesque appearance. On the road, we passed a large basin of Egyptian granite, which was brought from Egypt by sea to Leghorn, and was then on the way to Florence, to adorn the garden of the Grand Duke. You may form some estimate of its size and weight, when I tell you it was drawn by twenty yokes of the real buffalo, and by as many more pairs of oxen. The road, solid and perfect as it seemed to be, was much broken up by it in several places. As we were riding along, looking now hither, now thither, a bunch of roses was suddenly thrust into my face. On looking round, I perceived it was fastened on a little rod which a boy held in his hand. He ran along by the carriage for some time, till at last J. handed him a small piece of money, holding out his hand for the flowers, when lo! they vanished, and the boy was "among the missing." We laughed heartily at the idea of having to pay for a smell in this land of flowers and rich odors.

Pisa is beautifully situated on both sides of the Arno. The streets are wide and clean, and the houses quite handsome. But it seemed like a deserted city; not a carriage, nor hardly a foot passenger was to be seen; but in the winter, I am told the city is very full, it being quite a fashionable place of resort for the Florentines.

We went to the Cathedral, a large church, built in the form of a cross, and surmounted by a dome, and here I will

just say, that in all the churches where there is a dome, the interior lies open to the very roof, giving a church thus built a loftiness of appearance which is almost unsurpassed by any other style of architecture. This is the most splendid church we have yet seen, and would well deserve a longer examination than we were able to give it. Here are some of the oldest paintings now extant. This church was built in the eleventh century; at that time, every thing that was taken as spoils of war, was consecrated to religious purposes; hence the valuable paintings and rare marbles that are here seen in abundance. The doors of the church are of bronze, divided into compartments, and sculptured in illustration of various scriptural scenes. The floor is of marble of different colors. Around the sides of the church are tombs of many bishops and archbishops, each one being a handsome piece of sculpture. Here, too, repose the true remains of a celebrated virgin, who, in her lifetime, performed many miracles, and whose bones are now shown once a year amid solemn pomp and grandeur. Truly an edifying scene! And here too are the remains of another eminent saint, which likewise are shown once a year, and, marvellous to relate, though he has been dead many, many years, they yet have a fresh appearance! So said the guide; and he shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "believe it or not, just as you please."

In one part of the church two priests were performing service; one of them read so fast that he actually had to stop to catch his breath, and several times he spit on the steps of the very altar before which he was bowing, and which he had previously kissed with so much apparent reverence.

We then went into the Baptistery, which stands just back of the church. It is of an octagonal shape, and is quite large enough to be a church of itself. The roof is supported by large pillars of Sardinian granite, and smaller ones of white marble. The font is of white marble, and is in the middle of the building; this is for adults; around it are four smaller ones for infants. All these fonts were evidently designed

for administering baptism by immersion. There was one of the finest echoes in the Baptistery I ever heard. The sexton sung a few notes, and the echo was like the clear tones of an organ.

We then visited the Campanile, or, as it is more familiarly termed, "the Leaning Tower." Who has not heard of this? Why even in our very childhood, we thought of it as one of the seven wonders of the world. You may well imagine then the eagerness with which we looked for it, and the quick steps with which we passed under the leaning side, as though it was going to fall upon us. And yet, just so has it stood for hundreds of years. Whether it was originally built so, or whether from an earthquake, or the natural looseness of the soil, it has thus inclined from the perpendicular, seems still to be a matter of doubt. The general impression here is, that it was built so, and it is supposed the architect reasoned thus:—"a straight tower, however high, is no strange thing, but a leaning tower is; therefore, I will build one that shall be a wonder to all ages." I have no time or inclination to go into the merits of this controversy, but will leave it to those better versed in antiquarian lore. This tower is of a circular form, is eight stories high, and is adorned on the outside with marble pillars. In fact the whole tower is of marble. The walls are of great thickness. We ascended to the top by two hundred and ninety-five steps, and had a fine view of the surrounding country. We saw the beautiful vale watered by the Arno, whose meanderings we could trace for several miles, while far away stretched the blue sea. High mountains bounded the horizon, on some of whose summits we saw the snow glistening. There are seven bells in this tower, the largest of which weighs twenty tons. In former times the bells of a church were rarely placed in the church itself, but generally a tower was built purposely for their use. The leaning tower of Pisa is one hundred and ninety feet high, and inclines from the perpendicular six feet on the inside, and fifteen feet on the outside.

We next went to the "Campo Santo," an ancient burial-place. This is a most beautiful building, surrounded by three hundred and sixty-two light and elegant arcades. It is built round a court, the earth of which was brought from the Holy Land in the year 1200. Tradition says that such was the power of this earth, that bodies buried in it lost all their flesh in the short space of twenty-four hours. There are no monuments in the court, but the walls are covered with inscriptions, and lined with monuments of various periods, some of very ancient date, others more modern. Here all the nobility were formerly buried, but eighty-seven years have now elapsed, since any interments have taken place; and our voluble guide told us that millions of money would not purchase permission to be laid in the Campo Santo, because at one time the nobles murmured at being placed so near the common people, so a decree was issued that no one hereafter should be buried there. The walls in many places are painted in fresco. In one scene representing the judgment, among those in "the torments of hell," is one man whose face so strongly resembles that of Napoleon, as to excite universal attention. Yet this was done at least four hundred years before his time.

After going into a café and getting some refreshment, consisting of bread and strawberries, we started on our return for Leghorn. We were obliged to come immediately on board, so I can give you no account whatever of that city. The steamers do not stop at the wharves, but lie off in the harbor, so we are obliged to come and go in little boats, which are fitted up in pretty taste, having little awnings of colored cloth. But now we are bounding over the sea, and it is quite too rough for me to write more; so for the present, good bye.

NAPLES, Monday morning.

At length behold us arrived in this far-famed city of Naples. I raise my head to look out of the window, and before me lays the beautiful bay, its waters as clear and as blue as

the sky above. I am at present in Mr. D.'s room, and while waiting for one to be prepared for us, improve the time to finish this letter, and to give you an account of the remainder of our journey hither.

All day yesterday we lay in the harbor of Civita Vecchia, not being allowed to go on shore. The reason of this was, it being a gala day, the custom-house officers were officiating in church, and did not come off to us till the services were over. It was two o'clock before they came on board, and then our passports and certificates of health were duly examined, so that by the time all the formalities were over, it was so late that the captain would not allow any one to go on shore. After church the people gathered in crowds on the wharves; soldiers were there with their bands of music, but the multitude seemed absorbed in watching a number of men and boys, diving one after another from a high ladder into the sea. And thus ended the day off Civita Vecchia.

I went early to my berth, but passed a sleepless night. It was dreadfully rough. The sea came pouring over the deck; one man fell thump out of his berth, and every thing went crash, as though the boat was going to pieces. I thought if ever I got out of that steamboat it would be long ere I went into another. I know not why it is, that while the days have been so pleasant the nights have been so stormy. I never saw it rougher on the ocean than it has been the three nights we have been on the Mediterranean.

At last the sea became calmer and smoother, and we soon arrived in sight of Naples. Mr. D. came off in a small boat for us, and after a scene of "confusion worse confounded," of officers coming on board and going off again, of men flying hither and thither, of jabbering in French and Italian, permission came for us to land, and we started for shore. Our baggage was literally searched, the top of the trunk broken, and the clothes put back in such disorder that it was impossible to lock it. However, they could not find any thing to lay their clutches on, but my shawl, which one

of them took on his arm with a triumphant air, but I coolly pointed to the marks of its having been worn, so he quickly put it down again. Another got hold of my journal, first taking it upside down, but making nothing of it so, he turned it another way, looking all the time as though he was completely puzzled. And well he might be, for to him it was written in strange hieroglyphics, and I will not say but I may find some trouble in reading it myself.

J. witnessed quite a curious sight this morning. A man in the cabin took out of his carpet bag a beautiful shawl, and a splendid piece of goods, which he wrapped around him, and over which he put his clothes, and thus defied the custom-house officers.

But I am told our room is ready ; so I leave you now.

Yours ever.

NAPLES, Tuesday evening.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Excited and interested as I have been in the events of this day, I cannot allow myself to rest till I have given you some idea, however faint, of the objects that have occupied our attention since I last wrote. You may well suppose that one of our first desires was to see Pompeii and Herculaneum. Accordingly, we set out early this morning, and spent the whole day in visiting those cities of the dead.

As soon as we arrived in Naples, we secured the services of a "Valet de Place," whose office it is to go round with us, to act as an interpreter, as we do not understand Italian at all. He makes all our arrangements for us, lays out plans for sight-seeing, and makes himself useful in various ways. He speaks English very fluently, and is quite an original in his way. It is whispered in our hotel that he is a man who has seen better days, and that there is quite a romance con-

nected with his early history, but as he seems reserved on the subject of his own affairs, I have not touched upon them at all. But enough of Francesco, and now to our ride to Pompeii. We had a nice carriage and two quick horses, and a driver, and were gone all day, and the whole expense was but little over two dollars. No more is demanded for a carriage for four, than though one went alone. For instance, in taking a carriage to go to any part of the city, you are not charged by the individual, as in our cities home, but by the distance, it thus costing no more for four than for one. But another digression? Well, pardon it, and I will go at once to our ride. The country is quite pleasant between Naples and Pompeii. The distance is about fifteen miles. We passed many fine villas surrounded by beautiful gardens, making the air sweet with the odor of the rose, the orange and the lemon. After the first few miles, however, the country was so much covered with ashes and lava from Vesuvius, as to give it rather a desolate and barren appearance. During the whole of our ride we had this mountain in view, from which constantly arose clouds of smoke tinged with a reddish hue.

But how shall I describe what I saw at Pompeii, so as to give you any conception of the overwhelming interest connected with such a spot? I can hardly realize that I have been there myself, that my feet have trod those streets which once resounded with the steps of busy men, but which for centuries have been hushed in the silence and darkness of desolation and death.

I always had an idea that Pompeii lay far beneath the surface of the earth, entirely shut out from the light of day, so that in visiting it you had to go down into the very bowels of the earth, and wander by torchlight through subterranean passages and recesses. On the contrary the city, or at least that part of it which has been excavated, lies open to the sky. Pompeii was buried beneath the light ashes of Vesuvius, and not under the solid lava, so that the process of

excavation was comparatively easy. Only about a third part however has yet been brought to light; the work is still going on, so that every day some new discovery is made.

At the entrance to the city is a guard-house, at which several government officers are stationed, and no one is allowed to go about the ruins without the escort of one of these soldiers, and he keeps the most vigilant watch, lest any one should take away some memento of the place. I could not stoop to pick up a pebble, or even to look closely at any thing, without the one with us crying out, "take care, Madame, do not touch."

We entered one of the principal streets of the city through a ruined gateway, at which was found the skeleton of the sentinel on duty, on whose head was a helmet weighing sixty pounds. Under the strict discipline of the Roman soldier, he would not leave his post, even when the city was being overwhelmed with destruction.

The streets are paved with large flat stones, which bear the marks of wheels, and are so narrow as to have admitted the passage of but one chariot at a time. On either side is a raised footwalk, and occasionally a single stepping-stone is placed in the middle of the street, for passing from one side to the other.

The first house we entered was that of Diomede, one of the most influential citizens of Pompeii. Two stories of the house are standing, besides the cellar or arched passage, which runs some ways beneath the house, and in which were found several skeletons, supposed to have been some members of the family, attempting to escape from the ruin that was overwhelming them. In the hand of one, thought to be Diomede himself, was a bunch of keys, probably of the wine cellar, and on the arm of a female, either the wife or daughter of the master of the house, was a bracelet of gold, weighing a pound and a half, and in her hand a purse. In this house are many rooms, the most of them small; there are bed-chambers, bathing rooms and dressing-rooms, looking

into the garden; eating-rooms, a drawing-room and guest-chambers, and the remains of several fountains. Many of the rooms were floored with marble of different colors, and arranged in different forms.

We visited the remains of many other houses, among which was that of Sallust, which is one of the largest and most perfect that has yet been discovered. On the walls of some of the rooms are well preserved paintings of gods, goddesses and dancing girls. In this house were also found some skeletons.

We also saw shops of various kinds; many were for the sale of oil and wine, the places where the jars stood, and even the jars themselves being still seen. Here too were a soap-manufactory, a coffee-house, a bake-house, where were found small mills for grinding corn, and some loaves of bread, which are now removed to the Museum.

After seeing many things, far too numerous for me even to give the names of them, we went to the Forum, a large open court adorned with pillars. On one side are the temples of Jupiter and of Venus, and the Basilica, or Hall of Justice, each ornamented with pillars and statues. Beneath the Basilica are prisons, which certainly were not very inviting, though they seemed cool and comfortable to us, after having walked so far in the hot sun.

Nor must I forget to mention the large public bathing house that we visited. Here the rooms had double walls, with a space between them, into which steam ascended from some sort of apparatus in the cellar, and came into the rooms from openings in the inner wall. This certainly is not far removed from our present fashion of heating houses with hot air.

“Last, but by no means least,” we went to see the Amphitheatre, which stands without the walls. This was a spacious edifice, calculated to seat between twenty and thirty thousand persons. It is of an oval form, open at the top, and has thirty rows of seats ascending from the arena, one

above another, to the very top. At opposite sides of the arena are openings by which the wild beasts formerly entered; these were strongly guarded by gates, which are not standing at present, but the holes made for the hinges and bolts are still seen. It detracts very much from the effect of these buildings thus rescued from oblivion, that nearly all the rich ornaments, marble, furniture and paintings found in them, have been carried to the Museum. They would be seen to much better advantage, if left in the places where they were originally found, and government is beginning to think the same thing, for it has ordered that nothing that is now brought to light, shall be moved from the spot, which will certainly add much to the interest of Pompeii.

I would, dear friend, that I had the power to give you a better and more connected description of this interesting city, but I have neither time nor ability to say more. Wearied nature demands repose, and I have already trespassed on those hours which ought to be given to rest, and yet the half has not been said. Pompeii is a fit place for meditation, as one wanders through those deserted houses and temples, among shattered pillars and broken statues and ruined arches, and through silent gardens and courts, where once were the soft music of gushing waters, and the rich odors of costly plants. A melancholy awe pervaded our souls, and we felt that we were treading the places of the dead, solemn, still and grand. I could not but think of the suddenness with which this gloom came upon the devoted city. How little thought the inhabitants, plunged in luxury, gaiety and licentiousness, of the doom that awaited them! How little that they would lie entombed for nearly two thousand years, and then that their ruined homes would be visited by the people of a country of which they had never even dreamed!

On our return, we stopped at a little distance from Pompeii, to see a mineral spring which comes from Vesuvius. We descended a hill where the lava was from twenty to fifty feet deep. Out of this bed of lava rushes the spring. It comes

bubbling up, is quite warm, and is strongly impregnated with sulphur.

Just before we got to Portici, we stopped to see the remains of Herculaneum. This, instead of being buried under ashes as Pompeii was, was covered with melted lava, which when cool, became solid rock. Hence the difficulty of excavating the city. Besides, the town of Portici is built over it, so that probably it will never be entirely brought to light. A part of a theatre only has been excavated. It lies seventy-nine feet below the surface of the earth. We descended by the light of torches, a long flight of stone stairs dripping with moisture. It was really a curious sight, to see us threading our way among solid masses of lava, over broken pillars and statues, with our torches glimmering here and there in the intense darkness. The statues that were found here have been removed to the Museum, so we had to fancy how it looked when first discovered. All that we could see was the bare walls, the stage and orchestra, and a portion of the pit and some of the boxes.

To-morrow we go to the Museum, where are deposited the objects of curiosity and interest which were found in these buried cities; so look out for another letter soon. And now good night.

NAPLES, Wednesday.

And now, dear friend, for the Museum. Pray give your most earnest attention, while I tell you of some of the things which I saw there. Do not think that I am going to inflict upon you a tiresome catalogue of the objects of curiosity there collected. I shall only mention in a general and disconnected manner, some things that particularly attracted our notice. And first, we went into a hall filled with mosaics found in Pompeii and Herculaneum. Mosaic painting, you

know, is done by putting stones or pieces of a kind of glass so nicely together, that the whole forms a picture, and thus at a little distance, the separate parts cannot be perceived. These mosaics were portions of walls and floors, and were in such a fine state of preservation, that I could hardly imagine they had been buried so long in the earth.

Then came the gallery of ancient sculpture, and there we were surrounded by Jupiter, Minerva, Mars, Mercury, Venus, Cupid, Bacchus, Apollo, nymphs, fawns, heroes and heroines of antiquity without number. Here, too, were busts and statues of the wise and great of generations long since passed away — Aurelius, Tiberius, Trajan, Probus, Pyrrhus, Cæsar, Cicero, Socrates, Demosthenes, Homer, that “blind old bard of Scio’s rocky isle,” Lycurgus, Solon, Aristides, Herodotus, and I cannot tell how many, many more.

Then there were the most splendid vases and basins of marble and porphyry, many of them ornamented with elegant bas-reliefs, pillars and columns of rare marbles; in short, many volumes would not contain a description of the various things I there saw. In another room were bronze statues, and I was surprised to see how many of these were of dancing girls and actresses. Many of the finest statues and busts were found in the theatres.

We then went up stairs, where were some beautiful mosaic tables, lamps, candelabras, drinking cups, &c., all found at Pompeii. Some of the lamps, particularly those suspended from the ceiling, were in the shape of birds, the flame to proceed from the mouth; these were mostly of bronze, but the others were generally of stone and were very small. Here too was all the paraphernalia of an apothecary’s shop, some of the jars even now containing medicines in them. Nor must I forget to add the bodies taken from the ruins, which, although black and dried, were in a good state of preservation.

We saw the rolls of papyrus also found in Pompeii, which

so much resembled charcoal, that they were for a long time mistaken for it, till the exact order in which they were placed, excited curiosity, and then it was discovered what they really were. We saw the process of unrolling them, so that they may be copied, and thus the records of past ages, which have so long been buried in oblivion, are brought to light.

From this room we passed into another, called "the cabinet of gems," and "gems" indeed, they seemed to our eyes unaccustomed to behold so magnificent a display. There were rings, some large and massy, chains, necklaces, earrings, brooches, bracelets, among which was that found on the arm of Diomedes's wife, and the purse in her hand, a small deer made of gold, pins and bodkins of gold, together with silver cups, plates, dishes, salvers, vases and spoons, a large cup of sardonyx set in gold, and hundreds of precious stones.

But a still greater curiosity to us, were two loaves of bread, some dough, a large piece of honeycomb, several kinds of grain, dates, prunes, raisins, pears and eggs; these all, excepting the eggs, were black as jet, but in form were still perfect. Here too were pieces of cloth, some of which were found in the washing vessels; some nets, perfectly black; flasks for wine and oil, some of which still remain in the flasks; and a jar, in which were olives in a perfect state of preservation. These certainly were interesting remains, not so much in themselves, as from the circumstance that they were nearly two thousand years old. On an elegant mosaic table was a portable stove, where were places for the fuel, water, and articles to be cooked. Then there were saucepans, kettles, frying pans, some of which were hollowed out in places just the size of an egg, and all the *et ceteras* of a kitchen establishment, musical instruments, bells for cattle, and toilet furniture, among which were combs, pins, boxes for paints, essences and rouge, some of which are still preserved.

In another room were models of ancient tombs, in each of

which were a skeleton, vases, lamps, incense bottles, and a piece of money in the mouth of each body to pay the ferryman for carrying him over the Styx. These surely serve to explain the belief and customs of the ancients in relation to the dead. As we came out we just looked into the Library, which contains about two hundred thousand volumes, in one of the rooms of which was the most astonishing echo I ever heard, the reverberations being thirty-two in number.

And thus ends the record of this day's sight-seeing, and I think you will certainly agree with me, that we have seen quite enough for one day, and that I must be sufficiently tired by this time to lay aside my pen. So now adieu.

NAPLES, Thursday.

"What," do you say, "another letter?" Really so many objects of attention come before us, that unless I write every evening, my letters would be as long as an old sailor's yarns. We have been on the "qui vive" to-day, I can assure you, having taken a most delightful excursion to Baiæ, and its environs. We started quite early this morning, for you may well know that we have to be up in season to accomplish so much in a day.

No sooner had we left the city than we plunged into a dark grotto, or subterranean road, cut out of the solid rock, called the Grotto of Posilippo. It is two thousand three hundred and sixteen feet long, twenty-two wide, and rises to an unequal height, sometimes extending upwards of eighty feet above us. Though lamps were burning at intervals, it was extremely dark. The air was cold and damp, and it seemed indeed as though we were in the deepest recesses of the earth, whereas we were a little above the level of the streets of Naples. A high hill, or, more properly speaking, mountain, was over our heads.

Our road then lay through fields planted with trees, with the vine stretching in luxuriant growth between them in every direction. Through these we often caught glimpses of the sea, and finally came in full sight of it, so that we had a magnificent view of the bay, with its mountainous sides and rocky islands; on one of which is the Lazzaretto, and on another, a hotel and a bathing house, where the Neapolitans resort in great numbers in the summer season.

Near Puteoli, we visited the sulphur manufactory, all the operations of which are carried on in the open air. Here the odor was intolerable, and terrible were the coughing and sneezing, the hemming and spitting, that were heard from our party. How the workmen stand it, is more than I can tell. From openings in the earth, issue streams of sulphurous vapor, over which water is kept boiling till it becomes saturated with the sulphur. It then passes through clay, and thus becomes separated from the sulphur, which is boiled down, refined, and put up in jars and sent away. While we were looking on, one of the workmen took up a large stone and threw it violently upon the ground, which produced that reverberating sound that plainly showed it was hollow beneath.

We then went to see the ruins of an ancient amphitheatre, built in the time of Caligula, but long since buried by an earthquake. Workmen are now engaged in excavating it, and enough is already seen to show the immensity of the building. It is very similar to the one we saw in Pompeii, only it is nearly twice as large. It is really wonderful to see the destruction here produced by earthquakes and eruptions. Here in a small town is this enormous structure. Where, now, are the remains of the former grandeur of this place, once the centre of Roman magnificence and splendor? The earth has opened her mouth and swallowed them up! Where are now the thousands that once assembled in this building? I looked around on its desolate walls, its ruined pillars, its broken statues, its deserted seats, and echo seemed to answer, "Where?"

All around this amphitheatre are the ruins of houses, thus showing that this was once a place of great size and importance. Oh, time! how great are thy changes!

Here too are the remains of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, an immense edifice, supposed to have been built in the sixth century of Rome, but partly thrown down, and completely buried by an earthquake. It was accidentally discovered in 1750 by a peasant, who found the top of one of the columns. Excavations were immediately commenced, and the temple was found almost entire, but the columns and statues have nearly all been removed, and it now stands a complete ruin. Enough however remains to show its former magnificence; three columns are left entire, while over the floor of marble, lie scattered pieces of pillars, capitals and sculpture, which serve as stepping-stones from one side to another, the whole floor being covered by water from the sea. In this temple is a number of small apartments, which, together with the fact of springs of boiling water being found in the neighborhood, lead to the conclusion that the sick and infirm were brought here to be restored by the sacred waters.

Puteoli is now a small and dirty town, having nothing interesting about it save these ruins, and the fact of its having been the place where St. Paul first landed in Italy, when as he was on his way to Rome "he came to Puteoli, where he found brethren who desired him to tarry with them seven days."

We rode along for some distance till we came to the Lucrine Lake, a pretty little sheet of water, with a white house and chapel on its borders. Here we left the carriage, and walked along a hot, sandy path for nearly a mile, till we came suddenly upon Lake Avernus, fairly embosomed among the mountains. This is the Tartarus of Virgil, though it seems to have no claim at present to that name, for it is really most beautiful. The mountains slope down to the water's edge, thus rendering true Virgil's description, that it was easy to descend to Lake Avernus, but somewhat of a task to

get back again. This lake is said to be four hundred feet deep. After walking along the bank of the lake for some distance, we turned into a cool, shady grove, and soon came to the entrance of the "Grotto of the Sybil." Here we took three guides and two large torches, and descended to the bowels of the earth. After walking for some time in this arched grotto, we came to the river Styx. Here we mounted "a la mode" pig, on the backs of our guides, who were up to their waists in water. Mr. D., who, by the way, was exalted by them to the dignity of "my Lord Anglais," went first on the back of the man who carried a torch, I after him, while J. brought up the rear. Francesco stayed behind, to keep watch over our books and basket of provisions. At first I was quite frightened at riding in that fashion, as I had not practised it since I was quite a child, but soon the amusing sight we presented so struck me, that I made the cavern resound with my laughter. Mr. D., who is quite a large man, was on the back of the very smallest man of the whole, and he made me think, as I saw him by the dim light, of the enormous bundles I had seen on the back of a little donkey. We thus walked, or rather rode (for, I believe, "pig back" has from time immemorial been dignified with the title of riding,) for some time to my infinite diversion. We were several times set down, not in the water however, but on the stones around the baths, which are said to have been used as a bed by the Sybil after bathing. Whether a bed or not, this raised platform was about the size of a bed, with a stone like a pillow at the head. Rather a cool and a hard bed I should imagine. We stopped to examine several secret chambers, said to have been built by Nero. After wading about some time, we came to "terra firma," and dismounted from the backs of our guides quite satisfied with that kind of travelling. This grotto is a curious sight, and certainly a romantic place; for, in groping through dark passages, lighted only by a flashing torch, and mounting on the backs of men,

and thus wading through the water, I think there is quite romance enough.

After leaving the grotto, we walked back to the carriage, and then rode round Lake Lucrine, where we once more left our carriage, climbed a little way up the mountain, and entered its side, and stood within a large cavern. From this there was a passage leading directly into the mountain, to a hot, boiling spring. We were told that the water of this spring was hot enough to boil eggs, but Mr. D. and J. being anxious to satisfy themselves as to the truth of this, followed the guide through the dark passage leading to the spring, but it was so warm, I would not venture, neither indeed did I dare to, as it is not considered safe unless all the clothes can be changed after coming out. Indeed, so intolerably hot did they find it, they would have turned back before reaching it, had it not been for the many by-passages that diverge from the main passage, and the idea of losing their way was so unpleasant, they persevered in the attempt, and came back dripping with perspiration. The man took in with him two eggs in a little pail, which he filled with the water, and soon after he came back, the eggs were taken out well boiled. The whole range of mountains around Naples seems to be of a volcanic nature, and this spring, so far distant from Vesuvius, is doubtless fed by the same fires that there ceaselessly burn.

We then rode on to Baiæ. This town was once one of the most celebrated in Italy, as a place of resort for the higher classes among the Romans. It is now strown with ruins, the principal of which are temples of Venus, Diana, Jupiter and Mercury; the last only we examined. It is a circular edifice, surmounted by a dome, having an opening in the top, and is in a very good state of preservation. Here is one of the finest echoes I ever heard; the clapping of hands was like distant thunder, and a stone thrown violently on the ground seemed like the reverberations of cannon among the hills. Here too was a sort of whispering gallery. J. stood on one side with his mouth to

an aperture in the wall, and I at the opposite side, nearly one hundred feet from him, with my ear to a similar aperture. He then whispered a few words, which I heard as distinctly as though I stood close by him.

We rode on a little way beyond Baiæ, and had a beautiful view of the country around. Here, separated by a narrow strip of land from the sea, is a sort of lake called "the Dead Sea," or, according to Virgil, the "Stygian Lake." In this neighborhood too were the Elysian fields of the same poet, and surely never was a country seen more beautiful, nor any more worthy of being called Elysian. The green and lofty mountains, the fertile vales covered with the vine, the fig tree and the olive, seen beneath a cloudless sky, formed a lovely picture, worthy of the pen of the poet, or the pencil of the painter.

Our ride home was most delightful, having the sea almost constantly in view; the sun was far down toward the horizon, and the country was charming, mountains and vineyards being all around us. Instead of coming home through the grotto of Posilippo, we ascended the mountain over it, by the road called Napoleon's road, which was constructed by Murat when he was king of Naples. It is a magnificent road, winding round the side of the mountain. Beneath us, as we ascended, was the fertile country through which we had been riding, seeming like a garden at our feet, and as we came down on the other side, we had a fine view of Naples, its bay, the splendid villas dotting the shore, and old Vesuvius sending forth huge columns of smoke.

We got back about half past six, feeling but little fatigued and quite satisfied with our day's work; we dined at seven, and the remainder of the evening I have spent in writing to you. So you see, every moment of the day has been occupied; and now I leave you awhile.

NAPLES, Saturday evening.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Yesterday and to-day, we have been busy in looking around Naples and its immediate environs, and having a little leisure this evening, I hasten to give you an account of "what I saw." We went yesterday morning to the Church of San Francesco. In this land, where so much of splendor and wealth, and the most beautiful productions of art are collected in the churches, they are of course among the first objects visited by strangers. You can generally gain admission at any hour of the day, but if you go at the time of morning or evening service, and just look about you without requiring the attention of a guide, it costs you nothing, but if you go at any other hour you are obliged to pay the customary fee.

The Church of San Francesco is quite new, and is, what in Yankee land we would call "a splendid affair." It is of a circular form, and is surmounted by a dome, around the interior of which runs a gallery supported by thirty-three large pillars of light colored marble. At regular distances between the pillars are statues of the four Evangelists, and of four of the ancient Fathers, Chrysostom, Athanasius, Ambrose, and Augustine. The altar is composed of the choicest marbles, porphyry, jasper, and lapis-lazuli; this last is a precious stone of the most beautiful blue color. The floor is of marble, a large circular piece being in the centre, from which diverge lines of different colored marbles. Directly opposite to the church is the royal palace.

We then went to the Chapel of St. Severo, which is now very small, having been nearly destroyed by an earthquake. Though so small, it is very rich, the interior being filled with the finest sculpture. Here the family of the Princes of Sangro are buried, each tomb being ornamented with beautiful figures, those of the females having a statue representing the principal virtue of the lady in the tomb. One represents

modesty, and is covered with a veil of white marble, through which the features and form are perfectly seen. It is one of the rarest works of art in existence. Another represents vice undeceived. A man is caught in a net, from which he is endeavoring to extricate himself. The color and material of the net are so well imitated, that when J. first caught a glimpse of it, he said, "what is that net thrown there for?" It is all cut from one piece of marble.

But the most touching of all is the figure of Christ in the tomb, covered with a veil supposed to be dampened by the dew of death. I could hardly realize the drapery was of marble, so easy and graceful were the folds. The border was sculptured to imitate embroidery and was of a most perfect finish. By the side of the body lay the crown of thorns, the nails and the pincers, all cut from one block of marble. I never saw any thing so beautiful as this statue. Again and again we returned to look upon it, that it might be deeply fixed in our memory. I felt as if I could not dwell long enough upon the still, calm features of Christ, for even while I looked, the vision seemed so little like earth, I feared it would be snatched from my longing eyes. These three statues are considered as master-pieces of genius, as neither the ancient Greeks nor Romans ever seem to have attempted showing the face and form through a veil.

We next visited the church of San Gennaro, the patron saint of Naples, where his remains now repose. It is said some of his blood is here kept, which liquefies twice or three times a year, when crowds attend to witness the ceremony. If there is any hindrance in the performance of the miracle, the multitudes in the church testify their impatience by groans and cries, but as soon as it is announced to be completed, shouts rend the air, as them prosperity is predicted. I looked earnestly in the face of the priest who was telling us of the various miracles performed by the Saint, to see if he seemed to believe it, but he spoke as though not a shadow of doubt had ever crossed his mind. We were told that

when Napoleon was here, he visited this church, and as he was anxious to see this miracle, he commanded the priests to cause the blood to be liquefied. In vain they told him it was impossible except at certain seasons of the year. The mighty conqueror was not thus to be baffled; he grew angry and threatened if it was not soon done to liquefy their blood, so with trembling but with no more hesitation they performed the miracle, probably by the use of some chemical means.

In this church are thirty-six busts of solid silver, which cost nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. No wonder that when a revolution takes place, the churches are first demolished, for there the greatest riches and prizes are found.

As we left this church we had six beggars around us, all looking pitiable enough. What a contrast to the silver and gold, and precious stones within the church! When I look around this beautiful land, this land of mountains and vales, of wine and of oil, of the fig and the orange, when I see all nature so luxuriant, and then turn my eyes on the filth, the squalid wretchedness and poverty which meet me wherever I go, my heart sickens within me, and I cannot help exclaiming, "these things ought not so to be."

Constantly meeting, as we do so many priests, I had the curiosity yesterday to attempt to count them, and in the course of two hours' drive through the city, we met two hundred and twenty-nine. The most of the time I could see but one side of the street, and I did not reckon at all those we saw in the churches, where at least were fifty more. They all wear a black robe, and a broad-brimmed hat turned up at the sides, so they are easily distinguished from other classes of citizens. Francesco told us that if a gentleman had a number of sons, the oldest took his father's property, one became a soldier, and another a priest, and thus hundreds of priests are supported by the people, already burdened to oppression by taxes.

In the evening we took a walk in the king's garden which is in front of our hotel, and lies between the street and the bay. It is handsomely laid out with fine trees, and hedges, and winding walks, and has a large fountain, and several statues in different parts of it. There are also two little temples, their white pillars peeping out through the trees. On our left was the beautiful bay of Naples, from which came a soft and genial breeze. We walked through the whole length of the garden, which extends about half a mile, and then returned through the street to our hotel. This is one of the principal streets of the city; it was not very brilliantly lit up, neither was there any great display in the shops. Indeed, I think there are but few handsome shops in the city.

This morning we went quite early to the market. Here was a busy scene indeed. The street was thronged with people, come either to buy or sell. We saw the nicest cherries and strawberries, and they are sold very cheap too. We bought three or four quarts of cherries for about six cents. There were all sorts of accommodations for the eating public to be seen around the market, which, by the way, is not in a house as with us, but in the street. We saw miniature cook shops, where ever so small a piece of meat might be bought already cooked, and little boys were constantly going round with tea and coffee, which they sold by the cup full. The streets resounded with cries, some of them the strangest noises I ever heard. Those that had the least to sell, I verily believe, cried the loudest, and uttered the most discordant notes. In short, it was a scene of bustle and activity, and as presenting a living picture of human nature, was full of interest. It had however one drawback; the streets were so dirty that in some places they seemed almost impassable for persons having on clothes any where approaching to clean.

After breakfast we visited the castle St. Elmo, which stands on a high hill just out of Naples. Here we had a magnificent view of the country for miles around, and of a

part of the city; the other side I was not permitted to see, as you go within a monastery, to get the view, and the Pope has decreed that no female shall go within the walls of a monastery, so I was kept out while the more favored sex had a view, which they pronounced delightful. We then descended by a circuitous route to the tomb of Virgil, which is on the hill immediately over the grotto of Posilippo, and commands a fine view of the harbor and that part of the city adjacent to it. The tomb is nearly circular, and has ten niches in which were formerly cinerary urns, now no longer to be seen.

We passed through the grotto of Posilippo, and after a short ride came to the lake of Agnano, situated in the midst of the most delightful scenery. It is almost surrounded by mountains covered with trees and shrubs, now clothed with the most beautiful verdure. This lake (supposed by some to have been the crater of a volcano) and all the surrounding country, belong to the king of Naples, and constitute his fishing and hunting grounds. There is a beautiful little lodge in the form of a chapel, built by a brother of the king. From the roof of this little temple we had a charming view of the lake and the country around it.

But the greatest curiosity is the Grotto del Cane, where the air is so strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, that it is dangerous to remain there a long time. We went in and bent down our heads within two feet of the ground, where the air came up like the gas that escapes from champagne, when it is first uncorked. A dog was carried in and laid on the ground, when it almost instantly seemed as though it were dying. Its breath came shorter and shorter, its limbs were convulsed, its mouth was covered with froth, and I suppose a few moments more would have terminated its existence, and doubtless the same effect would be produced on any individual who would stay there long enough. But the dog was brought out and laid on the ground, and soon began to revive, and then it breathed like a person

coming out of a fainting fit. After that it ran around, rubbed against our feet, rolled on the ground and acted just as though it was intoxicated.

The man next took two torches into the grotto, but the moment they were brought in contact with this stream of gas, they went out. This was repeated several times. In the lake, at a little distance from the bank, is a little spring formed by this gas, which boils and bubbles up through the water.

In another grotto, we found the air still more strongly impregnated, so that after putting our faces down near the ground, we could scarcely breathe, and in still another, there was such a stream of hot vapor ascending from the earth, that after we had been there a few seconds, the perspiration started from every pore. Thus the mountains around Naples seem to be full of inward fires, which come out in different forms, wherever there is an opening.

As we returned home we met flocks of goats going to the city after browsing on the hills during the day. Every morning quite early I hear their little tinkling bells, as they are driven by out of the city. They are stopped at those houses where their milk is wanted, and milked according to demand.

In passing by the palace of the Minister of State, a handsome carriage with two coachmen, two footmen and one outrider, drew up before the door. On the seat of the carriage sat in solitary dignity a dog! I do not know that all this dashing out was for the mere purpose of taking the dog to ride; perhaps its master had stopped somewhere, and sent it home, but any way, it looked ludicrous enough to see a little dog perched up there in that style.

Just after I commenced writing this evening, we heard the firing of guns and rockets, and J. went out to see what was going on. He soon came back for me to go and see a church that was illuminated. I felt as though nothing would tempt me to go out again, but as he said it was near, I con-

sented to go. It was a small church, but the front was one blaze of light. On the outside small candles were fixed in slanting rows. The cross on the top had lights all round it. I suppose it is the eve of some saint's day.

And now it is quite time for me to bring this long letter to a close, but not before I tell you how disappointed we have been in not receiving letters from you here. We left orders with our banker at Paris to forward any letters that would come before the fifteenth of May, expecting you would write by the steamer of the last of April. Well, we still must hope, though two months seem a long time to be without hearing from those we love and have left.

Sunday evening.

I open my letter to tell you a little of our Sunday in Naples. We went this morning to the English chapel, in the palace of the British Ambassador. It affected me to tears to hear again the service I so much love. It seemed as though time and place were forgotten; I no longer felt "a stranger in a strange land." There was some difference in the service; that being adapted to the English church, of course much mention was made of the Queen and the royal family. But the "Te Deum," that glorious hymn, was the same; the words of the chants, the creed and most of the prayers were the same. I felt as though I was once more in my own home.

This afternoon, at five o'clock, we went to one of the Romish churches, where we heard there was to be some good music. It is a fine looking church and is much ornamented; all its chapels are hung with crimson and white curtains. We procured some chairs, for there are no pews in any of these churches. We sat a long time waiting for the service to commence; at last we began to think we were hoaxed, but on looking round, we saw that nearly all the congregation was seated, and we knew they would not be at the expense of hiring chairs (though it is only about two cents

a-piece,) unless something unusual was going to take place. We amused ourselves with looking about, and particularly with observing the conduct of the soldiers that were stationed around the church. They stood at their posts immovable as rocks, neither looking to the right hand nor the left. After waiting at least an hour, there appeared in the pulpit a man richly robed, having on his head a bishop's or archbishop's cap. He had no notes, but spoke very fluently, sometimes in Latin, and sometimes in Italian. On one of the fingers of his right hand sparkled a magnificent diamond ring. I thought he never would get through, and began to fear we should have to go home without any music, for it was getting near dinner time; but, just then, I saw movements around the organ, and as soon as the prosy speaker had finished, the organ gallery was filled. I should think there were fifty performers. There were two organs, several violins, flutes, bugles, trumpets, drums, &c. The music was grand, I never heard any thing to equal it. Then there was a good deal of singing too, all done by males. One man sang so like a female, that if he had been behind a curtain I should have insisted upon it that it was a female, the voice was so sweet, so rich, and yet so powerful. There were several boys too that sang admirably. Amid all this melody there came in a procession of priests, clothed in the richest robes, preceded by two soldiers to clear the way, and by men bearing large candles.

The candles around the altar were lit, one by one, till the whole was one blaze of light and splendor. The image of Christ, back of the altar, was illuminated, more than one hundred candles being around it, and I should judge more than five hundred in all about the altar, besides the dozens of chandeliers in various parts of the church. There was a great deal of ceremony, which of course we did not understand; incense in profusion was burnt which filled the church with its rich odor. All this, the brilliancy, the splendor, the pomp and parade, produced a scene I never expected

to have witnessed. I no longer wondered at the sway which this religion has over the minds of the people. I no longer marvelled that they gave their last mite to contribute to such pageantry.

I should think there were more than five thousand people present this evening. The outside of the church and the buildings around were illuminated, and the streets were thronged.

On our return we found Mr. D. in the greatest trouble about us; he was on the point of sending to the consul's to see what should be done. The waiters seemed in like anxiety, though I think it was as much on account of their dinner being spoiled as for fear of our being lost or carried away. And now behold the end of this long letter. As ever, yours.

NAPLES, Monday evening.

MY DEAREST P :

We have accomplished to-day our trip to Vesuvius, and I think when you hear the particulars, you will say with me, that it is indeed, no light affair to go there and back in one day. We had in addition to our usual party the company of Mr. T., an American gentleman, who is on his way home from China. We started by four o'clock, and at that early hour found the streets very quiet. We saw several men asleep in the streets, the lazzaroni, I suppose, those who know not one night where they shall sleep the next, unless indeed it be in the open air.

We passed along the same road that leads to Pompeii, till just beyond Portici, where we turned off, and soon came to Rosina, a dirty little town, where we left the carriage. Here we expected to find donkeys to take us up the mountain, but to our disappointment, could not succeed in procuring any. Now the idea of riding on a donkey had been

rather pleasant than otherwise to me, and for several reasons. First, because they are so small, if you fall, you can't fall far; secondly, they are very sure-footed, and lastly (and which I am not sure was not the strongest reason after all,) it would be something novel to write to you about, but the idea of mounting a great high horse had never entered my head, for you know the perfect fear I have always had of horseback riding. At first I declared I would not and could not go, and then I knew that all my life long, I should regret that I had thus relinquished the attempt to visit Vesuvius, so not without some groans and sighs, and even a few tears, I mounted. I know you will laugh at these fears and call them childish, but I can't help it if you do; I shall tell you just how I felt about it, laugh or not. For the first half hour I trembled so that I could think of nothing but keeping my seat, though the guide attempted to console me by assuring me in two languages, that there was "no danger de tout." At last after I became accustomed to my seat, I began to look around me, and then my sense of the ludicrous came to my aid, and as I looked on our cavalcade, I laughed heartily and for a time forgot my fears. Shall I describe our party to you?

First was Mr. D. well mounted, then came Mr. T. on a donkey, for he had contrived some way to procure one. Now he is quite a tall man, and his legs dangled on both sides of the donkey in rather dangerous proximity to the ground. Behind, holding on to the donkey's tail ran his guide (a queer place by the way for a guide) who ever and anon gave the animal a smart stroke with a great stick he carried in his hand, causing him to give a sudden start, thereby sending Mr. T. almost over his head, so that I thought he would have a chance of getting to Vesuvius even before the donkey. Then, mounted on a great, black horse, came my humble self in my usual travelling dress, with my feet encased in a pair of great, stout, leather boots, which were bought at the enormous price of sixty cents, and which

showed to excellent advantage on horseback. My saddle was semicircular, with high back and sides, so that it seemed impossible for me to fall. One guide walked at the head of my horse, and another at my side, while Francesco kept close behind me. Then came J., and as his horse had the misfortune to lose a shoe, he was obliged to dismount and walk a part of the way. A motley set of men and boys brought up the rear, though what they went for is more than I can tell, for we repeatedly told them we had no need of their services, as we already had four or five guides. Gentle reader, whoever thou art, who by my clemency art permitted to read these letters, thinkest thou not we presented a fine appearance, as we wended our way up the stony sides of Vesuvius?

But the road! never before did mortal man see such a one. Imagine a steep, continual hill for nearly five miles, strew the road with as many stones of all shapes and sizes as you think it can well bear, and you will have a faint idea of the horse-path up the mountain. At the Hermitage, a dismal looking sort of a convent, we stopped and got some refreshments, (I suppose they were called) though they were any thing but refreshing to us, and about a mile and a half from there left our horses. Glad was I to find myself on my feet once more, and I felt assured that as this was my first attempt at ascending mountains on horseback, so it should be my last.

And now came the labor. The mountain side was covered with large pieces of lava, which however served as stepping-stones, so that I did not find the ascent so difficult as I had apprehended. I had heard gentlemen at the hotel speak of it as dreadful, and one Englishman said that I never could get up without being carried, but Mr. D. told him he did not know how much the New England girls could do. The way that ladies usually go, is in a chair borne by two men, but I chose to trust to my own feet, and got up without any assistance except a huge cane that I carried, and we stopped but

twice to rest, though we were an hour and a half in climbing up.

I was very much surprised at the near view of this mountain, it is so entirely different from what I had even imagined. I had always thought the smoke and flames came from the very top of the mountain, but instead of this there is an opening of more than three miles in circumference, which is called the upper crater. This opening slopes down for nearly a half mile, and there in the centre is the inner crater, the crater from which issue the smoke and the flames. Though it was different from what I expected, yet it was a grand sight.

As we stood upon the edge of the upper crater and looked down, we saw volumes of smoke and lurid flames constantly bursting out, accompanied by a roaring sound like the heavy surge of the sea, and as the wind blew the smoke from us, we could see the masses of molten lava beating back and forth. It seems strange how from such a place, so deep down, and surrounded by the high walls of the upper crater, such an immense quantity of lava can be thrown as to devastate the country, but it shows the amazing power of the volcano.

All around the inside and outside of the upper crater were openings from which smoke issued. This, connected with the fact, that in all the mountains around Naples, there are so many boiling springs, shows that within this range of mountains, fire is constantly burning, and I have no doubt that in the course of time, though it may take ages to accomplish it, this fire will burst out and the whole country will be laid waste before its desolating power. If so, one of the fairest pages in nature's book will be blotted out.

In one place there was an opening in the crater, where Francesco put some eggs which were soon roasted, and in another the heat was so intense that one of our canes, a few moments after it was put in, was burnt to cinders. We had to step briskly round, I can assure you, for the ground every

where was so hot, that we dared not stop a minute in any one place for fear of burning our feet. All around us were remains of different eruptions. Continued changes are going on. Several old craters were pointed out to us, and the present one has only been a few years as it now is. Oh, how manifold, how varied are the works of God! Here is this smoking, fiery mountain, a constant dread and scourge to the country, while at its feet lies one of the most beautiful scenes upon which the eye ever rested.

From this elevated height we had a fine view of Naples, and the adjoining country for miles. In the bay of Naples I have been somewhat disappointed. Though beautiful and very capacious, it fell rather short of my expectations, raised as they had been to a high pitch by the exaggerated accounts of travellers. The bay is finely fortified by nature, having mountainous promontories extending far down on either side. At its entrance is the Island of Capri which is elevated some distance above the sea. Naples lies in a semi-circle around the bay, and is compactly built, so that it does not present such an extended surface as many cities of the like number of inhabitants. The sea was seen far and nigh, running up into the shore in little bays and gulfs, and lay so placid that it seemed more like a representation of death than a thing of life. Around Naples, the country was spread out like a garden, and was dotted with palaces and villas and villages, and to crown all, a lofty range of mountains bounded the view, on whose summits the snow lay in masses, like heavy white clouds. On the other side of Vesuvius the ruined walls and houses of Pompeii were seen. The fields adjoining, were some of them rich and green, while others were blackened by the lava which in former days had rolled down the mountain side. And this is Vesuvius, old Vesuvius of which I have often read, and on which I have oft pondered in my childish days. Alas! what terror has this mountain produced!

Many are the eyes which are daily turned towards its sum-

mit, and bright are those eyes, if the smoke is seen curling up, but sad, most sad, if no smoke is seen for several days, for then an eruption is sure to occur. Processions of barefooted people are then seen thronging to the church of St. Genaro to beseech their patron saint to avert the dreadful doom. Ah! do none pray to Him, the great and mighty God who orders all these things for his people's good? But if no great eruption takes place, all is joy and forgetfulness of the past and the future, and thus they live on, knowing that fire is all around them, and yet "they buy and sell and get gain," "they marry and are given in marriage," though they know not but that each day may bring their destruction. Deluded people! how I pity them! Doubtless it is for the wise purpose of teaching them to prepare for eternity, that God permits this column of fire and smoke to be a perpetual beacon to them.

Our descent was accomplished in a few minutes. We came down by a different path from that by which we ascended. Though it was easy to come down by it, it would be by no means so to go up, as we were more than ankle deep in ashes every step we took. All we had to do was to throw our bodies back so as to avoid falling and then slip along. Here I found my boots very serviceable, as they protected my feet from the ashes. We once more mounted our horses and got to Rosina without difficulty, and with extorting only a few groans from me as we came to a very bad place.

A new road is reported to be in contemplation from Rosina to the Hermitage, which it is said will cost four hundred thousand dollars, though Francesco said "the Lord only knew where the money was to come from," but I could have told him, it would come from the people, already poor and oppressed; a little more grinding down would extort it from them; a little more multiplication of the poor that are already seen in too great abundance, and the money will be forthcoming. When I look upon this beautiful

country, smiling with plenty, and behold the fields, the roadside and the very mountain tops, carried to the highest state of cultivation, when I see the clear bright sky and feel the rich, warm sun of Italy, and then contrast this scene of perfect loveliness with the degradation and want around me, I cannot but sigh that this Eden should be converted into a vale of misery.

Such a scene as we had when we got to Rosina, the men were so clamorous for their pay. Our guides though, demanded but thirty cents a-piece for their services, but then they expected the like sum for their fee as "*buono mano*." Besides, all that followed in our train, though repeatedly told to go back, had the boldness to ask pay for their escort, and one man on being refused, threw himself on the ground in a transport of rage, tore his hair and uttered the most dismal shrieks.

We got back to our hotel by two. The gentlemen of our party sought rest in sleep. I took a warm bath, and then sat down to write, and when I appeared at the dinner table, none of the English gentlemen there could believe that I had been to Vesuvius and got back again, with so little apparent fatigue.

After dinner we took a short walk. The streets were thronged with carriages, with liveried coachmen and footmen. Many of the inhabitants here, make a great show in the street, dashing out every evening in the fashionable promenade, dressed in their best, though I am told a great part of this is outside show. Many of the higher classes in Naples do not rise till nine, when they take a light breakfast; at twelve or one they dine, after which they sleep till about five, when they get up, dress and ride out. The fashionable ride is up and down our street, so we have a fine opportunity while at dinner to see the carriages pass.

But just think how early I was up this morning, so blame me not if I bid you an abrupt good night.

Tuesday evening.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

This is our last day in Naples, so we have been pretty busy in looking around us ; all our arrangements are made for starting to-morrow morning for Rome, our passports are signed and our seats engaged in the Diligence. This morning we went out to Portici and visited the royal palace there, the tickets for which were kindly given us by the American consul here. I believe I have said nothing to you about the streets of Naples. They are quite narrow, and have no sidewalks at all, so that when we are on foot, we are in constant fear of being run over. They are paved with large flat stones, very easy to walk on, but difficult for horses as they are apt to slip upon them particularly in wet weather.

The roads around Naples are excellent ; we generally have an open barouche and two good horses, for as I told you before, carriage hire is very reasonable here. The coachman, to be sure expects his "buono mano," in addition to his pay, but then their wages are very low, being but forty cents a day, and they are required to be out from daylight to midnight. A coachman rarely leaves his horses, generally a boy lets down the steps for you and then he expects a fee. You can have no idea of the vast number of fees that are here extorted. If you visit a palace, church or museum, and fine looking men in military costume, show you around, you must put a fee in their hands, and if it is not what they expect, they will follow you, and Oliver like, "ask for more." Even my boot-maker the other day demanded an extra carlini (eight cents) to buy a bottle of wine that he might drink my health. At all the hotels thus far we have been charged a franc a-piece each day for servants' fees, and this is much better than not to have a fixed price, as all are then more easily satisfied. But I have wandered far from my subject. Come we now to the palace of Portici. It is a large building, is painted yellow, and is without any claims to external

beauty. The rooms though, are very finely furnished ; some of them were floored with mosaics brought from Pompeii, but the most of them with brick or tile, highly polished. The queen's bed-room was lined with yellow satin, and the bed curtains, and coverings of the chairs and sofa were all of the same material. Within the bed curtains hung two crosses, and the guide told us the queen always crossed herself before getting up. In her dressing-room was a little recess, where was an altar on which were a crucifix, vases of flowers and wax candles. Before the altar was a crimson cushion, on which her majesty kneels, and here she comes every morning before dressing to say her prayers. But I saw no oratory in any of the king's rooms, though the guide vindicated his piety by saying that he always said his prayers before dressing. " Well," I told him, " they all have need enough of praying," which made him open his eyes quite wide, to hear any one speak so lightly of a king. The king's bed-chamber was lined with blue satin. Here were several bells, each named, one having on the cord " secretary," another, " chamberlain," &c., so that whatever person of his royal household is wanted, he has only to ring that particular bell. In one room the walls were of china, painted and adorned with large figures. One large room was fitted up for a theatre, where their majesties might be amused with a play without going out of the palace. The garden was extensive, but not to be compared in beauty with the gardens in Genoa. The park was large, and had broad walks shaded with fine, old trees. In a little lodge in the back part of the park, was a room where the old king used to dine alone. In the centre of the room was a circular table in which were four openings with covers to them. Underneath these covers were several bells, each numbered, and having a label on which were names of different dishes. As soon as he rung one of the bells, the cover sprang off, and up came the very dish he wanted. As this was something quite new, I thought I would put it down for your amusement.

In another part of the park were enclosures, in which were some kangaroos, two lions and some antelopes.

On our way back we met numbers of a curious sort of carriage in which the country people ride to and from Naples, for a very small sum. It somewhat resembles an old-fashioned chaise but without any top. Now you would think from this description, that but few could ride in one of these vehicles, as from time immemorial the expression "three in a chaise" has been used to signify a crowded condition, but we generally see from fifteen to twenty persons at once in one of these carriages; they stand on the top, sit on the shafts, hang on behind, and even swing underneath, a kind of net being fixed for their accommodation. Nor do they go slowly either, as you might suppose from such a load, but they rattle over the road at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, and that too with but one horse.

What practical phrenologists the Neapolitans are! I never ride out, without seeing an examination of heads going on, though bumps do not seem to be exactly the things sought after, as they look too deeply into the hair for that. However, if you can't guess what I mean, you must wait till you see a woman with her child's head in her lap, busily looking into that head and examining it, and you will then know what I here mean by practical phrenology.

While we were at dinner to-day, the waiter came in, and said the king was coming by. We ran to the window and had the pleasure of seeing their majesties ride by, in a carriage drawn by four horses, with one out-rider, two grooms and two footmen. The queen had on a pink satin bonnet, and looked like a small woman, but her face being turned from me, I could form no distinct idea of her looks. The king is rather a large, portly man, but he had a glass to his eye, and his hand shaded his face so much that I could see but little of it. Several carriages preceded and followed them, but there was no other appearance of state or style. The carriages that were in the street drew up as the royal

cavalcade passed, but there was no other outward demonstration of respect, except by the gentlemen taking off their hats. And thus we have seen a real king and queen, and find that they look and dress like other people.

And now we have looked our last upon Naples. The weather has been delightful since we have been here. It has been warm, but there has been a soft breeze from the bay which has tempered the air, so that it has never been oppressive. That our time has been fully occupied, may be seen from my letters. And now we turn towards Rome, and there among other pleasures, we hope to have that of hearing from our distant home. Adieu.

ROME, Friday.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

And now we are in Rome! Rome, once the mistress of the world, now the seat of desolation and ruin — Rome, where once resided poets and orators and statesmen, the wise, the great and the good. Here too lived emperors and kings, some a blessing, others a scourge to the country, to the world. And now we are in Rome — now shall we tread its classic soil; now shall we walk where genius oft has trod, where learning and eloquence have made the ground, as it were, holy.

We left Naples by four o'clock Wednesday morning in the Diligence. Our faithful Francesco kept by the side of the carriage till we were beyond the precincts of the city; then with many bows and hearty wishes for our future journey, he left us. We enjoyed the ride on Wednesday very much. The country was very pleasant, very fertile and generally well cultivated. We were in view of the sea almost the whole day. We passed by real orchards of lemons and oranges, some of the trees bending beneath their golden fruit, and others white with their odorous blossoms.

We stopped all night at Terracina. The waves of the sea dashed against the lower part of our inn, so that several times we thought we must be really out at sea. For the first time since I left my home, I suffered from sickness, and that night I was so exceedingly ill that I got no rest at all, so that I slept almost the whole day yesterday, not even waking up while passing over the far-famed Pontine marshes. Two or three miles before reaching Rome, we passed magnificent ruins of ancient aqueducts, some of them extending more than a mile in length. We were stopped at the entrance to the city and our baggage well examined, which operation, by the way, was also gone through with at Terracina.

We are now at the Hotel d'Europe. Mr. T. came with us from Naples, and is stopping here, forming one of our party. We engaged our "valet de place," John by name, yesterday afternoon, and to-day commenced the rounds of sight-seeing. My first impressions of Rome are a little different from what I had anticipated. The ruins I thought were interspersed among the houses, thus giving the city a deserted and desolate appearance, but they are mostly out of the heart of the city. The streets of modern Rome are narrow, and the houses high, as in all foreign cities we have visited. This has one advantage, the streets are always shady and rather cool.

In our walks this morning we passed the "College of Propaganda." Here students are educated at public expense for the ministry, to propagate the Romish religion far and wide. Here they are taught in all languages, in order that they may be fitted to go into foreign lands and teach their faith to every creature.

We then came to the Palazza Colonna, a part of which is at present occupied by the French ambassador. We were only shown the rooms where the paintings are. There are several small rooms and one long gallery, said to be the finest gallery in Rome. It is two hundred and nine feet

long and thirty-five broad. At each extremity is a vestibule separated from the rest of the gallery, by pillars of yellow marble called "giallo antico." The ceiling is beautifully painted representing the battle of Lepanto. You cannot expect me to give you lengthened descriptions of the pictures in this gallery. I should not have the time to write them, and I think you would hardly have the patience to read them after they were written. Suffice it to say the paintings here were by the first artists, the Caracci, Vandyke, Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Poussin, and a host of others too numerous to mention. One picture particularly struck my attention, not that it was better than all the others, but because it was so very natural. It was by Caracci, and represented a peasant eating. Before him was a dish of peas, a spoonful of which he was in the act of raising to his mouth, and near this were a few onions and a glass of wine. It was one of the most natural pictures of every-day life I ever saw.

We passed the Fountain of Trevi, called one of the most beautiful fountains in the world. The water is brought by an aqueduct more than seven miles, and falls in little cascades over rocks. The fountain is ornamented with three statues, representing Neptune, Health and Abundance.

We stopped at the temple of Nerva, which was built by Trajan in honor of Nerva. A portico now only remains which consists of three magnificent columns of Parian marble, fluted in the Corinthian style. They are fifty-five feet in height and sixteen round. Near this is the temple of Pallas, which is also in ruins. It is half buried in the earth; two large pillars only are seen with the entablature and frieze, which are beautifully sculptured, though some parts were defaced by the barbarians.

We then went to the Forum of Trajan, which is some feet lower than the streets of Rome. In fact all ancient Rome is much lower than modern. Some say this is owing to earthquakes, others (which is the more probable reason)

that when the Goths and Vandals sacked Rome and nearly overturned the whole city, the remains of the houses and temples lay in such heaps upon the ground, that when the city was built up again it was upon that foundation, and without removing the rubbish at all. This Forum was once much more extensive than it is at present, much of it having been built over. At the upper end of it stands Trajan's pillar, erected by the senate and people of Rome in the beginning of the second century, in honor of his victories over the Daci. It is a magnificent pillar of the Doric order, and is composed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, which however have become discolored by time. On the top was once a statue of Trajan, but it is now displaced by one of St. Peter, holding in his hand the keys of heaven. All around this forum are pillars of grey granite, some broken off near the base, and others a little higher up; none are left entire. Lying on the ground was an immense pillar of polished Egyptian granite, which was discovered in the cellar of a neighboring house by some workmen. At a little distance from this forum, but now quite under ground, are the shops that once surrounded it. Some of them are in a good state of preservation, most of the arches being entire. Here too are the ancient baths, in some of which there is water at the present time.

We next visited the site of the Forum Romanum. Here were magnificent ruins; but oh! where in Rome are ruins not to be seen? Here were the arch of Septimius Severus, and remains of the temples of Concord, of Fortune and of Jupiter the Thunderer. Beyond these was the temple of Antoninus and Faustina. The portico (which now adorns a church) and the side walls are in an excellent state of preservation.

Soon after, we passed under the Arch of Titus, built of Pentelican marble, and dedicated to Titus in honor of his conquest of Jerusalem. On this arch are sculptured his victories, his triumphal procession and the spoils of Jerusa-

lem, and here is said to be the best likeness of him now extant.

At a little distance from this is the Arch of Constantine, built in honor of his victory over Maxentius. It is the best edifice of the kind now remaining in Rome. It is composed of three arches, the central one being the largest. It has on each front four fluted Corinthian columns, part being of giallo antico, and part of white marble. It is covered with sculpture, and the whole is in an excellent state of preservation.

When we had duly observed all these ruins, we were tired enough to come home, though John told us there was enough in that vicinity to keep us three or four hours longer. However we preferred to wait and see them another day. Besides it was getting near dinner time.

After dinner we rode out. We passed along the Corso, the fashionable street for driving, but a shower coming on it was soon quite deserted. We then rode upon the Pincian hill, a most beautiful ride, shaded with fine trees, and commanding a magnificent view of Rome and its environs. And thus has ended our first day's sight-seeing in Rome, and I assure you my eyes already begin to ache, so for the present I leave you.

Rome, Saturday.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Already we find a difference in the air of Rome from that of Naples. We no longer feel the cool sea breeze, and find the heat quite as great here as it is with us in the middle of July. That we may accomplish our sight-seeing with as little fatigue as possible, we have engaged an open barouche for the remainder of our stay here, and we have spent the most of this day in riding around and gazing upon the wonders of Rome.

We went first to the Pantheon, the only temple of ancient Rome now remaining entire. This was dedicated to all the gods, and for this reason it was preserved when others were destroyed, for when Rome was at different times overthrown, and foreign nations came in to take possession, they found in this temple a statue of their own particular god. It is in shape circular, and has a magnificent portico in front, supported by sixteen pillars of the Corinthian order. The interior is almost entirely the same as when first built, excepting of course the change which must necessarily take place in converting a pagan into a Christian temple. Some of the statues have been displaced, others have been baptized by a Christian name; and the one, which for aught I know, was once Jupiter the thunderer, is now Paul the apostle to the Gentiles; and that which in days long since gone by, was Mars, the fiery god of war, is now John the gentle. Several altars have been erected, but the pillars, the ceiling, the niches, the marble pavement remain the same as in days of yore, when the ancient Romans came in their pride and pomp, to lay their offerings at the feet of their gods. A magnificent dome surmounts the edifice, from a circular window in which comes all the light that is admitted into the interior. If this church had not been consecrated to the service of the living God, it would almost be holy ground, for here repose the remains of two whose names are in all the world, Raphael, and Annibale Caracci.

Over one of the altars is the statue of a virgin, which has performed many miracles. Here a lame man was cured by its efficacy, so that he cast away his crutches, and became whole from that self-same hour, which crutches are now shown for the edification of the faithful. For some time she has ceased to perform miracles, but in another church there is one, according to John's story, that is indeed wonderful. He told us that there was always one church where miracles were wrought, and when that church became rich by them, they ceased there but soon commenced in another and so on, till in process of time all the churches would get rich.

On another statue in the Pantheon, was placed a number of medals; these were proofs of vows promised and paid. For instance, if a man is sick he vows before this saint, that if he is restored to health, he will pay so much as a tribute to her, which tribute he brings in the form of a silver medal, or some such thing, and places it on the statue. On all these medals were letters signifying "for grace received." We asked John if he believed all that he had been telling us. He shrugged his shoulders, and said he knew too much to do that.

We passed by the Theatre of Marcellus, and the Palace of Octavia, both now in ruins, and came to the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons. This is a square building, composed of immense blocks of Grecian marble, and has an arch in the centre of each front.

Near this we saw the Cloaca Maxima, or great drain constructed by Tarquinius Priscus, to carry into the Tiber the filth and dirt of the city. This was one of the most useful works ever undertaken in Rome, as it contributed much to the health and cleanliness of the city. It has however been so much filled up of late years, that the arches are not near so high as they formerly were.

We then went to the tomb of Caius Cestus, built in the form of a pyramid. It is one hundred and thirty-three feet in height and is adorned in front with two obelisks. We went inside of the pyramid. The walls were originally decorated with paintings, some of which are even now in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding the lapse of years and the dampness of the place. They are not seen to good advantage however, as they are high up on the walls, and can be viewed only by torch-light. One painting represented a dancing girl, a queer ornament you will think for a tomb.

We then went out of the city a little distance to the Church of St. Paul. This magnificent edifice which was built in the time of Constantine, has lately been nearly de-

stroyed by fire. It is now undergoing the most thorough repairs. It is in the form of a Latin cross, and is two hundred and forty feet long. The upper part of the cross is all that is finished at present, but this is one of the most perfect things I ever saw. The floor is of marble, the walls, pillars, altars, steps, in short every thing but the ceiling is of white marble with veins of the most delicate violet color, and hence called violet marble. The ceiling is of wood, painted white and beautifully carved and gilded. The ceiling of one of the chapels is covered with figures as large as life, done in mosaic. There are two immense pillars of marble brought from the Simplon, and I believe presented by Napoleon, but I dare not be too sure about it. In this church is the mausoleum of St. Paul, supported by pillars of porphyry and surrounded by a railing of white marble. Here repose a part of the remains of that apostle. This tomb was left unscathed by the fire, which doubtless is considered a miracle. Altogether this church, at least so far as it is finished, is one of the most perfectly beautiful I have ever seen. It has not the heavy, splendid ornaments of some churches, but there is a richness, a chasteness, a purity about it, entirely unsurpassed. It is computed that it will cost thirty-five millions of dollars to rebuild it.

As we rode back we stopped on the Aventine Hill, where we passed through two nice gardens, and had fine views of the city. Here we visited the Church of St. Alexius. This Alexius was the son of a senator; he went to the Holy Land, whence he returned as a pilgrim, and without revealing his name, went to his father's house, where he lived on charity, and finally died under the staircase. As soon as he was dead, it was discovered who he was; then all the bells in Rome were rung, and he was canonized as a saint. In honor of him this church was built, and within it is a splendid tomb erected to his memory. The staircase under which he died was put into a glass case, and is now actually suspended over his tomb. In this church is a beautiful little

tabernacle of porphyry, presented by the King of Spain, and costing, it is said, ten thousand dollars. It is used for holding the consecrated bread.

After we came back into the city we stopped at the Palazza Spada, in one of the rooms of which stands a large statue of a warrior, holding a globe in his hand, and supposed to be the very statue of Pompey at whose feet "great Cæsar" fell. Here too are some ancient sculpture and fine basso-relievo taken from the Temple of Bacchus; and a good collection of paintings, the best of which is Dido on the funeral pile, for which the owner has lately been offered fourteen thousand dollars.

We passed near the Jews' quarter of the city, and as I felt desirous to see it, we got out and walked around for some time. It is entered by several gates, at each of which guards are placed, and these gates must all be closed at such a time in the evening, (I think it is eight o'clock,) so that no one can pass in or out after that hour. The streets are narrow and extremely dirty. I saw no difference in the countenances of the persons I met from the Italians in general. We entered the synagogue, a plain, unpretending building, where two or three men were sitting with their hats on, and singing in Hebrew some of the Psalms of David. They sang in turn, and after one had finished his part, he would walk about and talk and look at us till his turn came again. They seemed very polite, and would have been sociable, if we could have understood a word they said, or spoken to them in return. Though their Sunday, I saw nothing to indicate the day; in the streets every body was busy and noisy, though I think some shops were shut.

After dinner we rode out to the Villa Borghese, a most charming ride. About the house itself there is nothing very beautiful, but the grounds are laid out in exquisite taste. Here was an artificial lake surrounded by weeping willows, and there a grove of trees so dense that no light seemed to penetrate it, and farther on, an open glade, in the centre of

which a fountain was sending forth its lulling sound. Statues were interspersed here and there. The road wound around, shaded with fine trees; the grounds were alive with carriages, which with their liveried servants swept by in grand style. We met several cardinals dressed in their scarlet robes of office, their attendants in scarlet livery. We saw a prelate who had left his carriage and was strutting about with his arms behind him; he looked queerly enough in his short breeches and purple silk stockings, and having a scarf of black silk falling in plaits from his shoulders. This is the dress of the order. They are of a rank between priests and cardinals.

We returned to our hotel by the ride on the Pincian hill. Every body rides out here towards evening. We are then just through dinner and tired with the labors of the day, so that we find a ride quite refreshing. In passing carriages here, each one takes the left side, instead of the right as with us.

Sunday evening.

This has been the most quiet Sunday we have had since we came on shore. We attended service this morning in a hall in a large house just beyond the walls of the city. Doubtless his "Holiness the Pope" thinks that this city, the seat of the holy Catholic faith, would be contaminated by allowing Protestant worship within its precincts, and it was only after repeated application through the British ambassador, that the privilege of having service, even without the walls, was granted. We enjoyed the services much. The hall was fitted up in the plainest manner with common chairs and a carpet, but we felt how much better was the pure devotion of the soul in such a place, than heartless ceremonies in a church adorned with all the splendor that ancient and modern times can produce. We heard a very good sermon from an English clergyman, at present residing in Rome. Both here and in Naples we were obliged to pay

for our seats. No one is allowed to go in without a ticket. At first this seemed singular to us, that strangers should thus have to contribute towards the maintenance of public worship. But on farther thought it appears quite right; for it is entirely dependent for support on foreigners, there being no regularly endowed church.

In going to church we were much struck with the stillness of the streets, so different from what we have lately been accustomed to see. The shops were all closed, save those where provisions are kept; no others are allowed to be open except at noon and after sunset.

After dinner we attended vespers at St. Peter's, grand and majestic St. Peter's. How were we struck with awe as we gazed upon the vast pile in which were gathered the wealth of ages, and the greatest treasures art has ever produced. But as we did not take a thorough survey of this magnificent church, I shall not attempt to give you any description of it now, but reserve that for a time when we are better acquainted with the subject.

We heard some good singing, though it was nothing to be compared with that we heard last Sunday at Naples. My attention was attracted by seeing multitudes wending their way to one particular part of the church. I followed too, and what do you think was the charm that drew them there? It was a bronze statue of St. Peter, and it was to kiss the foot of this, that the crowds were hurrying thither. Men, women and children united in this act of homage, and even little children, too small to reach it, were lifted up in their parents' arms, and taught to kiss the hallowed foot. Some, as they approached, laid their foreheads upon it breathing out a low prayer at the same time. So much has this foot been kissed that it is worn quite smooth and thin, and some even say that it is but a little time since a new foot was added.

I saw at the tomb of St. Peter a cardinal at his devotions. His clothes were corded with red; he had on a red cap, and

red silk stockings buckled up over his knees. Two servants in livery followed, one bearing a crimson cushion, which he placed wherever his master wished to kneel. When I afterwards saw him roll away from the church in his carriage decked with crimson and gold, I thought how unlike his meek and lowly Master he was. Oh! the pride of the human heart! Because a man is high in the church, he must use all the pomp and parade of an earthly monarch.

But now is it not quite time for me to close this long letter? So good bye.

ROME, Tuesday.

MY DEAREST F.:

Still are we engaged in sight-seeing, so that I have no time to write except at night, and at broken intervals through the day, when we are kept waiting a few minutes for our breakfast and dinner, or for the carriage to come for us. We are never out late in the evening, as the night air is considered exceedingly unhealthy. The evenings and nights are very cool, even after a day of intense heat; so we keep pretty closely in the house after dark, and thus I secure my evenings for writing.

However interested one may be in seeing strange and wondrous things, yet all must acknowledge that sight-seeing is fatiguing business, and when the weather is as sultry as it is here now, it is doubly oppressive. However I anticipated all this when I left the quiet of my home, and I know that all my fatigue will be forgotten when I return there, and can tell the loved ones of all that I have seen and heard in "the old world." My home; how it rises up before me! Shall I ever see my home again? God grant that I may!

Yesterday morning we visited the ruins of "the Palace of the Cæsars," which was begun in the time of Augustus.

These are very extensive, and show how great were the wealth and splendor of the ancient Romans. The walls in many places are in an excellent state of preservation, and serve to show the size of the palace in its earlier days.

Then we went to the Baths of Caracalla, which is an enormous building, the outer walls of which alone remain. In the walls of the rooms used for the vapor bath, the holes are yet remaining through which the steam formerly came. The water was conducted into the building by aqueducts, but long, rank grass now covers the enclosure. There were formerly sixteen hundred bathing places; the floors were paved with mosaics, the walls adorned with pillars and statues, but these have all been removed to the Museum.

We next visited an ancient tomb which has been discovered only about seven months. The outer walls are modern, and are covered with various inscriptions, figures and fragments of figures found around the tomb. We descended to the interior by a flight of steps, and found ourselves in a square room, the walls of which were full of small niches, in which were the urns, containing the ashes of the dead. There were nine rows of these niches, and in the centre of the room was a solid square, in the sides of which were other niches, so that there were about five hundred in all. In most of these were two urns, so that one thousand persons might be buried in this place, which if their bodies were entombed as in these days, would scarcely accommodate more than a hundredth part of that number. The urns were all of common materials, and in the most of them were yet remaining ashes and pieces of bones. It seems that at this time it was the universal practice to burn the dead, and to gather up and preserve the remains.

We went to the Church of St. Sebastiano, under which are the ancient catacombs. We went down by the light of candles, each of us carrying a large wax candle in our hands. What a damp, dismal looking place it was! Passages cut out of the rock led hither and thither in every direction,

these catacombs extending several miles. These passages were originally made by the Romans, for the purpose of obtaining the veins of sand which were found in this tufo, or species of soft rock. In these dark and subterranean abodes the early Christians hid themselves when the fires of persecution waxed hot under the different emperors. Here their dead were buried, and here they worshipped the living God in secrecy and safety. The graves of their loved ones were their altars, the low arched passages their temple, and their music was the soft, low song of praise coming from the lips of those, who braved danger and even death for their Master's sake.

There are places cut in the rocks for the bodies of the dead, as after the Christian era it was more customary to bury than to burn. Some of these places are covered by slabs of marble, others are left entirely open.

Here saints in later times have come to worship. Two or three different spots were pointed out to us by the priest who acted as our guide, where crosses had been erected, a tomb used as an altar, a narrow recess as a chapel, and there prayers had been offered and penance performed.

It is said that a professor and forty students were once lost in these winding passages, and no remains of them ever discovered. They were in search of anatomical specimens. The air is close and damp here, so we all felt quite relieved when once more in the upper regions.

In returning we passed by the Circus of Romulus, a large enclosure, the walls of which still remain. Here the horse and chariot races formerly took place. There are ruins of rooms and towers, probably those appropriated to the emperors and their guards.

We once more rode without the walls and visited the Church of St. John. We first went to the Baptistery of Constantine, a circular building, the dome of which is supported by beautiful pillars of porphyry. Two or three steps lead down to the font which is of basalt, in shape of a bathing

ing tub, and surmounted by an urn of bronze. The inside of the dome is lined with paintings, illustrating the history of St. John, while around the walls are larger pictures, representing the vision of the cross by Constantine, his battle with Maxentius, and his baptism. Out of the baptistery is a little chapel, over the threshold of which, I, being a female, was not permitted to pass; nobody seemed to know why, probably for the same wise reason I was kept out of one at Genoa. I would have entered, but John seemed in great consternation about it, saying that if I did I should be excommunicated by the Pope, but I told him he had no power over me and that I defied his excommunication. He then began to tell a number of direful stories about persons that had been excommunicated, so that "silenced but not convinced," I desisted. This little chapel was guarded by large doors of brass, which when swung back and forth, made a noise resembling the sound of an organ, particularly the trumpet tones.

The Church of St. John is vastly inferior to that of St. Paul. The pillars are plastered, but as they are hung with velvet and their bases are marble, the defect is not observed. In niches in one part of the church are statues of the twelve apostles, which are admirably done. The high altar is adorned with four large pillars of brass gilded over, while on the altar is a beautiful little tabernacle formed of rare marbles, and adorned with pillars of porphyry, and studded with precious stones.

In a little chapel in this church is the very table where our Lord ate the last supper with his twelve disciples. It is of cedar, about four feet square, and is kept enclosed in a glass case. How this table was ever found and brought here from Judea is a question not easily answered. One thing struck us all on seeing it, namely, in all the paintings of "the Last Supper" the table is always represented as long and narrow, while this is quite square. Now it seems strange that since this table has been here so long, and there have been so

many painters in Italy, that its shape has never been transferred to canvass. However, painters are licensed, and so for that matter are the priests in this country, and I believe they tell some huge stories sometimes, though perhaps they believe them.

Opposite to this church is a chapel containing "the holy staircase," said to have been the very steps, down which Christ went, when going to the judgment hall in the palace of Pontius Pilate, and brought here from Jerusalem. These steps are of white marble, and are twenty-five in number, and no one is allowed to go up or down, except on his knees, and so much has this been done, that they have become quite worn, and are now covered with wood. We saw one priest ascending on his knees; he stopped at each step and muttered a prayer. At the head of this staircase are two of the very nails with which Christ was fastened to the cross, but the sacred relics are hidden from the public eye.

In the square, front of the church, is an obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics. It is the largest one in Rome, and was brought from the Temple of the Sun in Thebes by one of the sons of Constantine.

If you are not quite tired of churches, come with me to one other, and then I will relieve you from accounts of any more, at least for a day or two. This is the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. The nave is separated from the other part of the church by thirty-six pillars of white marble. There are some beautiful paintings here, but I was really too tired to notice them much. I call your attention to this church more particularly to tell you a little anecdote concerning its origin, and that you may see on what slight pretexts churches are here built. Two priests in one night dreamed the same dream, namely, that in a particular place the Virgin appeared to them, and that at the time of her appearance snow fell. The next morning, they both proceeded to the spot designated in the dream, and there surely was snow most plainly to be seen, which from its coming in the summer was at

once pronounced a miracle. The Pope therefore instantly proclaimed it holy ground, he and all the cardinals going around it in solemn procession, and on this very spot a church was soon after erected, which for some time was called "St. Mary of the Snow."

And now let me take you back once more to the ruins. Let us stop and visit the Colosseum, the most magnificent of all the ruins of ancient Rome. It is an immense edifice of oval form, and is five stories high; the lower story however is partly sunk in the ground. The arena, so called from the sand scattered on the enclosure, to absorb the blood shed there so freely, is in the centre and is also of an oval form, being two hundred and eighty-five feet by one hundred and eighty-two feet. Around this runs a wall separating it from the seats of the spectators. In this wall were doors barred with iron leading to the dens of the different wild beasts, and through which they passed into the arena. The seats of the spectators rose one above another in widening circles, till they reached the top. The lower seats were occupied by the emperors and their households, the priests and the officers of the city, and the others in succession by the different ranks of the people. Three rows of arched corridors ran round on the outside, and every third arch had a staircase, each distinct class of the inhabitants having a separate entrance. There was no roof, an awning being placed over the top in unpleasant weather.

It was built by Vespasian and Titus and was finished about the year 80 of the Christian era. The games at the dedication of this amphitheatre lasted one hundred days, when it is said that five thousand wild beasts and several thousand gladiators were slain. In after times many a Christian was thrown into that arena to meet death from the wild beasts, their only crime being that they served a God superior to any the Romans knew and worshipped. Multitudes of people crowded this edifice to witness these barbarous sports; in fact it is said that one hundred and twenty thousand persons

could there be accommodated with seats. How strange it is that people showing the marks of civilization and refinement of the ancient Romans, should have delighted in such shows, and yet it is a well authenticated fact that all classes from the highest to the lowest, yea and even soft and delicate women, nursed in luxury and splendor, were constant attendants at such places.

Many of the arches of this stupendous edifice are now broken down, and the stones have been used in building up the present city; nay it is said that more than half the palaces in modern Rome have been built from the ruins of the Colosseum. Other arches remain entire, now overgrown with moss and ivy. From crevices in the stone peep out little wild flowers, and shrubs and even trees spring from different parts of the ruins. Several of the passages from the arena are now fitted up as chapels, and even in the centre of the very arena itself, where once blood was poured out like water, are an altar and a crucifix.

We have spent this day in visiting the Vatican. A week might be well spent there, and even then all the curiosities could not be seen. Almost every room has its own guide, and he hurries you so from one object to another, that almost before you know it you are out of one room and in another. You approach the rooms open to the public, by a magnificent marble staircase. At each landing there is a fountain, the water running into a marble basin. The collection in the Vatican, for real beauty, far surpasses that in the Museum in Naples. There are not, to be sure, here as there, the rich mosaic floors and tables, the gems and precious stones, the great variety of domestic utensils and furniture, which borrow their chief interest from the fact of having been brought from Pompeii, but the statuary here is much more splendid, and in a better state of preservation. I cannot tell you the half of what I saw. I might spend an hour just in giving you the names, and even then the greatest part would be left unsaid.

We first went into a room where several were at work on mosaics. This kind of painting is done by putting together small pieces of a kind of glass, called composition. These are of all colors and shades, and when properly arranged form a splendid picture, upon which time has but little effect. The workman has his piece before him on an easel; he has on one side his pattern, and on the other his stones, and a little machine for grinding them and filing them to the necessary shape. This is slow work, a common-sized portrait occupying four or five months. In another room they were polishing the pictures, and this occupies about another month. In a long room, arranged in cases, are more than ten thousand different pieces of these stones. In other cases is a small piece of each color, each piece having on it the number of the case in which are the large pieces of the same color, so that the workman has only to find out what color he wants, then go to the case specified on the number, and so procure with ease whatever he needs.

We then went into the galleries filled with sculpture, where are statues of nearly all the Roman emperors, of gods and goddesses, of poets and orators, all most perfect specimens of that most beautiful art, sculpture. Then there were marble sarcophagi, (I was on the point of saying without number,) covered with bas-reliefs, baths, vases, basins of porphyry and polished granite, pillars of giallo antico and precious marbles, in short every thing that is rich and beautiful. Here too was something I have never before seen, animals sculptured in marble, horses, bulls, lions, crocodiles, eagles, cows and goats, nor must I forget a litter of pigs and two or three turtles of black marble. In a sarcophagus of porphyry we saw a mummy, in a good state of preservation. In other rooms were Etruscan vases, jewels, rings, bracelets, &c., very similar to those we saw in Naples. But the gem of the whole collection is the celebrated group of the *Laocöon*. This represents a father and two sons encircled by a serpent. The expression of their faces is really agonizing,

and that of the father seems to haunt me even now, so full of woe, so full of pain is it. The serpent's fangs are thrust into his side. His mouth is open as though a scream of anguish was just issuing from it. Well may this group be called inimitable.

Through the hall of paintings we were so hurried, that we had time merely to glance at this magnificent collection, where are some of the finest specimens of Raphael's genius. The walls of several of the rooms were designed by him, and painted after his death by his pupils. One of his paintings is done on a window, and represents an angel appearing to St. Peter in prison, and so natural is it, that I could hardly persuade myself that I did not actually see a barred window, with the prison walls, and the room illuminated by the presence of the angel.

In the Library in the Vatican is one of the finest collections of books in the world, consisting of eighty thousand printed, and twenty-five thousand manuscript volumes. The walls of the rooms are covered with the most beautiful fresco paintings, but as I have already said so much about pictures, I will pass over these in silence. Among the manuscripts we saw a large illuminated Bible, written in Latin, a work of Virgil, a book on natural history, illustrated by paintings by Raphael, and some letters from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, and her answers to them, which letters were mighty loving.

We walked for awhile in the garden belonging to the palace, where we saw one beautiful work of art, the pedestal of some ancient pillar (I believe of Antoninus Pius,) sculptured in bas-relief.

In the garden were several fountains. One was a ship in a large basin of water, and from all parts of the ship water poured out in little jets, forming a beautiful as well as a novel fountain. While looking at this we were told to hurry, and while we ran hither and thither, without knowing what we were running for, little springs of water darted up out of

the ground. This, we were told, is quite a favorite amusement with the Pope. When he has visitors, he takes them into the garden, and while they are busily looking at the little ship, he gives the signal, and these little fountains spring up out of the earth, and give them a gentle ducking, which causes the "holy father" to laugh heartily, greatly to the horror of Mr. T., who was scandalized to think the Pope could laugh.

On coming to our room, quite tired with our days' excursion, how were we cheered by finding a letter from you. None but those who have travelled in foreign lands, know the joy caused by news from loved ones left behind. And so with a happy heart, I bid you good night.

ROME, Wednesday eve.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Well, whom do you think we have seen to-day? No less a personage than Pope Gregory XVI. Having heard that high mass was to be performed to-day in the Church of San Filippo, at which the Pope and many of the cardinals would officiate, we took the precaution of engaging seats beforehand, and by paying a small sum to one of the attendant priests, he promised us places where we could see all the ceremonies. Accordingly we went soon after breakfast, that we might be in season. The gentlemen obtained good places down stairs, while I was conducted up a narrow staircase to a little gallery, directly in front of the high altar. I did not have a front seat, but by standing up in a chair, I found I could look all over the church. No ladies are allowed to go into any church where the Pope is present, without a veil, so I bought me a thin lace one as I went to church. This I fixed over my bonnet in such a manner as to leave me a little loop-hole through which I could look, and in fact no

sooner did the services begin, than it dropped off, and I took no pains to replace it, as I did not imagine my being veiled or not could produce any effect upon the Pope. After waiting a long time, I saw preparations for the commencement of the service. As I rose in my chair, a lady near me touched me, and said a few words in Italian. Though I partially comprehended what she said, I could not muster words enough to answer her. Seeing me hesitate, she said, "Speak English?" On my saying "yes," she turned and spoke in Italian to another lady, who instantly came to me and began talking with me in English. She asked me if I had never seen the Pope, and if I was "a Catholic," and on hearing my answer, she went and spoke to the man who kept the door of the gallery, upon which he came and told the ladies in front that I was a stranger, and that they must make room for me, which they cheerfully did, and thus I had a fine opportunity to view all the ceremonies. She stood beside me all the time, and told me who the different individuals were. First came in about twenty cardinals, having on scarlet silk robes; each had a priest behind him, bearing his train, which was several yards long. They proceeded to a chapel on one side of the high altar, where they arranged themselves in two rows. Then came the Pope, dressed in a robe of white satin spotted with gold. He was borne into the church in a splendid chair, covered with crimson velvet, on the shoulders of twelve men, dressed entirely in red. On either side of him was a man bearing a huge fan of ostrich feathers to keep the flies off "his Holiness'" nose, which, by the way, is a large one. He was set down before the chapel, into which he entered, and walking up between the cardinals, he knelt at the altar, they throwing themselves on their knees at the same time. Then they came out of the chapel, the Pope having four attendants to hold up his train, and knelt before the high altar. The Pope then seated himself in a chair covered with white satin, under a crimson canopy, and the cardinals sat on either side below him. A tempo-

rary altar, covered with white satin, was placed at the foot of the steps of the high altar, with a kneeling cushion of the same for the Pope, and here he knelt at those parts of the services that required kneeling. After he was seated, the cardinals went up, one by one, their long trains sweeping the floor. They knelt before him, kissed his hand, bowed low, and then swept off again, their attendants catching up their trains with a great deal of dexterity, as they descended the steps. Then followed the mass, in which there was as usual a great deal of bowing and kneeling, each one not only kneeling in passing the altar, but also in going by the Pope.

Two or three times a book was carried to him by one of the officiating priests who knelt as he approached, and remained kneeling all the time he held the book, while the Pope read a few sentences in a weak tone of voice. Two attendants constantly stood beside him, one handed his pocket-handkerchief whenever he needed it, and raised the cap from his head whenever it was necessary for him to be uncovered; the other kept opening his robe every time any one approached, so that the cross on his shoes were seen. I saw but one man kiss this cross, and he seemed one of the lower order of priests.

The martial music, the pomp and parade, the soldiers scattered all over the church, made it seem more like a military or theatrical display than a religious ceremony. People were constantly coming in, gazing round, and then going out again, showing no appearance of devotion. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the Pope stood up and blessed the people, who all threw themselves on their knees. After silently kneeling a few moments, the cardinals passed out, and then followed the Pope in his chair, attended by his Swiss guard. I never saw any thing so fantastic as their uniform. They wear a kind of frock reaching to the knees, composed of alternate stripes of red, blue and yellow, low hats with a large red feather, double ruffles round the neck,

such as were worn in Queen Elizabeth's time, a broad yellow shoulder-belt, in which is stuck a small sword, and they carry in their hands a long wooden spear tipped with iron, just below the top of which is an axe in the form of a crescent.

We came out of the church and stood in the street, to see the procession pass by. The ground was covered with a species of yellow sand, all the way from the church to the Vatican. This is always strewn in the streets through which the Pope passes when he attends any particular church. The windows of the houses round the Church of San Filippo were hung with rich damask. The bells of the church rang and the drums beat, while the procession was passing. First came the "noble guard" on horseback. This is composed of the sons of the nobility and of the first families in Rome. They always precede the Pope when he rides out, to see that there are no obstructions in the way. Then followed a priest bearing the cross, on a snow white mule covered with black trappings. Then came the Pope's carriage, surrounded by the Swiss guard on foot. This was drawn by six black horses, all their harnessing being covered with figured crimson velvet. They were not driven, but ridden by three postillions dressed in crimson livery. The carriage was all crimson and gold, large plates of glass set in gilt frames forming the doors and windows. It was lined with crimson velvet. On the back seat sat "the holy father," a mild, pleasant looking old man, who bowed with much affability as he passed along, all the people in the streets kneeling. Then followed a similar carriage, in which was the majordomo or head of his household. Then came the long line of cardinals, princes, prelates and senators, in splendid carriages, each having four or six attendants. It was certainly the grandest sight I ever saw, and it was well worth standing out in the hot sun a whole hour.

Do not think we came home even after so long a ceremony. No! there are too many things yet to be seen in

Rome for that, so we stopped at the Pope's Palace on the Quirinal Hill, though he seldom stays here, choosing to reside at the Vatican the most of the time. At present it is occupied by the Swiss guard and some attendants. It is an immense building, though we were shown only the suite of rooms appertaining to the Pope. They were furnished with a plainness that surprised me, though two or three of the rooms had a simple elegance about them. Some had walls hung, and furniture covered with crimson velvet; some had marble floors, others stone, and two or three, polished oak. The Pope's bed-chamber was lined with crimson, and the covering of the bed was silk of the same color. The bed was of straw, as being a monk, his profession does not allow him to sleep on any thing else. At each end of his bed was a bust, one of Christ, the other of the Virgin Mary, both by Canova.

The collection of paintings, though not large, is about the finest of any I have yet seen. Here were Raphael's first sketch of the Transfiguration, several pieces by the Caracci, a splendid Madonna and infant Jesus by Rubens, and many others by the first masters. In the small private chapel of the Pope was an Annunciation by Guido, said to be one of the best pictures in Rome. The expression of meekness, yet of holy joy on the Virgin's face, as the angel announces to her, that she shall be the mother of the Saviour, is most beautiful.

But how surprised were we to enter a room, lined with paintings and adorned with a large crucifix, to find it was the billiard room of the Pope! "What!" I said, "the 'holy father,' the head of the church, the representative of Christ, the successor of St. Peter, a monk of the strict order of St. Gregory, amuse himself with playing billiards!" Really I was horror-stricken, and told John he ought to be excommunicated.

In this palace is the Pauline Chapel, famous as being the place where the cardinals meet in conclave to choose a Pope

when there is a vacancy in the office. Here they are shut up, and allowed to have no intercourse with any one till the election is made. Once they were secluded here three months before a Pope was chosen. A little stove is behind the altar, in which the votes, when not sufficient for an election, are burnt; the smoke seen warns the people that no choice is made. If some time elapses, and no smoke is seen, the people gather around the palace in crowds, to know who the Pope is to be. As soon as it is decided, one of the cardinals goes out on the balcony and announces the name of the new Pope. The signal is then given to the Castle St. Angelo, and salutes are fired, or as John expressed it, "they shoot the guns," and all the bells of the churches are rung. The new Pope is seated in the chair; the cardinals kiss his foot, and then lead him to the balcony, where he blesses the people. The Emperor of Austria and the Kings of France and Spain have a right to veto the choice. So when a Pope is chosen, word is sent to the ambassadors from those courts, and they, being beforehand instructed, say whether or not such a choice will be sanctioned. Thus there was once a cardinal elected to the popedom. He had been much in Spain, and had there done many cruel acts, so when he was chosen Pope, the Spanish ambassador said his king would not allow the election, and he was excluded. The Cardinal Albano was once chosen, but the Emperor of Austria did not approve the choice, and he too was set aside. I derived this information concerning the election of a Pope from John, who seems well versed in civil and ecclesiastical history, but I have no books by me, to which I can refer, so I cannot tell if any part of the statement is untrue.

With whom do you think we had the pleasure of dining to-day? For fear you may be racking your brain to think of some distinguished person we would be likely to meet, I hasten to relieve your anxiety, and tell you it was a "colored gentleman." Not more than eight or ten dine with us; our own party of Americans, two or three English gentlemen, a

young and intelligent Italian priest, and a consul from Greece, who, with his wife and son, are on their way to London. To-day, just as I took my place at table, the Greek came in, followed by his wife and son and this black man. As I looked up I thought he was a servant, and wondered that at a table where we had such excellent attendance, a private waiter should be needed; but what was my surprise to see the Greek give him a seat between himself and his son! I believe I started. I glanced towards the English gentlemen, and as they did not seem to notice it at all, I thought, why should I? So I resolved to eat my dinner in peace, though I confess I could not help occasionally glancing at this descendant of Ham, who, by the way, sat directly opposite me. He conversed fluently with his party in French, spoke to the waiters in Italian, and I found out, was acquainted with English too, for on a discussion arising between one of our party and an English gentleman in relation to a celebrated picture, I ventured to dissent from him, and to say that it was in a different palace from what he maintained it to be, when my "opposite neighbor" bowing very politely to me said, "Madame is right." I saw nothing in his manners but what were perfectly as they should be, sociable without presumption, polite, but without affectation.

We have been much amused with two of our company at table, both Englishmen. One has lately been to the East, at least as far as Alexandria, and in discoursing to his companion of the discomforts attending such a journey, said, "if ever I go to the East again, I think it will be in my own yacht." The expression and tone with which he said this were perfectly inimitable; I can give you no idea of them on paper.

Our ride this evening was to the Villa Pamphylia. We spent an hour in walking round the grounds, which are beautifully laid out. The trees are kept trimmed in the most regular manner, so as to form a complete hedge. The walks are broad and well shaded, and there is such a variety

of scenery as to render it charming. At one moment we were in an open glade, at another in a thick wood; now all was rustic and wild, then every thing was cultivated and artificial. All around were fountains of various forms and designs. One was in the centre of a lake fed by an artificial river. We passed under the river through a perfect little tunnel. Altogether I think this is the most charming spot we have yet seen, though I suppose you will begin to think that I say this of every place; but please remember that I have never before had an opportunity to visit countries, where so much wealth and taste are expended, both on public and private buildings.

But "hark! the midnight bell is pealing!" and that warns me to stop; so adieu. As ever, yours.

ROME, Friday evening.

MY DEAR :

And now for St. Peter's. Do not think because I have spoken but little of this church, that we have been so many days in Rome without going but once to see this wonder of the world. We have generally gone in once a day, and spent a little time in gazing upon the masterpieces of art there collected, but yesterday we devoted several hours to it, and even then saw but a small part of it, and I doubt not if we should go every day for several weeks that we should find something new each time.

In going to St. Peter's from our hotel, we crossed the "yellow Tiber," by the bridge of St. Angelo, at the end of which stands the Mausoleum of Adrian, now converted into a fort, and called "Castle St. Angelo," from a figure of the archangel Michael standing on its summit. It is an immense circular building, and was formerly surrounded by a portico supported by one hundred pillars, which are now a

part of the Borghese palace. One would scarcely imagine in looking at this solid edifice, that it was built for a tomb.

The approach to St. Peter's is magnificent. It stands on a gentle eminence, having in front an open space called here "a piazza," in the centre of which is an Egyptian obelisk, one hundred and twenty feet high. This formerly stood in the Circus of Nero, but under Pope Sextus V. was removed hither. By great labor and much ingenuity this pillar was placed on the pedestal on which it now stands, but after it was almost raised to a perpendicular, it was found that it would go no farther. Silence had been commanded in order that the signals might be heard by the workmen, and although crowds stood in the streets, not the softest whisper was heard; though consternation sat on every face, at this apparent failure, no one dared give utterance to his thoughts, when suddenly a sailor from among the crowd cried out, "wet the ropes." Two soldiers instantly darted upon him, and took him into custody, but not before his suggestion had been acted upon, and to the great joy of the spectators the pillar was fixed firm and fast. The sailor was released and a reward given him.

On each side of the obelisk are two beautiful fountains, whose incessant play of waters fills the air with their music.

Two magnificent colonnades begin at the front of this piazza, and sweep around in a semicircle, till they are stopped by the walls of the church. Three hundred and fifty pillars support this colonnade, there being sufficient space between two rows of the pillars, to admit of two carriages passing each other. On the top of the colonnade are two hundred statues. On the right hand of the church is the immense palace called the Vatican.

But the church itself, how shall I attempt to give you an idea of this the most magnificent church in the world? for, considering its vastness, its rich marbles, its noble statues and beautiful paintings, the length of time consumed in building it and the wealth expended on it, it may indeed be

called one of the wonders of the world. It presents a broad majestic front, but has one striking defect, it is not high enough for its breadth, so that the cupola (or rather cupolas for, in addition to the large dome there are several small ones) does not show to good advantage when near the church. After ascending a few steps, we pushed aside a curtain and stood at once within this vast pile. Our eyes roamed around, and we stood as it were entranced. Our first impression in relation to the size of the church was, that it had been over-estimated; so perfect are its proportions that you cannot realize that it is more than six hundred feet long, and it was not till I had repeatedly walked across it that these erroneous impressions were corrected.

So great was the number of objects that attracted our attention that I scarcely know where to begin to describe them to you. All the pictures in the church are mosaics, copies of the works of the first masters, but as these are mostly behind the altars, which are covered with candlesticks, vases of flowers and trinkets, their beauties are partially obscured, and I have therefore given but little attention to them, but have spent the most of the time in gazing upon the sculpture and statuary which are here found in perfection. How I love to look upon these masterpieces, and see them in all their matchless beauties. Strange art, that can make a piece of marble thus bear the lineaments of the human face and form, and express all the passions and affections of the immortal soul! There is one monument, which I have stopped to admire, every time I have been in the church. I never tire of looking at it, but at each new survey discover some new beauty. On the front is the inscription, which tells that it was raised to commemorate the death of three brothers. On each side of this is sculptured in bold relief, an angel as large as life, holding an extinguished torch, and weeping as over the fate of the loved and lost. They are so chaste, so simple in their beauty, their faces are downcast and so overwhelmed with sorrow, that one almost weeps in

looking at them. This was done by one of the finest sculptors the world ever saw, Canova.

In one of the numerous little chapels in this church, is a noble piece of work by the prince of sculptors, Michael Angelo, representing the Virgin Mary, holding in her arms the Saviour, just taken from the cross. It is rather a singular design, though perfectly executed. In the figure of "the dead Christ," the limbs are stiffened, the hands and feet hang down, and the whole bears all the appearance of death. But the face of the stricken mother! Oh, so full of anguish is it, that it seems a perfect fulfillment of that prophecy—"Yea a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also."

The tomb of Clement XIII. is adorned by sculpture, by Canova. On the top is a kneeling statue of that Pope; below are two figures, representing Charity and Religion, guarded by two lions beautifully carved.

Another monument is that of Paul III., designed by Michael Angelo, and finished by one of his scholars. The figures represent Justice as an old woman, and Prudence as a young girl, which last was so preëminently beautiful, that several fell in love with it, so that it was found necessary to have it robed; accordingly, a drapery of bronze is thrown around it.

There are many other monuments adorned with sculpture, but perhaps I have already said too much on this subject, so I will forbear.

At the head of the nave is the tomb of St. Peter, supported by large pillars of bronze, and surrounded by a balustrade of marble. In front of this tomb more than one hundred lamps are kept constantly burning. Behind this is the tribuna, the canopy of which is supported by four figures of bronze representing the four canons of the church. Beneath this canopy is the chair of St. Peter. When any Pope has been in office twenty-four years, he is seated in this chair, and canonized as a saint. I asked John if any one had ever been raised to this dignity. He said no one but St. Peter himself.

We will now, if you please, go up to the top of this church, and you may be thankful that your part of the task can be accomplished on paper, and not by the labor we were obliged to put forth.

From the lower part of the church to the roof, the ascent is very easy. Instead of stairs, there is a paved way, which winds around within the walls of the church, so that occasionally donkeys are used for going up. It was not till we walked over the roof of St. Peter's that we realized how immense an edifice it was. It seemed like a little city. As I told you before, besides the large dome there are two smaller ones, and in addition to these, the ceilings of several of the chapels rise up in little domes. Under the shelter of some of these, and protected from the sun and rain by an awning, live two or three families, the children of which seemed perfectly at home in their airy dwelling, and were running around the domes with great glee.

Within the large dome are two galleries, from the lower one of which, being nearly two hundred feet from the floor, we looked down into the church. How insignificant the large pillars looked, the monuments dwindled away, and the people walking about seemed like pigmies. The walls of this gallery are lined with mosaics. Here, as in the ruined temple at Baia, there was a perfect whispering gallery, the lowest whisper being distinctly heard at opposite sides.

From the roof, the stairs begin, and here began the labor. They were narrow, and in many places steep. However, we took it as leisurely as we could, stopping at both of the galleries within the dome. The upper one is two hundred and forty feet above the floor. We were so high up then that even with my glass I could see nothing distinctly. We did not content ourselves, however, with getting so far, but actually climbed up within the very ball on top of the dome, four hundred feet from the ground. This was the toughest part of all, for we were obliged to climb up a perpendicular iron ladder. Poor Mr. D., who is quite a large man, found it a

tight squeeze, and after all this, what could we see? Nothing but the inside of a brass ball, which, though looking like a mere speck from below, is in reality large enough to hold a dozen men. The air was insufferably hot, and we were glad to get out of so close a place. All that I had for my fatigue was the consciousness that I had been where few ladies ever venture. We then came down to the gallery on the outside of the dome, where we had a grand view of the city and the villas around. The whole city lay like a map at our very feet, while the country, with its hills and green valleys, stretched around like a garden. While gazing on this panorama and enjoying the cool breeze, which was delightful after the close, hot air within the ball, John espied the Pope's carriage in the court of the Vatican, so down we thought we must go. Not taking into consideration the old maxim, that "great bodies move slowly," and that some time must elapse before so large a retinue as generally attends distinguished personages could be got ready, we hurried down as fast as our wearied limbs would permit us, till heated and flushed, we arrived once more on the roof. And how many steps do you think we went up from the roof to the ball? Why, four hundred and twelve! We stopped on the roof to get the cool air, and then, seeing that the carriage still remained before the door of the palace, we once more took a leisurely survey of objects around. On one side of the church we saw a large, gloomy looking building. I asked John what it was. He lowered his voice and whispered, "the Inquisition." We asked if we could not enter it. He said, "Ch yes! very easily; only say or do something against the established religion, or the State government, and you will find a speedy entrance." In vain I told him I did not fear — that the power of my own country would protect me. Enlightened as he is on many subjects, and superior in many respects to the prejudices of his countrymen, he has a great fear of the power of those high in authority. He assured us that even now men sometimes disappeared, and no one knew

what had become of them, and that there was no doubt they were there imprisoned, or even put to death. Only a few months since, a courier suddenly disappeared, and nobody knew or even dared to guess where he was, but as he was a wicked man, he was probably seized and carried to the Inquisition.

But now there was a movement in the palace court, that warned us to depart, so we once more descended to the inside of the church, and went out and stood on the steps to see the show. First came one of the noble guard, on horseback, then a carriage in which were some of the officers of the household; at a little distance behind followed more of the noble guard, and then came the splendid carriage of the Pope, the postillions and footmen being dressed in crimson satin. The Pope had on a red dress, and a broad brimmed red hat, turned up at the sides. As the carriage came near, the people in the streets knelt, all but our party; we of course stood. The time once was when even foreigners, and Protestants too, were compelled to kneel when the emblems of the Romish religion were carried through the streets; but a more enlightened day has come, and that custom has passed by. Perhaps you will think the Pope would not notice an insignificant female like me; but you are quite mistaken, for he looked full at me, bowed low, and waved his hand, while I made one of my best bows. He bowed also to the rest of our party, who, with hats in hand, and wearing their most pleasant looks and smiles, stood a little farther on.

Afterwards came still others of the guard, and several of the cardinals in their carriages. And here just let me say, that whenever a cardinal passes along the streets, the men take off their hats, and the soldiers present arms.

We stopped to see a church, (I did not even ask the name of it,) where there is a very miraculous virgin, that is, the statue of one, round which lamps are constantly kept burning. Many individuals were kneeling before it, who all kissed the foot of the statue before and after kneeling. It

was really astonishing to see the eagerness with which men and women would press forward to kiss this piece of marble. Young children too were brought in their parents' arms, and made to put their little lips on this holy foot. But most of all was I surprised to see old, grey-headed, intelligent looking men, go up and press their aged lips and wrinkled foreheads upon the foot of this statue. Can it be that a man of any mind can be a slave to such superstitions? Many, too, would dip their fingers into the oil of one of the lamps that was burning before this shrine, and then with their greasy fingers make on their foreheads and necks the sign of the cross. Had I not seen these things, and seen, too, the air of devotion and seriousness with which they were done, I never could have believed them.

But the statue in itself was a great curiosity; its head, neck, arms and hands were actually covered with jewels. The most splendid necklace, sparkling with diamonds, hung round its neck, bracelets in profusion graced the arms, while the most dazzling diamond rings shone on every finger. These were presents from those who believed this saint had helped them, either by restoring them to health, or assisting them out of some embarrassments. Two priests have the care of this statue, and they actually receive twenty thousand dollars' worth of candles every year as presents to this shrine. Oh! the mind sickens to see such degradation in this enlightened age! When will this people throw off these shackles imposed upon them by the priests? Alas! I fear not, this many a year.

We rode this evening once more to the Pincian Hill, on one part of which is a garden, tended by prisoners. They are led here by soldiers in the morning, each one having a chain passing from one leg to the other. In Naples we often saw prisoners at work. There they were always chained, two by two, from ankle to wrist. It always makes me shudder to see these condemned ones.

Last evening I had the curiosity (no strange thing for a

Yankee,) to count the number of priests we met in our ride, and I counted no less than three hundred and twenty-two. Had I counted those I met in the churches in the afternoon, they must have numbered at least six hundred.

We met also several of the nobility of Rome, whom John pointed out to us, among whom were the Prince of Corsini and his mother, a Count, whose ancestors can be traced back to the very earliest period of Roman history, and the Prince Borghese and his little daughter, a handsome girl of seven years. The Prince was in deep mourning, having lost his wife last autumn. He married a daughter of the English Earl of Shrewsbury, and paid half a million dollars as her dowry. Quite a price for a wife!

This morning we did not go out very early, for to tell you the truth, (though it is rather a delicate subject to write about,) we have scarcely had a night's good sleep since we have been in Rome, nay, for that matter, I may say, since we have been in Italy, for that class of animals called by Lorenzo Dow, "the hungry night-walkers," have so preyed upon our flesh, as some nights utterly to deprive us of rest. And yet our hotel is one of the best in the city. There must be something in the climate, for I am told that private families, and the very Pope himself, suffer from the same annoyance.

We visited this morning, the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, built on the foundation of Dioclesian's baths. In fact, one of the apartments forms the upper end of the cross. The pavement is of marble, and contains a meridian, with all the signs of the zodiac. The light comes through a small opening on the walls, and in such a month the sun is in such a sign. What a singular ornament for a church. There are some most beautiful paintings; one by Pompeo Battini, representing the fall of Simon Magus. It is one of the grandest paintings in all Rome. The figures stand out in such bold relief, that at a little distance they look like statues. In this church lie Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti. Need I say they have monuments in their works more lasting than marble?

We then went to the gallery of the Palace Sciarra, where the collection though not large is very good. The first picture we saw was by Caravaggio, representing three men playing cards. One is young and innocent; the second is older and has a face full of wickedness, as he peeps over the shoulder of the young man, to get a look at his cards; while the third who holds some cards behind him, has a look of low cunning. The whole group is inimitable; the unsuspecting, innocent face of the first, the artifice, the wickedness expressed in the countenances of the others, combine to make this one of the best, because one of the most expressive, pictures I have ever seen. Here too were a fine Madonna and child; a Cleopatra lying on a bed, holding the asp to her bosom; Moses, by Guido, in the act of breaking the Tables of the Law, a most splendid picture, the face so expressive of indignation mingled with grief; a Magdalen, by the same painter; several pictures by Titian, Guercino, Bassano, Lanfranco; many landscapes by Poussin, and some by Claude Lorraine, whose pictures are characterized by beautiful scenery, fine coloring and the softest and most glowing skies. But most of all was I charmed with a painting by Leonardo da Vinci of two females, representing Modesty and Vanity, Vanity has a handsome face, but a simple, self-conceited, coquettish look. Her hair is nicely dressed and adorned with ornaments, while in one of her beautiful hands is a little sprig, which she holds as if about to put it in some part of her dress. Her robes are rich and so arranged as to display her bust to the finest advantage. Directly opposite to her stands Modesty, dressed in the plainest manner, with a veil thrown over her head and covering half of her person. She has the sweetest, gentlest, most angelic face. We sat down and gazed upon it, and when at last compelled to leave it, turned a longing look behind, to catch one more glimpse of that sweet, downcast face. This picture is by many amateurs called the finest in Rome, nay even in the whole world.

I do not know but you are quite tired of pictures, but really I must tell you of one or two more collections, and then I shall have done, at least till we get to Florence. In the gallery of the Doria Palace is a most superb collection. The gallery runs round a large court, and is literally lined with paintings; of course I cannot begin to give you any account of them, neither am I sure that you would wish it. Suffice it to say, that we saw there some of the choicest works of art. The two principal landscape painters are Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorraine. Yet how entirely unlike is the character of their productions, those of Rosa's being distinguished by wild and fearful scenes, while those of Claude's are soft and beautiful. By far the best picture in the Doria gallery, at least in our eyes, was "a Holy Family," by Sassoferrato, a name I had never before heard. The face of the Virgin is most perfect, so soft, so tender, as she gazes down upon the infant Jesus, who lays with his sweet childish face upturned on her bosom. Beside them was Joseph, whose manly face and form compared well with the rest of the picture. After making the circuit of the rooms, I could not forbear going back to gaze, again on this picture, before leaving it forever.

One more picture, and I have done. Not but what there are countless others that I might tell you about, but for fear of wearying you I desist, or else you would well think me as enthusiastic on the subject as the Italians themselves. But to the painting; it is a fresco in the Palace Rospigliosi, (there's a hard word for you,) painted by Guido, by some considered the finest fresco in Rome. Byron says it is worth a visit to Rome just to see that. It represents Aurora seated in her car, drawn by four horses, riding on the clouds, while before her horses is a nymph bearing flowers in her hand. Nymphs are dancing all round, and a little Cupid is flying over the car with a torch in his hand. The figures and faces are beautiful, and the coloring fine. Being on the ceiling, however, it is not seen to good effect. And now I

bid farewell to the magnificent paintings of Rome. They have unfolded a new world of beauty to my eyes, hitherto unaccustomed to behold such works of art. I thought when I first began visiting these galleries, that I should soon tire of seeing so many pictures, but the effect is quite the contrary. The mind in this respect grows with "what it feeds upon," and I have already learnt to tell different artists by their works, and to have my favorites even among so many choice ones, where it seems difficult to select. Let me call your attention to one more church, and then I have done with churches. I never before realized the effect of church architecture upon the mind, so fully as I have done since I have been in this country. Although consecrated to a different faith from what I profess, yet I have never had my feelings more kindled to devotion, than some time when toward sunset I have found myself within some vast pile, where there was naught to break the stillness but the sound of our own footsteps. A solemn awe would come upon my spirit. In the "dim religious light," cast by the last beams of the sun, I have gazed up the long aisles, and in the deep shadow of a pillar caught the glimpse of a white statue, and it seemed like a spirit, pure and gentle, hovering over the place.

But the church about which I began to speak has far different claims upon our attention than architectural merits. In fact I did not notice those at all, so that I cannot even tell in what style it is built. Nay we did not stop at all in the church, but went down a dark stairway into the very cell where St. Peter was imprisoned. This is no story got up by the Romanists to attract attention, but a historical fact, for this is no other than the celebrated Mammertine prison, where Jugurtha, an African king, was confined, condemned to die of hunger. There are two rooms, one over the other, but both under ground. They are about twenty-five feet long. It was in the lower dungeon that the apostle was confined, till led forth to suffer martyrdom. A stone

pillar is shown, to which he was bound, and near this is a small spring of water, which tradition says burst forth suddenly, at a time when he wished to baptize his jailors and some of his fellow-prisoners. It is said, I can't tell how truly, that forty-seven persons were confined in this small room at the same time. There is in the roof of each cell an aperture sufficiently large to admit the body of a man, and it is supposed that it was through this that the prisoners were let down and drawn up, as there are no remains of an ancient staircase, only of a narrow, secret one by which the jailors used to go down to carry food. It is a dark, damp, dreary looking place, with no opening to admit the blessed air and light of heaven. I can form some idea of all the primitive Christians had to endure under the persecution of wicked emperors, when I visit such ancient prisons, and the damp, unwholesome catacombs where for months they were excluded from the fresh air.

And now let us change the scene and once more go forth out of the walls of modern Rome, till we find ourselves in the open country. The sun is almost setting, and looking on the roseate clouds and the soft landscape around us, we walk through a field, where the tall grass waves almost over our heads, till we come to a wooded dell, and then pass into a cool grotto, where we hear the soft music of gushing water. It comes from a little fountain, beside which is a recumbent statue, supposed to be of the goddess Egeria, and it is said, that it was within this retreat, that Numa came to consult that nymph. It is a charming spot, and well suited for those who seek retirement and contemplation after being wearied with the cares of this "working-day world."

As we came back to our hotel, we stopped at a café where we got some delicious ices, somewhat resembling our ice cream, though still quite different. We did not get out of our carriage, but sat there and ate them, while there were a dozen carriages around us, their occupants engaged in the

like pleasant manner. And thus have passed the last two days, the records of which are before you. I leave you now awhile. As ever, yours.

ROME, Saturday.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

As we went to the Postoffice this morning to deposit my last letter, we met a great many boys running, and men apparently in haste, as though some extraordinary event had happened, and then one or two bells in the neighborhood struck up a merry peal. Of course this attracted our attention, and we turned to John for an explanation. A lottery had just been drawn, and this was the cause of all the commotion. The boys were messengers from the office; they carried little slips of paper on which were written the prize numbers. Wherever they went they were stopped by men, women and children, who were anxious to see if by chance they had drawn a prize. Some of the faces wore a saddened look, some an indifferent, don't-care-for-any-thing expression, while others seemed to say, "well, I have lost this time, but I'll try again." John, it appeared, had some tickets, for he was on the look-out for one of the messengers, but his were not among the favored few. These lotteries belong to the State, and are drawn here every second Saturday, and in Florence on the alternate weeks. I noticed many lottery offices in Naples. Both there and here the price for tickets is low, and I do not doubt, but that many of the people who sit by the way-side and beg money from passers-by, spend a part of what they get in this species of gambling.

There are more beggars here than I have yet seen in any one city. Some of them wear medals, showing that they are licensed beggars. A few of these, however, have to work a little every day, and at such an hour they assemble in certain places, and the officer who has the oversight of them gives

them a loaf of bread, and one or two pauls a day, (a paul is ten cents of our money.) But the queerest beggars are those who wear the habit of a monk, and have a cloth drawn down over their faces, with two holes cut out for the eyes, which are all that is seen. On the top of this cloth mask is wrought "the skull and bones." The hat is tied behind on the back; they carry in their hands a little tin money-box, which they hold out to every one they meet. One of them accosted Mr. D. to-day, but he told John to ask him to take that thing off his face, that he might see who he was, but John drew back, declaring that he dared not, as no one knew who these beggars were. Some say they are priests or cardinals in disguise, and that they go thus as a sort of penance; but if they are not known, where is the mortification and self-denial? Others suppose them to be spies of the Inquisition, and that they go about thus concealed, to trap the unwary.

We have spent a part of the day in visiting the ancient Capitol, where have occurred some of the most stirring events recorded in Roman history. Here, as every where else in Rome, are paintings and sculpture, but as I have already written so much on these subjects, I will now pass them over in silence. From the tower of the Capitol, we had the finest view of the city we have yet obtained, not even excepting that from St. Peter's, because it is in the centre of the city, and therefore all the houses, ruined palaces and temples lay in a mass at our feet. Here was the ancient Forum, surrounded with the ruins of the temples of Concord, Fortune, and Jupiter Serapis; farther on, the arches of Titus and Constantine, and near them the magnificent Colosseum, while all around were scattered fragments of former splendor. Below us was the far-famed Tarpeian Rock, down which condemned prisoners were formerly thrown, but so much has the earth been filled up of late years, that there is now nothing frightful about it.

A part of the Capitol is still used as a Senate Chamber. Before the doors, the senators' carriages were drawn up, with

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the servants in attendance, having on their gorgeous livery, a long red cloak over a coat and short breeches of the same. From one of them John learned that the Pope was to attend vespers at St. Peter's. Mr. T. was at home waiting for John to go out with him to do some shopping; but J. and I thought, instead of going with them, that we would go to St. Peter's, so we hurried off.

After waiting there a long time, I inquired of several if the Pope was not coming, but no one understood me. At last I accosted one of the servants of a senator, and by summoning to my aid all the Italian words I could think of, I succeeded in finding out that he was officiating in one of the chapels in the Vatican. I asked if ladies were admitted. He pointed to my bonnet; alas! I had left my veil at home, and so was excluded. At first I felt a little disappointed, but after wandering through the magnificent aisles and numerous chapels of this immense church, I thought the time was better spent than in listening to the unintelligible service, and in witnessing the pomp and parade of the papal religion.

And now we have gone the rounds of sight-seeing in Rome. Many weeks might be here profitably spent, but the weather is so sultry that we have been obliged to quicken our movements. Still I believe we have neglected nothing of consequence. Many churches and palaces and ruins we have visited that I have not mentioned, for fear of making my letters altogether too long. There are few places in the world of more general interest to strangers than Rome. To the historical and classical reader it is full of thrilling associations; to the lover of the fine arts it presents constant food. No one can visit this city, without being struck with the idea of how vast must have been her wealth and resources, when in her early days she erected so many magnificent buildings. Whenever I walk among these ruins, and see the scale on which they were built, and how they abounded with pillars and statues, I can but wonder whence came the millions of dollars they must have cost. And yet in those times of wars

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and oppressions, doubtless much of it came from tributes paid by conquered provinces. And yet this splendor and wealth, after all, served but to enervate the minds of the people of Rome, till she fell from her proud eminence as mistress of the world, and became what she now is, the seat of desolation and ruin. And oh! if now she is magnificent in her fall, what must she have been in the full blaze of her meridian glory, when in all her pride and pomp she sat, as mistress of the world, enthroned upon her seven hills?

In our ride this evening we were much amused with an examination a load of hay was undergoing in passing through one of the gates of the city. An officer had a sharp pointed rod in his hand, which he was thrusting through the hay in all directions, to see, or rather to feel, if any contraband goods were concealed in it. I could not help thinking of the stories I had heard of persons hiding themselves in a load of hay, and so getting in or out of a city, but it could not have been when custom-house officers were as sharp as they are here, for in this instance a man thus concealed would run "a pretty smart chance" of having his ribs punched.

Every man who brings provisions into the city, has to undergo a strict examination; even our washerwoman, who lives without the walls, can never bring home our clothes till at the gate they have been examined. Is it not a queer country to live in?

We start for Florence on Monday. We have had many discussions as to the way of going. There is no Diligence, and you must go either by post, or by vetturino. By post, you are hurried through the country, travelling night and day, and with but little time given you for stopping, and the charges are enormous. By vetturino, you hire a carriage, two horses and a driver, and for such a sum he agrees to take you the specified distance, to be so many days in going, to stop two or three hours in the middle of the day, and during all the night, and to give you, without extra charges, your dinner and lodging, his own board and the food for his horses

included. All other expenses you must defray yourself. It is by far the best way of seeing the country; it is much the cheapest; there is but one drawback — you are so long going, that a good deal of time is consumed, and you run the risk of meeting with some poor inns. However, after long deliberation, we have decided to go by vetturino. We have therefore engaged a good strong carriage that will seat four, two stout horses, and a man named Francesco, who will act as an interpreter for us from place to place, as he speaks French fluently. He agrees to take us to Florence in five days, the distance being about one hundred and fifty miles. I must say the idea of being so long on the road this hot weather, is any thing but pleasant to me. Perhaps the journey will turn out better than I anticipate.

Sunday evening.

We again attended church this morning, where we united in the service we love, and where the holy communion was administered.

We paid our farewell visit to St. Peter's this evening. I took a melancholy interest in looking for the last time on the masterpieces of art that I have seen almost every day since I have been in Rome. I could spend days in wandering through the "long aisles" and "proudly arched chapels" of this gorgeous edifice. I looked again and again upon the noble monuments that had so oft attracted my attention, and when forced at last by the deepening shades of evening to depart, I turned sorrowfully away, and sighed that I never more should gaze on grand St. Peter's.

This is the first moonlight evening we have had since we have been in Rome, and we took advantage of it to go and see the Colosseum by moonlight. There is something so saddening in the nature of ruins, that they must always appear under a better aspect by moonlight, than under the full beams of the sun, for does not the "Poet of the North" say, that the sunlight "gilds but to flout the ruins grey?"

We walked among the monuments of past glory, now resting beneath some broken arch, now climbing some half ruined staircase, and admiring the effect of the light as it fell in softened shadows through the trees which grew among the scattered pillars. "The stars shone through the rents of ruin," and the mild, pale light of the young moon fell so softly, so purely, now lighting up an arched passage, now falling on a shattered column, that we were tempted to stay much longer than in prudence we ought, as we found, when wearied and chilled, we returned to our rooms. And now must I say farewell to Rome? It is a sad word, but how often has it to be spoken in this chequered life of ours! We meet but to part, we love but to lose, and thus we go on till we pass the bounds of this life, and enter upon that "where partings shall be no more."

FLORENCE, Saturday.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Thus you see our long journey has been accomplished, and we have safely arrived at its termination, and you will doubtless be happy to know, that I did not find it tedious nor disagreeable at all. On the contrary, I am satisfied that this way of travelling, though rather slow, is, after all, the best, if one wishes to see the country. By stopping to rest a few hours in the heat of the day, and having each night for repose, we avoided fatigue, and felt active and bright all the time. How much better is this, than riding day and night in the Diligence, or dashing through the country by post. The weather has been delightful, and the road excellent. During the first day's ride, the country was not very pleasant; there was wild, rugged beauty, but the land was uncultivated, but after that, it assumed a new aspect. Finely cultivated fields appeared on either side of the road; the vine

stretched from tree to tree. Deep, dark ravines and mountain passes often added new and stern beauty to the scene. One afternoon we stopped at Terni, where we took a carriage and visited the falls, about five miles distant. In addition to our own party, we had the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, whom we met on the road to Florence, a day's journey from Rome. Mr. B. is an American artist of much promise; he spent the last winter in Rome, and expects to pass the present season in this city, where he has orders to copy some paintings for an American gentleman.

The ride to the Falls of Terni was through a most picturesque country, abounding in mountains, some rocky and rugged, others covered with trees and shrubs. Arriving at the spot where carriages must be abandoned, we had a romantic walk through wild passes, up and down steep paths, till we were in sight of the falls, which came tumbling down over the rocks, a distance of nearly four hundred feet. We took several different views, and found them all grand. The mountains encircling us around, added to the grandeur of the scene; on their tops rested deep dark clouds, sometimes varied with those of a brighter, softer, more beautiful hue. We wandered round, listening to the roaring of the water, as it danced and leaped along, wishing only that we had more time to bestow on so enchanting a spot. The only drawback to our felicity was, that we were followed by a troop of men, boys, women and girls, some wanting one thing, some another; some to sell coral and pieces of petrified wood, others leading donkeys, which they urged us to ride, and all equally troublesome. At one time I stopped and counted sixteen different ones in our wake.

On Thursday we crossed a part of the range of the Apennines, where we were obliged to have a yoke of oxen ahead of our horses to assist us in the ascent. We stopped that noon at Perugia, a small city seated on the very top of a high mountain, and surrounded by a strong wall. We visited the cathedral, a handsome edifice, with an arched ceil-

ing painted in fresco, and supported by large stone pillars, stuccoed to resemble marble.

There was a fine window of painted glass, representing the deposition from the cross, and a beautiful painting on the same subject. We also saw in the house of the mayor, a picture by Raphael, said to have been done when he was only eighteen, which Mr. B. thought could not be true, as it was much superior to any of his works done at that early age.

We visited the old Augustan gate, built in the time of Augustus, of solid pieces of stone, put together without any cement. It seems even now, strong and well preserved, and bids fair to defy time for years to come. •

From Perugia to Passignano, the ride was delightful, through a picturesque country abounding in hill and dale. We were obliged to employ oxen twice, so long and steep were some of the hills. We passed at a distance several villages seated on the airy heights of the mountains and surrounded by solid walls. The country was exceedingly well cultivated. Here we saw the olive tree. It has a light green leaf and small yellow blossoms. The oil serves for cooking, for eating and for burning. It is said to be nicer here than any where else in Italy, but as I never eat it, I cannot testify to its goodness.

All along in that neighborhood we met women and girls, riding their donkeys "a la mode" man, or speaking right out in plain English, "man fashion." It looked rather queer to see their brown legs, often bare to the knees; however, it is the fashion, and they did not seem to mind it.

Passignano is a dirty little village, but charmingly situated on the lake of Perugia, which is fairly embosomed among mountains. For four or five miles our road was along the bank of the lake, now in full view, now just hidden by the overarching trees. I was determined to have a room from which I could see the lake, and we had to fight hard for it, not with weapons of warfare, but with those with which

woman is more conversant, the tongue, and as usual I gained my point. It was a miserable little inn, and I thought it was too bad amid all the discomforts, to be shut out of the sight of that enchanting little lake. While waiting for dinner, I sat down by the window and looked forth upon the water, over which the setting sun shed a soft light, and the clouds assumed beautiful tints of red and blue. Twilight came, and still I sat and looked, when suddenly o'er a distant mountain top the moon came up, and soon lake and mountains and valleys were smiling in its soft light. After dinner, while writing, I could not resist the temptation of often rising and going to the window to gaze upon the fairy-like scene.

How striking are the contrasts we meet in life. Amid this charming country, this country so well cultivated, and where plenty seems to abound, we meet beggars on every side. I wonder if they are so poor, or if they thus assume the appearance of poverty to attract pity and attention. One day Mr. T. bought five loaves of bread, for about five cents of our money, which he gave away, and it was astonishing to see how greedily the people received it, though being so cheap it would seem within the reach of every one.

Last night we stopped at Monte Varchi, a small village, where we had a moderately good dinner and a good bed, but the charges were exorbitant. However, as this concerned Francesco and not us, we stood calmly by, while he, Italian-like, stormed away quite furiously. But when it came our turn to settle for our breakfast, and I found they charged me three pauls (thirty cents) for one egg and a small piece of bread, then I began, and in a mixture of French and Italian and gestures more easily understood than my language perhaps, assented to the truth of what Francesco had been saying. However, in this instance the innkeeper was not to be moved by scolding and threats, and so in contemptuous indignation we took our seats in the carriage.

And here let me give you a little instance of Francesco's

natural politeness. Every morning when I enter the carriage I see hanging over my seat a little bunch of flowers, and when I point to them and thank him for them he smiles and says, "Oh, it is nothing for me, but Madame loves them." Sometimes they are accompanied by little gifts of fruit and nuts, particularly apricots, and that kind of walnut we call "the English walnut," which grows here in abundance. When I meet with any difficulty in cracking them, I hand them out of the window to Francesco, and he laughs and takes them in a certain manner in his hands and then by clasping them together suddenly cracks them with perfect ease.

Since we entered Tuscany we have noticed a very perceptible difference in the aspect of affairs. The country was more cultivated, the houses better looking, and there were not quite so many beggars in the road as had lately beset us. It was only now and then, that the beautiful face of the country was varied by a sterile looking mountain, or an unfruitful field.

We were stopped awhile at the gates of the city, where our passports were examined, and I suppose our baggage would have been, and vigorously too, if Francesco had not slipped a few pauls into the hands of the officer, who bowed and said, "pass on."

Our ride through the streets to the Hotel d'York was very pleasant. We passed through fine streets, by handsome houses, and by more beautiful shops, than we have seen since we left Paris.

It was only one o'clock when we arrived at the hotel, and then we had the labor to go through with of selecting our rooms, and making arrangements for our meals. I say, "labor," for you have to bargain for every separate thing you will need. The waiters here speak French, so I acted as interpreter. First we had to select our rooms; these we must see to know which to choose and what was to be the price. In addition to our sleeping rooms we were obliged

to engage a room in which we are to take our breakfast, there being no ordinary, or as it is called here "table d'hôte," for breakfast. About the breakfast itself, there was a distinct bargaining, there being two kinds of breakfasts. One is simply called breakfast, at which you are allowed tea, bread and boiled eggs; the price of this is one franc and a half, (about twenty-five cents,) the other is called "dejeuner a la fourchette," literally meaning, a breakfast where one has to use a fork. Here you are allowed meats, and even fruits; for this you are charged about three francs. So you must decide what kind of breakfast you will have, and you are charged accordingly. Dinner is four francs a-piece, whether we take it in our own rooms or at the public table. These preliminaries over, we engaged our "valet de place," and I think John must be quite as common a name in Italy as in our own country, for our man here answers to that name, as well as the one we had in Rome.

Then having two or three hours at our command, we walked out to see the lions. Of course, as in every city, you are first taken to the Cathedral. This is a splendid, ancient looking church, built of alternate slabs of black, white and green marble, which are now however quite discolored by time. As I entertained you with so many accounts of churches in Rome, I will pass this one by in silence. Back of the church is the Baptistry, a circular building of the same materials as the Cathedral. The doors are of bronze, and are so beautifully sculptured in bas-reliefs, as to draw from Michael Angelo the exclamation, that they were worthy of being the gates of heaven. Within the Baptistry, service was being performed, in the midst of which a priest baptized an infant. He first laid his hand upon its head, after which he put upon it the end of his scarf, on which was embroidered a cross. It was then carried to the font, on the edge of which it was held, while a basin of water was poured over its head. This the poor little thing bore with all the patience in the world. It did not look more than

three weeks old, and seemed, I thought, too stupid to notice any thing.

By the side of the Baptistery is the tower, also built of alternate slabs of marble. It is said to be the most splendid tower in Italy, and is two hundred and eighty feet high. In this are the bells of the Cathedral. They were all rung together this evening and "discoursed sweet music." Indeed all the bells in Italy have very rich, mellow tones.

The streets of Florence are quite wide, and very clean. Many of the houses are built of square slabs of dark colored stone, which give them a massy appearance. The houses are not numbered by streets as with us, but the numbers go on from one street to another. The river Arno flows through the city, and is spanned by several handsome bridges. Thus far we are much pleased with this city.

But it is getting late, and I must close. As ever, yours.

FLORENCE, Tuesday.

MY DEAR P. :

I felt so much fatigued after our long journey, that I did not go out on Sunday, although there was service in the house of the British ambassador, but it was some distance from our hotel. Yesterday and to-day we have spent in visiting palaces and churches, where we have seen many of the finest productions of the painter and the sculptor. We first visited the Royal Gallery, where is a superb collection of statuary and paintings, but as I said so much on these subjects while in Rome, I will here pass lightly over them. Three long corridors were filled with sculpture, and I cannot tell how many rooms with pictures. Separate rooms were devoted to the different schools of paintings, the Tuscan, Italian, Neapolitan, Venitian, French, Flemish, Dutch, &c., and among these were some of the most perfect works of art.

In one room is the celebrated Venus de Medicis, of which I have heard almost ever since I heard any thing. At first I was disappointed in it, and could not but hope that I had mistaken the guide, and that this was not *the* Venus. Not but what it is very beautiful, and a perfect model of female grace and loveliness, but I have seen so many fine statues lately, that I have become quite an epicure in my taste. However, it grew upon my regards, and after I had looked upon it some time, I thought it indeed lovely. I could but wish that some of our belles could take a look at this statue, and contrast their own distorted and disfigured forms with the full expanded chest, the large, round waist of this beautiful figure.

We went into another room, called the "Cabinet of Gems," and "gems" indeed they were, consisting of vessels of jasper, agate, onyx, chalcedony, amethyst, cornelian, lapis-lazuli, pearl, &c., jewels of gold and silver, and rings set with the rarest stones. There was a beautiful table of mosaic, representing the port of Leghorn. This mosaic is different from any other kind I have yet seen, being composed of precious stones and valuable marbles. On this table the sea was of lapis-lazuli, and the brilliant blue of this stone well represents the deep color of the Mediterranean.

Afterwards we visited the Academy of Fine Arts, where we saw the whole process of making these mosaics, from cutting the stones to the size needed, to polishing the work when finished. Around the room, in glass cases, were arranged stones the most rare and precious, and gathered from all countries; marbles, porphyry, granite, serpentine, verd-antique, (species of green marble) alabaster, amethyst, (some brought from Hindostan) agate, and I cannot tell what else, shone in rich profusion. Here were the most splendid tables I ever saw. Almost all were for the Grand Duke of Tuscany; two or three were for churches. The top of one small round table occupied seven persons four years, and cost two thousand pounds. The grapes in the centre were of ame-

thyst, and the flowers of chaledony. Another table, about five feet long, occupied ten persons six years, and cost thirty-five hundred pounds. The ground-work of this was of porphyry, the flowers of petrified wood, lapis-lazuli, jasper and agate.

We saw also, the monument which, though finished, has not yet been erected, that the Grand Duke has had made for his wife, who has been dead several years. I can imagine nothing richer. The sarcophagus in which the body is to be placed is of the most beautiful Egyptian granite, on the front of which are wrought in mosaic the arms of Tuscany and of Saxony ; (she was of the house of Saxony.) Then comes a magnificent basin of porphyry, on the cover of which is the crown, made of rare marbles. It certainly is a splendid thing ; indeed it ought to be, for it has already cost the Grand Duke fifty thousand dollars. Forty men were employed on it, working day and night for five years, and although it has been finished four years, it has been here all this time, because, forsooth, the Grand Duke cannot decide where to have it put.

I told the overseer who showed us round the establishment, and who seemed like a very intelligent man, that I should like to be Grand Duke until I got all these fine things in my possession, and then I would willingly resign the office. He spoke in the highest terms of the government of the Grand Duke, and said he governed his people like a father, and not as a tyrant. He told me the workmen in this establishment get from thirty cents a day to a dollar, according to the part of the work they have to do ; and if they or their families are sick, they have medical attendance without expense to them. When one dies, a pension is settled upon the widow.

In other rooms we saw beautiful paintings, originals of those in the Church of San Lorenzo. One of the finest of these is Hagar, sent forth by Abraham. The sad, mournful look in the sweet face of Hagar, the childish grief in that of Ishmael, the stern countenance of the Patriarch, the unyield-

ing face of Sarah, the innocent, pleading expression of the young Isaac, are inimitable. A picture of fearful sublimity is Christ, sitting in His glory, to judge the world. Below him stand the angels, driving the condemned ones to the place of torment, whose bodies, as they descend, seem to reflect the lurid flames below, which are visible only by this reflection. Then there is a painting of the Crucifixion. At the foot of the cross are two or three women, whose faces express the deepest grief. One clings closely to the cross, as though she could not let her Redeemer go; the others stand with looks upturned, weeping for their Lord and Master.

After dinner, yesterday; we rode out to the Cascine, the Grand Duke's park. The most of the way the road was bordered with trees, with rich meadows on either side, then it passed through thick woods, the shade of which was really refreshing. This park is three miles in extent, and is beautifully laid out with winding walks and rides. It is at all times thrown open to the public, and here at the usual hour for riding, you will meet a great number of carriages filled with the fashionables of the city. At one particular place, many leave their carriages and walk. Here I have seen the handsomest women I have met in Europe, for I must say the ladies in France and Italy are the homeliest I ever saw; but I suspect the most of those we saw in the Cascine were English.

We spent all this morning at the Pitti Palace, which belongs to the Grand Duke. It is an immense edifice, built in the usual Florentine style, that is, of large blocks of stone. In this palace is the choicest collection of paintings in the world; at least so say some connoisseurs. There are several Madonnas by Raphael, how beautiful I need not say, since it is enough that they are by him. One of these is such a favorite of the Grand Duke's, that he takes it with him in his carriage, whenever he goes any distance from Florence. There were masterpieces by Rubens, Domenichino, Caravaggio, Coreg-

gio, Carlo Dolci, Titian, Tintoretto, and a host of others. I do not know when I ever enjoyed any thing so much as the visit to this palace.

We saw only the rooms open to the public, so took more notice of the paintings than the furniture. In fact, furniture is a secondary consideration, and I should not mention it, only that you may have some idea how the rooms look. In the Pitti Palace, the frames of the chairs and sofas were all gilded. In many of the rooms were splendid mosaic tables and vases of Sévres porcelain of beautiful workmanship.

The bathing-room of the Grand Duchess is a nice little room. The bathing-tub is of white marble, and around the room are several beautiful statues.

In the rooms devoted to natural history, are beautiful specimens of birds and fishes, insects and reptiles. In other rooms are represented in wax all the bones of the human frame, from a perfect skeleton down to the most minute bone. This is the most perfect collection in the world, and forms a complete school of anatomy. Parts of this collection have been copied and sent into France, England and America.

Here, too, is represented in wax, the progress of the plague, at the time it raged here. There were different figures, representing different stages of the disease, even to the putrified dead bodies in the streets. It made me shudder to see them, and yet I mustered nerve enough to look steadily at them, because though fearful sights, I thought I might not have another opportunity to see any thing like them.

We then visited the garden of the Grand Duke, which is finely laid out with noble trees and broad walks. Many of the trees are kept closely trimmed so as to form hedges. I saw but few flowers, but many orange and lemon trees. The great basin of granite we met on our way to Pisa, is in this garden, but not yet fixed in its proper place.

In an artificial lake in this garden a man was found drowned last Friday morning, being the sixth person who

has drowned himself in this place. The guards stationed at the gates are very particular, and will allow none to go in without permission, as we found to our sorrow, for we had tickets for four persons, whereas with John we were five in number; so we had to wait and send back to the office and get another ticket. The sun was very hot, but the crusty fellow would not permit us even to rest under the shade of a tree within the gate, but made us stand without under the noontide beams of the sun. When we came out, Mr. D. told John to tell that man if he ever came to America, he would be happy to see him at his house.

After dinner, as we were crossing one of the bridges, we saw the Grand Duke's carriage coming along, drawn by six horses, with three or four outriders. We requested our coachman to stop, that we might have a good view of his highness. Mr. D. got his hat off in readiness for a polite bow, I stood up in the carriage with my glass to my eye, while J. sat very composedly on his seat. The carriage swept by. Mr. D. flourished away with his bows, when "lo and behold," there was no one in the carriage but the infant and his attendants! Mr. D. quickly put on his hat, while I slipped quietly down on my seat. How we did laugh! I feared J. never would stop. The idea of our making all that fuss for an infant and its nurse was perfectly ridiculous. However, there was some consolation, for I noticed that all in the streets took off their hats, and made obeisance to the baby. And after all, it was not so very bad, for as soon as I could cease laughing long enough to make inquiries of John, I found out that the lady in the carriage was sister to the Grand Duke.

As we entered the grounds of a villa, to get a celebrated view of Florence, it began to rain. John went to ask permission for us to go into the garden to obtain this view, and he also took the liberty of inquiring if we might wait in the house till the rain had ceased. The permission was readily granted, but when he came to the carriage to tell us, we refused to go in, as it was a private house. However, a gen-

tleman came out with an umbrella, and at his polite invitation we went in. The horses were sent to the stable, and John disappeared with the servants, so we could not employ him as an interpreter; we should all have been obliged to sit in silence, had not an old gentleman, who seemed the master of the house, began to speak to us in French. I then quickly found the use of my tongue, and apologized for our intrusion. But he would not admit that it was any intrusion at all, and two or three ladies who were in the room, smiled a welcome upon us. But as soon as it ceased raining, we rose to take our leave, though not till we were most politely asked to stay to supper, and even to stop all night. But with our blandest smiles, and my choicest French, we declined and left them. John told us the villa belonged to Chevalier —, quite a great man. We scolded him for getting us into such a predicament, but he is such a good natured old man, he would not get angry with us, and all we could get out of him by way of apology, was that, "I was afraid my mistress" (thus he always designates me) "would get cold."

But when we saw the charming view spread out before us, we forgot all else. How beautifully did Florence look, seated on gently swelling hills, with the river Arno running through her midst. Well may the Italians call this city "*la bella*," (the beautiful) for she is by far the handsomest city we have yet seen, always excepting Paris. Around, the hills rose into mountains, whose sides and tops were dotted with villas and villages. Here Galileo used to come and study the stars. There is on the side of the house a marble slab recording the fact.

We then rode through the city and out of the gates, and passed near the villa where the Hon. Edward Everett at present resides. The beauty of the rides around this city is greatly impaired by the high stone walls that surround the villas. I like much better the pretty hedges, though stone walls remind me more of my own New England.

After we got back into the city we passed the house where Americus Vespucius was born. As it was from him our country derived its name, we looked upon it with no little interest. It is a large stone house, three stories in height. There is an inscription in marble over the door, telling whose birthplace it was.

And thus two pleasant days have passed. May the account of them furnish as much pleasure to you. And now, good night.

FLORENCE, Thursday eve.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have just sent off one letter to you. We send our letters to our banker in Paris, and have to pay to get them out of this country. He then has to pay the postage after they get into France and out of France for England, otherwise they will not go by the Liverpool steamships. Thus I trust entirely to him to have them in England in season. Occasionally, as you have seen, I have sent them by some packet ship, direct from the port where I have been, but as they generally have long passages, there is nothing gained by it, so I now send them altogether by England. We have expected letters here, but as yet none have come.

And now once more to things in Florence. We visited yesterday morning the palace belonging to the Prince Borghese, who resides, however, the greater part of the time in Rome. We went to see this palace, not for the paintings, but just to see how a real palace, belonging to a private gentleman, looks, for the most of those we have visited, you know, have been royal palaces. There are twenty-seven rooms shown to visitors; these are company rooms, the private rooms never being shown. These rooms were furnished in the most elegant manner, and no two are alike. The walls

were hung with satin of different colors, purple, blue, yellow, green, crimson, brown, dove colored, &c., and the covering of the chairs and sofas were always of the same color and material as the hangings of the wall. Some of the rooms were literally lined with mirrors, over the top of which were festoons of silk or damask. The card-room was hung with green satin; the tables were of white marble, with gilt legs. The dancing hall is very large, and is a most splendid apartment. At each end were two marble pillars, the ceiling was vaulted and painted in fresco, and all the cornices were gilded. The walls were hung with festoons of blue and white satin, with immense mirrors beneath the hangings. There were three most elegant chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, and also smaller ones in the shape of a crown around the walls; in all there were seven hundred and thirty-two lamps. In several niches there were fine marble statues. There was a balcony at the upper end of the hall, also hung with blue and white satin, where any ladies of the house, who did not wish to be seen, might come and view the dancers. There was a small recess separated from the hall by two pillars. In this the walls were gilded. This is for the Grand Duke, when he honors the ball with his presence. At every carnival the Prince comes here, and gives a masquerade ball. At the first ball given in this palace, four thousand and three hundred invitations were issued, and the whole suite of rooms was thrown open.

In other rooms, the walls were painted in landscapes. The frames of all the chairs, sofas and tables were gilt. Each room had a beautiful carpet, which is quite a rare sight in Italy, and all had clocks and vases of elegant materials and workmanship. This certainly comes up to my idea of a palace more than any thing I have yet seen.

At the entrance to the suite of rooms, at the head of the staircase, was a chair in which the former Princess used to sit, and thus be let down and drawn up by some kind of machinery, whenever she went out and came in. Quite a com-

fortable arrangement for a lady who may be too lazy or too grand to go up and down stairs like other people.

The attendant, who has charge of the apartments, and who went round with us, paid us quite a compliment. Though an Italian, he spoke French very fluently. In speaking to us of our country, I asked him how he knew Americans from Englishmen. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Oh, the English are proud and rather saucy, the Americans are more affable and pleasant." Perhaps he expected a larger fee than usual after such praise.

We then visited the Church of Santa Croce, which was built about 1294. The most of the churches in Florence are of a peculiar style of architecture, as least as regards the exterior. The rough, unhewn stone, of which some of them are built, give them a heavy, and at the same time unfinished appearance. Santa Croce is particularly celebrated for its monuments. The first, as you enter the door, is that of Michael Angelo, the prince of sculptors. The sarcophagus is of white marble, on the top of which are three figures, representing Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, mourning over their favorite son. Sculpture is sitting, leaning forward in an attitude of grief; the others are standing; they are all well executed.

Next to this is a more modern one erected by subscription to Dante. The figures represent Poetry and Italy. They were sculptured by Ricci, now a distinguished artist, but lately a peasant boy.

Then comes Alfieri's monument, done by Canova. On the sarcophagus leans Italy with grief on her face, mourning for her distinguished son. There is also a neat, chaste and beautiful monument erected to his wife. Also one to Galileo, poor, despised, persecuted Galileo, on which are two figures representing Astronomy and Geometry. Now perhaps you are ready to ask how I know what all these figures represent, and whether there is any particular mark about them, that would lead one to decide what they meant. I

must confess that to my eyes they look a good deal alike, though Sculpture holds her own particular tools, and Painting hers, though as for the rest of them, Poetry, Religion and Italy, I can't tell one from another without referring to the guide to explain them.

We next visited a spot hallowed by peculiar associations. It was the house formerly inhabited by Michael Angelo. Why is it that there is always a charm about the places where great men have lived, and that we have such a desire to visit those spots? A suite of four rooms is shown just as they were left by the great sculptor and painter. In one, the walls are covered with paintings, depicting various events in the life of the artist, done by some of his pupils. In the others were presents that he had received from various persons, his painting utensils, and fragments of his sculpture. I sat in one of his chairs, a high, stiffed back, old-fashioned chair covered with green silk, and I fancied that here he often sat while visions of the sublime and beautiful floated before his eyes. What glory and majesty, what beauty and grace are embodied in his works! Shall we e'er look upon his like again?

Afterwards we went to the chapel of the Medici, connected with the church of San Lorenzo. This chapel, though not yet finished, has already cost ten million dollars! What should we think of a church like that in our country? Our fellow-countrymen are too much engaged in speculation and trading, to think of investing money in any other way than will be for their immediate profit.

The chapel of the Medici is a small edifice of an octangular form, and designed for a burial-place for that distinguished family, which has done more than any other to beautify this city. It is surmounted by a dome, the inside of which is covered with beautiful paintings, copies of those I saw in the Academy of Fine Arts. The walls of the chapel are all of costly materials, nothing like common marble being here seen. There are large slabs of jasper, por-

phyry, rosso antico, (a species of red marble) verd antique and serpentine, (both green marbles and considered priceless) alabaster and granite, this last quite different from our granite, being of the most perfect smoothness and polish. There are six sarcophagi of the richest Egyptian and oriental granite. On two of them are cushions of red jasper, on which are crowns composed of precious stones. Beneath these sarcophagi are the remains of some of the princes of the Medici family.

Behind this, is another and still smaller chapel, designed by Michael Angelo. The walls are partly encrusted with rich marbles. Two of the Medici family are here buried. Their monuments are adorned with magnificent sculpture by Michael Angelo, though in rather an unfinished state, death having seized upon that great master before he had time to perfect all that his sublime genius conceived.

We visited the studio of Signor Castoli, who has a noble statue of Galileo nearly finished, designed for the Pitti Palace. He has already been engaged four years upon it. What untiring patience and perseverance, what enthusiasm in the fine arts, are needed for accomplishing such works! But then when done, they last for ages. What a stimulus is this to the artist, who day and night labors on, with unwearied spirit, with never-flagging energy, that long after he has passed away and his name and race are almost forgotten, his work, the noble conception of his genius, will live and be admired!

After dinner yesterday we rode to Fiesole, a village on the top of one of the mountains that environ Florence, where we had a magnificent view of this city and the surrounding country. The Arno looked like a silver thread as it meandered along, and like many other things, it looks much better at a distance, than when seen near at hand, for it is a dirty miserable looking river seen from the city. At this season of the year however, swollen by mountain-streams and the melting of mountain snows, it rushes rapidly along, bearing on

its bosom a great deal of its mother earth, which gives it a dirty and turbid appearance. But we have gone away from our airy height, so let us once more get back to the mountain side. On our right far away in the distance we saw the dark woods of Vallambrosa, while between us and them lay many a sheltered dell and smiling valley. What a glorious world is this in which we live! Who can ever tire of looking on the fair face of nature, varied as it is by mountains and hills, by glens and glades, by lakes and streams? Back and forth we walked, now looking at this prospect, now at that, till the long shadows cast before us, warned us that the evening shades were fast approaching, and that we must turn our steps city-ward. But to this John would not consent, till we had been into a monastery, or as in his broken English he calls it, a "monkey house," (fit name surely) that was near by, from which were seen fine views of the city. He said they would not allow me to go in, nevertheless, when the door was opened I followed Mr. D., but I was soon stopped by an exclamation from one of the monks of "No, Signora, no;" but I said, "si, si," (yes, yes,) and attempted to enter, when he gently put me back with his hand. However I kept on, till he shut the door against me, when I thought it was quite time for me to yield. Besides he quoted the authority of the Pope, who had ordered that no female should enter a monastery; of course I could not resist "the holy father." By the way, though, it is privately rumored here that the Grand Duke has lately dared to resist him, by taking some land from an immensely rich bishop at Pisa, and appropriating it for the poor. The bishop went to the Pope for redress, but the Grand Duke refused to yield the point, and so the Pope sent him a private excommunication, which however has produced no change in his determination. Now whether "his holiness," will proceed to extremities and publicly excommunicate him, is doubtful, but if he should, there may arise a contest, that will shake the pontifical power to its very centre.

John would not leave me alone, to go in the monastery with the gentlemen; nothing would induce him to leave "his mistress," even though told they could not understand any thing without him. I really believe he thought I might be spirited away, so he followed me while I walked to that part of the hill where I could gaze down on the luxuriant country below. Nor was he the only one that kept near me, for at one time I counted more than a dozen beggars around me. In this city I have seen but one beggar, for if any one is here seen begging, he is taken up and carried to the poor-house.

To-day there has been a great fête, a sort of religious ceremony, called Corpus Domini, though for what purpose it was instituted I know not. We were awakened very early by the ringing of bells, and the sound of people in the streets. We had breakfast at half-past six (a barbarous hour for us) and very soon after went to the church, where the most of the ceremonies were to take place. All the shops in the city were closed; the whole population seemed to be in the streets. From the Cathedral where the procession commenced, to the church where the ceremonies were performed, a covered way was erected for the people to walk under. The ground was strewed with sprigs of green, and the windows of all the houses were hung with damask of various colors. When we arrived at the church we found it one blaze of light. The chandeliers were all lit up, and dozens of large wax candles were burning on the altar. The walls and pillars were hung with crimson damask. We had to wait a long time in the church, but we had taken the precaution to secure chairs, and by paying a small fee to one of the priests, he procured us seats in the nave, through which the procession was to pass. The church was crowded, yet the most perfect order was preserved. Soldiers were stationed all around to see that every thing was right. After being there about an hour and a half, we heard the music, which announced the coming of the procession, and

a procession indeed it was, for I should think it consisted of several thousand persons, and such looking people I never before saw. Our old-fashioned militia training on the first day of April was fine compared with this "turn out." It seems that about all the men in Florence, the nobility excepted, unite in companies on this occasion, and each company chooses a particular dress, their object being to imitate the different orders of monks. To-day they were dressed in loose slouching robes, made of coarse cloth, and of the most ugly colors imaginable, dingy white, dirty brown, rusty black, chocolate, lead and snuff colored. They wore on their heads a sort of hood, which was brought down over their faces, so that only their eyes were seen peering through little holes cut in the cloth. At the head of each company walked a man having under a canopy a large crucifix. Some of their canopies were very rich, being of crimson velvet embroidered with gold. There were several thousand men in this grotesque attire. They walked up through the nave of the church, and then down one of the side aisles, each one bending on one knee, as he passed by the high altar, and singing as they walked along, the ambition of each seeming to be, which should sing the loudest. Can you imagine any thing less like a religious ceremony? After these had passed, then came the monks in the dress of their different orders, the Dominicans, Augustinians, Franciscans, Capuchins, &c. A monk is always dressed in a loose flowing robe of coarse woollen cloth, girt round the waist by a small rope, the knotted ends of which hang down below the knees, (and, by the way, I suppose it is with this that they scourge themselves when they do penance.) The sleeves are loose and hanging. A large hood is attached to the neck of the robe, and can be drawn down over the head when occasion requires. Their heads are shaved bare in a circle round the crown, which however is covered by a small cap, and only seen when the cap is removed, in bowing before the altar. Instead of shoes they wear sandals,

and no stockings, and their bare feet (not always the cleanest) seen peeping out from under their robes, are by no means the least singular part of their appearance. The Franciscans wear brown robes, the Dominicans or Augustinians, I have forgotten which, white, and the Capuchins, who have very long beards, dark brown. After all the monks had come and gone, though where they went to after they passed down the church, I cannot tell, came the priests dressed in their robes of office. Of these I counted nearly one thousand. Then came two or three bishops, in white satin robes elegantly embroidered, and walking under a canopy of white silk, borne by six priests. After them walked the nobles, the lawyers and judges of the court, all splendidly dressed, some in robes of silk of different colors, others in black with a broad blue scarf round the waist, and others still in black bordered with ermine. Last of all came the Grand Duke of Tuscany in a robe of white satin, with a scarlet mantle over his shoulders, his train being borne by two pages, dressed in coats and pantaloons of white silk, trimmed with gold lace. Directly in front of us was his chair covered with crimson velvet. He did not sit down however, but knelt at a little table before it. When he arose from his knees, he walked down the aisle, and I saw no more of him. He is a tall, thin man, rather pale, his hair a little grey, and his nose slightly upturned. On the whole he has a pleasing, though not a handsome face. He appeared as grave and devout as one of our puritan ancestors would have looked, while listening to a learned discourse from some of the gifted, though how he can patronize a parade like this, so unlike a religious festival, is more than I can tell. I forgot before to say that he, and nearly all the priests and nobles carried lighted torches in their hands, and about as queer a thing as any, was to see little boys walking along by the torches, with papers in their hands, to catch the drops of grease as they fell.

We cared not to stay to see the rest of the show, so as soon

as the Grand Duke left, we left also. We tried to get out in season to see him ride away from the church, but there was such a crowd as to render it quite impossible. I never was in such a jam before. I really thought at one time I should be pressed to death. I was almost suffocated, so I was glad to come back home and rest awhile. We seated ourselves in a little balcony front of our window, and there looked out upon the passers by. Crowds of people were in the streets, dressed in their best attire, looking neat and clean. The women all wore large leghorn hats. All passed by in a quiet and orderly manner, no appearance of rioting and drunkenness whatever. Then came a band of music. All the musicians had their notes fastened on to some part of their instrument, so that they could look at them as they played. A long procession of priests and monks then followed.

Being somewhat rested, we walked out to see what was going on. The festival in the church was over, and the people were returning to their houses and various occupations.

We visited the studio of Mr. Powers, a young American sculptor of much promise. He has busts of many of our distinguished fellow countrymen; Jackson, Van Buren, Granger, and some others. But the finest piece of his workmanship is the statue of a young girl, I think Genevra, so well known from Rogers' touching tale. The figure is small, but charming; the face, lovely. The hair is combed back from the brow, and gathered into two or three curls behind; the throat and bust are beautiful, and modestly covered with a light drapery. On the whole, it is a charming thing, so chaste and so lovely. He is at present at work on the statue of Eve; from the clay cast, it will be most beautiful when done. May we not hope that our country will yet boast of sculptors, worthy of walking in the footsteps of Canova and Ricci, and Michael Angelo?

We went also to the studio of Mr. Greenough, another

American artist. We were disappointed in not seeing his statue of Washington. It has lately been sent to Leghorn, to go from there to the United States. He has orders from government at home for another work, to adorn the grounds of the Capitol. He showed us the model in plaster. A woman, holding in her arms her babe, kneels before an Indian, who, with tomahawk in hand, has just raised his arm to strike, when the husband appears, seizes him on the shoulder, and thus averts the threatened blow. It will certainly be a grand work when completed. He expects to be at least three years in doing it.

We went to see still another artist from our own land, Mr. Clavenger. He has a few heads of some distinguished Americans. Have we not reason to be proud of our young countrymen? I hope to see the time when they will return home laden with the rich fruits of their genius.

After dinner, we rode a little distance out of the city to a ground for ball playing. This had a high wall on one side, and on the other, rows of seats for spectators. There were eight players, all dressed in white clothes, short breeches and kid shoes. They showed great agility and strength. I was quite interested in seeing them. Indeed, I have stood up so much to-day, that I was glad to sit there a little while in the fresh air.

Afterwards we rode on a little farther toward a church, where there seemed to be ceremonies similar to those we witnessed in the morning, excepting that it was on a much smaller scale. All the houses in the neighborhood had little rows of lamps fixed on the outside, and damask hanging from the windows, this damask being hired for the occasion.

We came home through the beautiful Cascine, though it was so late, its beauties were almost lost upon us.

I really am too tired and sleepy to write another word; so good night.

BOLOGNA, Saturday eve.

MY DEAR F. :

Once more we are upon the wing. We left Florence yesterday morning, with the same horses and carriage and driver we had from Rome. Poor John appeared to feel much afflicted at parting from us. After seeing all our packages, books, maps and cloaks safely stowed away in the carriage, he came to me with his parting gift, neatly folded in a piece of paper. It was several wafers, such as are used by the Romish priests in the administration of the holy communion. They are quite large, round, and very thin, and are stamped with a crucifix. They are made of a kind of paste. After we were all seated in the carriage, he came round by my side, and softly said, "Now my mistress, I have one great favor to ask you; will you let me kiss your hand?" I readily gave him my hand; he gently took it and impressed upon it a warm, fervent kiss, while the large tears stood in his eyes. He was a kind-hearted, good-natured old man, and at our first interview we quite won his heart by inquiring after his family, so that ever since then he has been devoted to us. I found him at the door of my room early in the morning, and he never left us in the evening till he was sure we needed nothing more from him that night.

We stopped last night at Pietra-mala, a small, dirty town, about thirty-two miles from Florence. The lower story of the inn was used as a stable, so you may well imagine our room had rather a "barny" smell. While waiting for our dinner, we took a little boy for a guide, and walked to a small volcano about a mile from the town. Our way lay over stony and rough paths, through thickets and dells, and over babbling brooks, till we reached the desired spot. All along I was on the lookout for the mountain, but found to my astonishment, that instead of ascending we were descending all the time, and were actually within the crater of a half extinct volcano. From a spot about twelve or fifteen

feet in diameter, the fire issued from several different openings. It seemed to us like a species of gas, similar to that we saw in the "Grotto del Cane," near Naples. Some water was thrown on the fire, and it was immediately extinguished, but on a lighted taper being held over the opening, it was instantly rekindled.

This noon we stopped at Peonora, where we took an early dinner. Just as we arrived there, it began to rain, and such a storm I scarcely before witnessed. The rain and the hail actually poured down, accompanied by sharp lightning and heavy thunder. The inn was a scene of unusual bustle. A large washing had that morning been done, and the clothes were nearly dry, when the rain suddenly came, and then such a scampering of women and maids! Even the master of the house, a great fat, portly man, seemed to feel deeply the melancholy condition of affairs, for when he came in to lay the cloth for dinner, I thought I must say something, as I found he spoke French, so I took the weather for my topic, and said, "How it rains;" to which he instantly responded in a sad tone of voice, and with the most lugubrious face imaginable, "Ah, yes! Madame, and all our clothes are out!"

But most of all was I interested in observing the rapid rise in a small stream near the house. I even forgot the thunder and the lightning, generally such a source of terror to me. When we first arrived at the inn, it was a little brook that any child might have leaped over, but in less than a half hour it was swollen to a mountain torrent, and it went foaming and dashing on, down the hill-side and through the vale, as though it would sweep all before it. You may easily imagine from this, how soon a river, fed by a dozen such streams, would rise and overflow its banks, and cause inundations similar to those I have before mentioned to you.

The country between Florence and this city was mountainous. We once more crossed a part of the Apennines, and were obliged again to have oxen to assist us. Some

parts of the scenery were very grand, presenting high mountains, some rugged and barren and "rock-ribbed," others green and fertile, deep bright vales, stretching far down, sometimes well cultivated, at others in all the wild luxuriance of nature. Now our road was through woods darkening our way, and then over barren and desolate tracts of land. We saw but few houses on the road, save those collected in scattered villages, and here and there guard-houses for soldiers, stationed among the mountain fastnesses. The deep silence was often unbroken, except by the wheels of our carriage, and ever and anon the faint tinkling of bells, borne on the wind from some sheltered dell. And such changeable weather as we had ; I never before saw the like. At one time the sun would be unclouded, the next moment the rain would fall as though a second deluge was about to visit the earth, and by the time the carriage windows were well closed, and J. had dismounted from the coachman's box, where he generally sits, and had entered the carriage, to the great inconvenience of books and maps plentifully sprinkled over the empty seat, the sun would once more be shining in undimmed brilliancy. Again, a fierce, cold blast would come sweeping through a mountain pass, and shawls, coats and cloaks had quickly to be drawn from their hiding places, and by the time we were well wrapped in their warm folds, we would find the heat intolerable. And yet we enjoyed the ride and the country, and often got out and walked some distance. All around us were mountains piled on mountains, lifting their lofty summits to the skies, the clouds seeming to repose on their tops, while far down we saw valleys and plains, robed in beauteous green, varied here and there by a turreted castle or a village.

This morning we once more came into the dominions of the Papa (as the Pope is here called), where our passports were examined, and doubtless our trunks would have undergone a severe scrutiny, had not Francesco paid something to let us pass without it. But the idea of bribing those well-

dressed, good-looking officers ! one would think they would scorn a fee of a couple of pauls, but, on the contrary, they bow, and graciously acknowledge it with a smile. In fact one gets off much cheaper by so doing, than by letting them take their own course, for they are altogether above unstrapping and lifting off a trunk themselves ; inferior attendants do that, and they exact quite a fee for taking off and putting back three large trunks. We instantly discovered a difference in the aspect of the country from what it was in Tuscany, and particularly in the roads. These, in the Grand Duke's dominions, are perfect ; they are all macadamized, and at regular intervals by the roadside, you will see heaps of little stones all prepared, and ready to be put immediately where repairs are necessary.

From Peonora to Bologna the ride was delightful, through a fertile and well cultivated country, by the side of a rushing stream, and in sight of many beautiful country seats. But unfortunately for us, just before we reached this city, the rain began to pour down, which effectually prevented us from seeing the beauty of the environs. However, as usual, it soon became pleasant again. Bologna is delightfully situated in the midst of the richest plains. It is surrounded by a wall, with all its appendages of moats, drawbridges, and gates. We were kept at least a half hour at the gates waiting for our passports to be examined, till we all were thoroughly out of patience. Francesco too has to have his passport, which is as duly examined as ours. Often too he has to dismount from his box and stand quietly by, while it is searched to see if any contraband articles are there hidden. In vain we assure the officers that the carriage belongs to us, that we have hired it for the occasion, and have full control over it ; they assure us, in turn, that they do not doubt us, but our coachman. After all, they will do as they like, and the best way is to take it all patiently ; for if you bluster and get angry, they search the more rigorously, being convinced that you then have concealed something.

No sooner had we selected our rooms, than we started off to view the city; and oh! how greatly were we disappointed in it! For two days we had feasted our imaginations on the beautiful descriptions of this city given by Carter, an American traveller, and we rejoiced that we could stop a day in so charming a spot. But oh! how often does imagination mislead us! Instead of "the rows of houses, with colonnades in front, supported by handsome pillars, in some places of marble," we saw indeed the houses and the colonnades, and the pillars, but the houses were plain, and the pillars of brick, slightly covered with mortar. In all our walk I saw not a handsome house. Near the walls of the city is a circular corso which is very pretty; the centre is covered with grass, and planted with trees, the rides and walks running around it.

We entered a church, the walls of which were hung with red damask, and before it was a covered way, so I suppose "Corpus Domini" was celebrated here too. We visited one or two galleries of paintings, where we saw some fine pictures. Bologna has given birth to many distinguished artists, the Caracci, Domenichino, Albano, Guido, and Elizabeth Serani. In one of the galleries are collected the pictures that were taken from the different churches by Napoleon, and carried to Paris, and here are some of the best specimens of the Bolognese school.

We went into the Church of St. Dominick to see a celebrated piece of sculpture. It is on the high altar, which is also the tomb of St. Dominick. On the front are bas-reliefs representing scenes in the life of that saint, from the time he lay a babe on his bed, till he was received into glory and sat on the left hand of God! In front of the sarcophagus are two cherubs kneeling, one of which, a sweet little gem, was done by Michael Angelo.

I have sat here this evening writing to you, while J. is out taking a quiet walk. Mr. D. and Mr. T. have long since retired to their rooms, and I sit in our part of the hotel en-

tirely alone, and yet not lonely, for in writing thus to you of all that I see and hear, I feel as though I were almost talking with you. But now I am through with what I have to tell you, and I begin to wonder at J.'s absence. Not so much that I feel that any ill has befallen him, for you well know that it is not in my temperament to anticipate evil, but he has the keys with him, and I can't get at my journal, and so for the first time this many a week I sit in idleness, wondering what I shall do next. But hark! I hear a step, and the well-known voice. He enters, looking wearied and flushed. And where do you think he has been the last two hours? Why, wandering through the narrow, dark streets of Bologna, trying in vain to find our hotel. The name of it he had entirely forgotten. He went into two or three cafés and shops, but could find no one that understood French. He tried Latin; all in vain; to the common people of Bologna that was indeed a "dead language." At last, fatigued and dispirited, he went into a café, and there, by dint of mixing French, and Italian and Latin together, he found a waiter that could be made to understand his situation, and he showed him the way home, though not without making known first that he should expect his "buono mano." From the circumstance of all the houses in this city being built on the same plan, with a colonnade row in front, it is exceedingly difficult to find one's way about, even in the daytime; add to this, the narrow, ill-lighted streets of an Italian town, and it is no wonder that one should get bewildered.

Sunday.

This morning we went to the Cathedral, which proved to be the same church we visited yesterday. About one hundred priests were going in procession around the church, chanting in responses, one part saying something, and the other singing, in answer, "ora pro nobis," (pray for us).

In the Church of St. Peter are windows of painted glass, through which the light streamed beautifully. Here too is

a celebrated meridian, which extends nearly the length of the church. The sun shines in upon it through a small opening high up in the wall.

There are two leaning towers in Bologna, one inclining four feet, and the other eight, from the perpendicular, but they possess neither the classic elegance and lightness of the one at Pisa, nor the ancient Gothic magnificence of the Campanile at Florence.

After dinner to-day we rode out to the Campo Santo. The ride was through a most beautiful country, and what rendered it still more lovely, there were no high stone walls to hide the beauties from the eye, as at Florence; nothing but the low hawthorn hedge, over which we could see the fields teeming with grain. The Campo Santo occupies the ground where once stood a convent; in fact its very cloisters are now receptacles of the dead. This is a very extensive cemetery; the monuments line the walls, but the most of them are shabby, the figures being of plaster instead of marble. There are one or two fine monuments, however; one, a copy of Canova's beautiful piece in St. Peter's, and another, having on it a veiled figure in imitation of the one at Naples, but altogether inferior to it. In the church connected with this cemetery are some good frescoes. In side chapels are chains taken from Christian captives belonging to Bologna, who had been at one time prisoners in Arabia and Turkey. Every where I went about in this cemetery I was followed by a priest, who never took his eyes from me. I was actually frightened, and once asked one of the attendants who he was, and what he wanted. He shrugged his shoulders, and said either that he was crazy or foolish, and which he meant I don't know, as the same word expresses the two different meanings. Any way, I was excessively annoyed, and was glad to get in the carriage and come off.

We then rode toward the Church of San Luca, which is situated on a hill three miles from the city, and from which a covered way supported by arches and pillars, extends the

whole distance. We left the carriage and walked a little way up the hill, not intending to go to the church, but Mr. D. and Mr. T. got ahead of us, and we lost sight of them. They pressed on, thinking that for once they would outstrip us, and so we had to wait for them to come back, as we of course had no way of knowing how far they had gone, nor how soon they would turn back.

From this spot we had a fine view of the luxuriant country in the midst of which Bologna is situated. We saw the range of mountains we crossed in coming from Florence; at their feet the country stretched out for miles in a perfect plain, with a little river winding along in the midst of it. It was cultivated to the highest degree, and looked like a rich garden. We could plainly see Modena, at a distance of twenty-three miles, lifting its spires to the sky. After waiting two hours for the gentlemen, we got quite tired, and came back to our hotel, but our coachman misunderstanding our orders, came by a circuitous route, so that when we got home we found the truants here before us. They must have come down immediately after we left; finding no carriage waiting they got home as quickly as possible, while it was light enough for them to see their way.

And now I once more bid you farewell.

FERRARA, Wednesday evening.

MY DEAREST FRIEND :

We left Bologna this morning by half past five. How beautifully the country looks at this early hour, with the dew laying on the long grass and shining like diamonds. The country is perfectly level from Bologna here; the road is bordered with trees, mostly poplars. A great deal of hemp is raised on these plains, and the number of little ponds used for rotting the hemp serves to create an unwholesome air,

so that this district of the country is but thinly inhabited. The few people we did meet, looked pale and thin. They have the queerest looking things for common carriages on this road, I ever saw. It is just like four poles, fastened together in the form of a square, over which is thrown a netting of rope. On this netting is fixed a kind of seat, and this is the whole of the vehicle. The shafts are on top of the horse, so that the thing looks all the time as though it were tipping backwards.

This is quite a large city, but without any pretensions to beauty or elegance. It looks in fact, like what it is, a place that has seen its best days. The houses are dirty, the streets in some places wide, in others narrow, and oftentimes grass-grown.

We visited the library, which contains (I declare I have forgotten already how many volumes) and in which is the tomb of Ariosto, which would be quite a magnificent affair, were it not built of marble of all colors, which mingled together without any taste, greatly mars the effect. Here is the poet's arm-chair, now moth-eaten, and time-worn. In this chair I sat, though alas! no inspiration came to me, called I never so loudly for it. We saw also his inkstand, which is of iron, with a carved figure on the top of it; also a medal found in his tomb, on one side of which is his bust, and on the other a serpent, the emblem of eternity. We saw the manuscript of Orlando Furioso, and some letters signed Ludovico Ariosto, also some of Tasso's letters and his manuscript of "Jerusalem Delivered." There were many corrections in the lines; the margin was often covered with alterations and suggestions, sometimes a piece of paper covered a whole verse, and another written in its stead. Here too were the manuscript of Guarini's "Pastor Fidus," and the first edition of Orlando Furioso ever published. It was printed early in the sixteenth century, and was purchased by this library for one thousand dollars. I counted more than ten different editions of the same poem, some of which were in foreign languages.

We then went to the prison of Tasso, a cell beneath the hospital of Sant'Anna. It is several feet under ground, and has at present no window, though at the time the poet was here confined, there was a window that looked upon the street and the Ducal palace, so that occasionally he could catch a glimpse of his fair mistress. It was formerly connected with a garden, though there are no remains of it at present seen. On the outside of the cell is an inscription in marble, that here Tasso was confined seven years and three months, though Carter only makes it seven weeks ; on what authority I know not. It certainly must have been longer than that, because he wrote his "Jerusalem Delivered" while in prison. The common story at Ferrara is, that through jealousy on the part of the Duke of Ferrara or the Duchess Eleonora, he was deprived of his liberty, though the ostensible motive was that he was crazy.

The man that we had for a guide round the city was also guide to Lord Byron when he was here. He says Lord B. spent three hours and a half in the cell, and wrote all the time he was there. He showed us where he carved his name in quite large letters, on one of the pillars at the entrance.

The ancient Ducal palace is a large, massy looking edifice, surrounded by a wide moat. We did not go inside of the palace, however, but came back to our hotel, and took dinner, after which we strolled out without any particular end in view. We came to the Cathedral, an ancient looking edifice of black marble, undoubtedly white in its day, which has long since passed by. The vestibule in front is supported by pillars, which rest upon the shoulders of two fat, hump-backed men, certainly a poor design. Within, near the door, are two well-sculptured marble figures bearing the basins of holy water. The church is rather so-so, the pillars and altars being painted to imitate marble.

It really makes me feel melancholy to pass through the almost deserted streets of a large city like this, and reflect

on what it was and what it now is. How is she fallen from the days when Ariosto and Tasso, and Guarini kept their literary court here, when the ducal power was wielded with the pomp and parade that now attends a kingdom! Now her great men have passed away, and her government, "the Papa" has assumed upon himself. We found in stalls in some of the streets, many rare editions of old writers, but we are already troubled enough with baggage without wishing to add to it. I bought two editions of Thomas A. Kempis, one published in the sixteenth, and the other in the seventeenth century, and got them both for a mere trifle.

I have to-day had a recurrence of the sickness that prostrated me at Terracina, so that I have not had my usual strength to assist me in going about here. After all, I may have seen about all there is to be seen. We now have to start so early in the mornings, that I am forced to retire a little earlier than I have been accustomed to; however I seize every moment I get at our stopping places during the day, to write in my journal, so that I may have the early part of the evening to devote to you. Once more, adieu.

At a little town a few miles from Venice.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

While stopping here for our noon rest, I improve the hour or two we have to stay in writing to you, as there is nothing here particularly worthy of being seen.

We left Ferrara yesterday morning about six o'clock. For several miles there were still the same level country, the same rich plains of hemp and wheat, the same stagnant pools, the same straight road shaded with trees. Not a mountain, nor even a hill was in sight, a great contrast after crossing the Apennines, where "hills on hills arise."

Between eight and nine o'clock, we crossed the Po by a

pont volant, or flying bridge. The river is very wide here and has a rapid current.

Two scows are fastened together side by side, and then covered by a floor of planks, on which our horses and carriage were placed. Attached to this is a long line of little boats, through which a rope is passed to the head boat. The force of the current swept this round, so that without any wheels or paddles, or apparently any effort on our part, we were soon over. Then we entered the Austrian possessions, and so our passports and keys were once more called for. The trunks however were but lightly looked into, and the passports were pronounced right. As the officer had been so polite and considerate to us, I thought I would be so to him, so having a basket of fine cherries in the carriage, I got it out and handed it to him, asking him in French if he would have some cherries. Instead of taking a few, the great pig took not only all the cherries, but the basket too. This Francesco could not stand, so he walked up to the officer and gently asked him for the basket, which, with many bows, he politely relinquished, taking care however to help himself first to the largest of the cherries.

We are now using a still different kind of money from any we have yet had. A small piece, something less than a franc, is called a swantwitzer, which Mr. D. after various useless efforts to pronounce, has ended by calling them "agonies."

For some time our road lay along side of the Po, the banks of which are flat and rather uninteresting. We saw beggars entirely deprived of their legs, lying in wheelbarrows by the side of the road. As soon as they saw the carriage, they began to sing in their loudest tones, to attract attention. One man moved very quickly by jumping along the end of his body and resting on his right hand. Is it not a shame for government to allow such looking objects to be in the public roads? It is said that many parents purposely maim their children while young, that they may be greater objects

of pity, and so obtain more money by begging. Can you believe that human nature is so degraded ?

Yesterday afternoon we crossed the Adige by another pont volant. All along in this river, mills are moored. Two large boats are fastened together by ropes, but sufficient space is left between for the wheel of the mill, the mill itself being built over the opening between the two boats. The wheel moves by the action of the current, and as the boats rise and fall with the water, the wheel is at all times in a sufficient depth of water.

From the time we left the Adige till we reached Monselice, where we stopped last night, the road was perfectly straight, and bordered by trees, and the country, though level, was rich with the ripened grain. The reapers were in the fields, both men and women, and here we saw what is so often alluded to in the Scriptures, the gleaners who go about after the grain is tied up, and pick up the scattered ears.

The cattle in this part of the country are really beautiful ; they are large and strong, and of a clear, milk-white color. It is very common to see cows yoked together and drawing a cart, and very often I have seen a cow, a horse and a donkey, all fastened together.

Before reaching Monselice, we came in sight of mountains, which seemed to us like seeing old friends. A part of the town is situated on the side of a mountain.

From Monselice here the country was still pleasant. The road at first ran along by a canal and afterwards by the river Brenta. We passed some beautiful country seats, one belonging to the Viceroy of Austria, having extensive grounds, well laid out.

But I hear Francesco's voice that the horses are ready, and I must finish this in a hurry ; so good bye. As ever.

VENICE, June 16.

MY DEAREST P.:

What a flood of recollections come thronging to my mind as I record this date — it is my mother's birthday, and though far away, the daughter sends her greeting over land and sea to the loved mother, wishing her many happy returns of this day.

Behold us now in "the city of a hundred isles." Just twelve weeks from the day we left our home, and at about the same hour of the day, we arrived here. How fast the time has sped, and how much we have seen!

Before reaching Mestra we passed through some beautiful scenes. The banks of the river were covered with charming villas. Almost all the houses were adorned with sculpture, and in many parts of the grounds, we saw statues peeping out from among the trees.

At Mestra we left the carriage and took a boat to this city. The distance was seven miles, and we four and Francesco and all our baggage were brought here in a large boat with four rowers for one dollar! Soon after leaving Mestra, the canal began to branch off here and there, till finally we could see nothing but little islands surrounded by canals. How strange it seemed to be sailing among these little islands! But when we were actually in Venice, and in the grand canal, it seemed stranger still. And yet I was disappointed, and my heart sank within me more and more, as I realized how great was my disappointment. How many times I have resolved that I would form no idea of a place until I had seen it, and yet who could help imagining how Venice would look? True I pictured out canals, but then I lined them with palaces and fine looking buildings, and laid out at least a sidewalk before each door. The palaces are here with their Gothic arches and fretwork, but they look decayed and neglected, and as for sidewalks, there are none, the water washes the base of every house. When we

arrived at the hotel d'Europe, and rode, I mean sailed to the very door, and saw not a foot of land around it, we were well convinced that Venice was not the place it was "cracked up to be." This hotel is situated on the bay, which makes it much pleasanter, than being on one of the canals. Our windows look out upon the water, and command a fine view of the islands near and far off. The cries of the gondoliers, as they dart by in their little boats, reach my ears; this with the slight rippling of the water is the only sound; all else is still, no rumbling of carriage wheels, no stamping of horses, no cracking of whips, break in upon the quiet of the scene. It is as though the world was all asleep. How many times since I have sat down to write, have I risen and gone to the window to gaze upon the novel scene. How gently shine the stars, and how beautifully they are reflected in the still waters! Yet we do not feel at home here. Even the novelty is startling. I look all around and see no walks, and I say "What, can't we even walk out a step? Must we get into a boat every time we want to go any where?" The gentlemen are all complaining, "Where is now the morning walk before breakfast, and the evening stroll? Must they all be given up?" Murmurs grew "loud and deep." All looked blank; all declared they were glad it was now near the last of the week, as we are to start for Geneva on Monday. We even thought of recalling Francesco from Mestra, to order him to have the carriage ready before Monday.

But hark! what is this? A grand discovery has been made. One of our discontented spirits in roaming about and making his observations, has found out that there is a lane, a bonâ fide land lane at the side of our hotel, and that it leads to the "Place St. Mark," the central part of the city. How each face has brightened up! How glibly runs every tongue! First one and then another goes down to see for himself, as though a piece of land was never seen before. Feet began to be more prized, or as in market

terms, "feet had risen," and were looked upon with some degree of complacency, as even in Venice it was found they would be serviceable, and each one eyed his nether extremities with a degree of pleasure seldom before experienced. We felt as though we were indeed independent, and began to look forward with pleasure to a farther acquaintance with Venice, once the fair mistress of the sea. Again I have been to the window, and looked out. The scene is the same, and yet it looks brighter and lovelier, and I begin already to love the gentle dashing of the water against our hotel, and find music in the cries of the gondoliers. I will not yet close my letter, until I have something more substantial to tell you about Venice.

Thursday.

We have been busy enough to-day I can assure you, in looking around this strange city. We have engaged a carriage, I mean a gondola, by the day while we are here, so we can be out as much as we please, and at no more expense than though we were out but a few hours at a time. These boats are small and have an awning over the centre where we sit. They are rowed by two men, who every time they turn a corner utter a peculiar sound, which is to give warning that they are coming from such a side of the canal. Each boatman is compelled to give this sign, otherwise if any accident occurs from the boats thus coming in contact, he is liable to be fined, as the cause of the accident.

We first sailed a little way along the bay and reached the Church of St. George. We stepped from our little boat at once into the very entrance of the church; so choice are they of the land here that the buildings are erected on the very margin of the little islands; nay in many cases they are built upon piles driven into the mud and shallow places. The Church of St. George was designed by Palladio, a celebrated Italian architect, and is a chaste and beautiful edifice.

The ceiling is supported by square pillars, the floor is paved with red and white marble, and is very neat. There are no showy ornaments, no redundancy of paintings and sculpture, but every thing is simple yet elegant. The seats of the priests, arranged in a semicircular form back of the altar, are of oak carved in the richest manner, representing scenes in the life of St. Benedict.

Once more in our light, little bark, we glided over the waters, and reached the "Church of the Redeemer" belonging to the Capuchin monks. It was also designed by Palladio, and is a very fine church. It is without any side chapels at all. The high altar is of white marble, and is beautifully adorned with bas-reliefs representing Christ being taken from the cross. It is the most perfect thing of the kind I ever saw. The head of the crucified one falls upon his shoulders, the hands drop by his side, and the whole appearance is of one in the cold embrace of death. The persons engaged in taking Him down, and the group at the foot of the cross, are admirably done.

Behind the altar in a small chapel, we heard chanting; we peeped in and saw several Capuchins kneeling, and apparently perfectly absorbed in their devotions. We went into the sacristy by a narrow passage, along which were private confessionals, or little boxes within which sits a priest, and before him kneels the one confessing his sins. In the sacristy are three good pictures by Ballini, the master of Titian. Here in wax are the heads of several Capuchins, who have been sent out to different countries as missionaries; some of the faces are very fine. While we were there, a priest came in, who had been officiating in the chapel. As he took off the different parts of his robe, he devoutly kissed each piece, his lips moving all the time, as he decently laid each part in its respective place. He did not seem to notice us at all.

We then came back across the bay, and entered the grand canal, which runs through the city in the form of the

letter S. I may as well tell you now while I think of it, that Venice is built on seventy-two islands, while in the bay and around it are forty-two more. One hundred and fifty different canals wind round among these islands, spanned by many arched bridges. You can form no idea how strange it seems to us to be sailing about in the midst of a city, where we see no streets, but canals intersecting each other in every direction.

We visited the Ballini collection of paintings. It belongs to a rich merchant, who, when he hears of a good painting to be sold, never sleeps till he has added it to his collection. Here were some really beautiful pictures; in fact, I saw only one or two that were not gems. An exquisite head by Coreggio, two or three landscapes by Caracci, a splendid Madonna and child by Sassoferato, a Virgin by the same, one of Titian's celebrated Magdalens, well deserving all the praise ever bestowed upon it, a portrait by Giorgione, the rival of Titian, an expressive picture by one of the finest painters, Carlo Dolci; these are a few among the gems there collected.

We stopped at the bridge Rialto, so often mentioned by Shakspeare in his "Merchant of Venice," where we left our gondola a little while. Notwithstanding that in sailing along the principal canals, there is no appearance of walks and passages, yet there are little lanes and by-ways, and by passing through these, and crossing some of the little bridges, one can actually walk from one end of Venice to the other. The Rialto is a covered bridge, and has shops on either side, so that it seems like walking through a street, rather than over a bridge.

We have the largest number at our dinner table that we have seen at any hotel in Italy, and a motley set it is too. At the head of the table sits a party of Russians, and such an outlandish jargon as they speak, I never before heard. It seems as though they have to work out with their jaws each word they speak. Then come we Americans. On the op-

posite side are an English and a Scotch family ; then come French, Italians, Germans, and I do not know how many other nations at the lower end of the table. But you should look in upon us after we are all seated and engaged in conversation. It is quite enough to turn one's head to hear the confusion of tongues. The waiters speak French, so that the Russians, English, Scotch and Americans, use that language as a medium of communication with them. The hotel here is an excellent one, and you have the very best attendance.

After dinner we strolled out, I should say sailed ; but I really have been so long on land, that it is almost impossible to forget land terms when speaking of going about. We sailed across the harbor to an island, on which is an Armenian convent, where Lord Byron studied the Armenian language for three months. His tutor still lives here, a fine looking old priest, with a long white beard, and bright black eyes. He speaks English very fluently, and was very polite to us, showing us round the convent, where we found every thing in the nicest and neatest order. There are two libraries ; the oriental, in which are only manuscripts ; the other consists of English, Latin, Greek and French books. We saw the printing press, at which twelve boys were at work. They have types for twenty-four different languages. In fact, we bought a book printed in as many different tongues. There are one hundred and fifty monks here, and they generally have quite a number of boys under their tuition. It is one hundred and twenty-four years since this convent was first established upon the island. The priest seemed very proud of having had the honor of being tutor to Lord Byron. He showed us his autograph, and said he had been offered large sums of money for it, but that nothing would induce him to part with it.

As we came home the sun was setting, and the bells were ringing, (for every where in Italy the bells ring at sunset,) and the sound came softly and gently across the waters, and

the golden beams of the sun still played over the fair bay, dotted with its numerous islands, as though all unwilling to leave so sweet a scene. The sunsets here are beautiful, yet I think I have seen them quite as beautiful in my own land ; but in this city every thing has such a peculiar charm from its novelty. As I lay back this evening in our little gondola, which floated so gracefully over the bay, how did my thoughts fly to my dear home far across the waters, while the soft twilight came on, bringing with it that dreamy, melancholy sensation, so appropriate to the hour.

Again it is evening, and all alone in my room I have sat and looked out upon the star-lit bay. I hear but the gentle rippling of the water, and occasionally the clear tones of a gondolier. I can hardly realize that I am in a city where are congregated one hundred thousand people, so perfect is the stillness that here reigns.

But what a long letter I have written ; so, without any compliments, I say at once, good night.

VENICE, Saturday eve.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Still are we engaged in sight-seeing, and the more we see of Venice the better we like it. There is an air of melancholy grandeur about its old and decaying palaces. There is a romance in gliding through its little canals, and under its narrow bridges, and in speeding over its placid bay, that appeal strongly to our feelings ; and notwithstanding our first sombre impressions, we feel now that we would not on any account, have missed seeing Venice.

Yesterday morning we went to the Palace of the Doges. Here, in the palmy days of the Venetian republic, they held their almost regal court, and the "Doge of Venice" was looked upon as the head of the state, the head of the church,

the master mind that moved all things ! How different now is every thing ! Venice lives but in name ; her government is taken from her own shoulders ; her wealth, her trade have departed ; nought is left but the monuments of her past greatness. Who does not sigh over Venice, that once sat in queenly majesty as mistress of the sea, now left to desolation and decay ?

The Palace of the Doges fronts the bay, and presents a fine appearance. Its architecture is very singular, or at least it seems singular to us, who have seen so little of this mixture of Moorish and Gothic styles, and yet I like it much ; and often as I glide by in our little gondola, I turn again and again to look upon it, that its every feature may be deeply impressed upon my memory. The lower story rests upon arches ; just above is light open fretwork, and many small pillars ; and still higher up, the exterior is plain, with three large Gothic windows, having circular panes of glass, so that the most fragile part of the building is below, while the heaviest part is above, and seems far too massy and solid to rest upon so apparently slight a foundation. The whole is of marble, originally white, but now so discolored by time and the dampness arising from the water, as to look quite black.

In the court are two large wells, the curbs of which are of bronze, well sculptured. There are openings in the ground into which rain water is carried by means of pipes ; it then passes through sand before reaching the well, and thus becomes filtered. From these wells all the water used in Venice is taken, and we saw many women with their kettles and pails, drawing water to take to their homes.

From the court a wide staircase leads to the upper story. This is called the grand staircase, at the top of which the Doges were crowned in the sight of all the people assembled in the court below, and it was near this spot that one of their number was beheaded, because it was thought that he was engaged in a conspiracy against the State. At the head of the staircase commences the gallery, the walls of which are

covered with pictures, by artists of the Venetian school, the principal of which are Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese and Bassano. The most of these paintings represent different scenes in the history of Venice. One of these, by Titian, is the largest picture I ever saw; it covers the whole of the wall at one end of the gallery. The ceiling, too, is covered with pictures, each one encased in a massive gilt frame. Occasionally there is a bare spot on the walls, and the guide will point to it, and tell you in a saddened tone, that a fine picture was there once, but that it was carried away by Napoleon, and had never been restored. Ah, that Napoleon! He despoiled many cities, to add to the beauty of his own charming Paris.

In the third story are rooms, rendered more or less interesting to us by their associations. In one the Doges received the ambassadors from foreign powers; in another sat the Senate; in a third the "Council of Ten" met; and still another was used for the horrid purposes of that wicked Inquisition. In the ante-room to this last, was an opening in the wall, into which accusations against individuals were put. In the inside it was covered by a little door, having two locks; one key was in the possession of one member of the Inquisition, and the other of another, so that it could not be opened, nor any accusation read, save by the two. This was doubtless to give the appearance of impartiality to the proceeding. The floor of this room is of black and white marble, and the ceiling is painted, and remains as in former days. One picture represents "Virtue driving away Vice," appropriate surely for the place where virtue, of all things in the world, was the least practised. The walls have now a new finish; they were formerly hung with black, fit emblem for a room where deeds of the foulest blackness were sanctioned. From this room there was a secret passage leading to "the Bridge of Sighs," which connects the prison with the palace, separated by a narrow canal. By this way prisoners were brought to the Inquisition, tried and condemned,

and by another secret passage led to the dungeons below, and never heard of more.

We went down into those dungeons, and even now my spirit shudders at the tales of horror and blood there told, and I cannot help occasionally glancing around my own comfortable room, to dispel the illusion that I am not now in those damp and dreary cells. These dungeons are not, however, under ground, or more properly speaking, below the level of the water. The upper range has windows opening into the passages around the cells, but no light from without is admitted. Dreary and dark they were, and chilling to the spirit.

Beneath these is still another story; the cells are small, floored with stone, having a little wooden platform for a bed. All the light that found its way here was from a candle kept burning in the passage leading to the cells.

At the end of one of these passages, was a room where prisoners were strangled to death. A cord was put round the neck of the condemned one, passed through the door, and fastened on the outside to a small wheel, which, when turned, drew the cord tighter and still tighter, till life was extinct. In one part of the room there was a hole in the floor to carry off the blood of those there killed, and out of the room was a secret door leading to the canal, through which the bodies of the dead were carried at night, and thrown into the water. What awful scenes were there enacted! And yet to the credit of the Venetians, be it said, that they knew nothing of these things. It was not till the French took possession of this city, that these dungeons and bloody appurtenances were brought to light. Had it been known, may we not hope, for the credit of human nature, that the common people would have risen up with the power of a giant, and burst the shackles imposed upon them by their superiors, and put an end to this reign of terror? In one of the dungeons a man was found imprisoned, who had been there fourteen years, for murdering his brother who was a priest. He shot

him while performing mass at the altar of a church. Soon after he was set at liberty he became totally blind, from the effects of the light upon eyes so long accustomed to darkness.

On the walls of these cells were many sentences engraved by the prisoners. Two or three of them, as translated by our "valet de place," I give to you. "Do not trust to any body; think, and hold your tongue, if you want to escape from spies insidious." "To complain, to repent, is of no use, but give always a proof of your valor." "To whom I trust, God, He will take care of me; to whom I do not trust, I take care of myself." "Little speaking and promptly denying, and think to the end, cannot spare the life to us, poor unhappy creatures." I put these down as given in Moses' imperfect English, but they are an exact translation of the original.

We then "stood upon the Bridge of Sighs." Well has it been thus named, for here the poor unfortunates passed from their prisons to the Inquisition, from whose fangs they well knew there was no escape. Many were the "sighs" here heaved, as the past rose up before them, and the dread future that awaited them. It is a narrow, covered bridge; all the light comes from two strongly grated windows. This passage is now closed up, and it is only by special permission, and an extra fee, that one can gain admission to it.

Our next course was to the Palace Barberigo, where Titian died. This palace is embellished by some fine pictures, many of which were by Titian. Here is another of his Magdalens; she is on her knees, her hands clasped, and her eyes, swollen with weeping, are raised to Heaven. Her dress is disordered, and her hair falls in negligence over her breast. The whole bears the appearance of bitter penitence, and soul-harrowing remorse. It is a magnificent work of art. It was a natural step for us from the place where this great artist died to that where he lies buried, which is in the church of the Franciscans. A plain slab on the floor

records the fact. The inscription translated into English, is, "Here lies the great Titian, the rival of Zeuxis and Apelles." Canova designed a monument for Titian's burial-place, but there not being funds sufficient raised for its erection, after his own death, that design was carried into execution by his pupils, and now adorns his own tomb. The monument is of white marble, in a pyramidal form. At the entrance to the pyramid, stands a figure representing Europe, holding a torch in her hand. This refers to the fact that different countries in Europe gave money toward the erection of the monument. Opposite to her is a winged lion, representing Venice, that being her coat of arms. Back of the lion on the steps, sits another figure intended for the genius of Canova. This is splendidly sculptured, the drapery hanging down over the steps, on which lie a wreath of laurel, and the different tools used in sculpture, all cut from one piece of marble. Behind Europe stand two figures linked arm in arm, bearing a wreath of flowers to deck the artist's tomb, while back of these are still other figures, each bearing a torch in its hand. These last are in the act of ascending the steps, and the attitude, one foot being raised on the step above, is full of grace. The whole is admirably done, and the monument is greatly admired, but in my humble opinion, (worth nothing, to be sure to any one but myself,) there are too many figures.

Near this church is a hall called "the School of St. Rocco," where Tintoretto painted thirty years. Here are many of his pictures, but they are so dark, and many of them so high up on the walls, and the light in the room is so poor, that they are not seen to good advantage. Tintoretto is inferior in coloring and in graphic expression to Titian. Perhaps both of them painted too many pictures to become perfect finishers.

In the afternoon our little bark once more flew across the bay, and we landed on the island where are the glass manufactories. Nearly all the people on this island, and I think

there are about three thousand inhabitants, are in some way connected with these manufactories. Of the ordinary glass works I shall say nothing, because you can now see them in almost every city at home ; but we were much interested in seeing all the operations connected with the manufacture of beads, and as this may be as novel to you as it was to us, I shall venture to give you the details. We first saw them blowing the glass. It was blown out the size of a tumbler, with a hole running through the middle of it, and while I was thinking what amazing large beads that would make, two workmen suddenly caught the ends of it with tongs and ran with it, one one way, and the other another, till it was two or three hundred feet long, and as small round as a little wire. By breaking off a piece from the middle, we saw that the hole ran through the entire length. This was the first stage. In another room these glass wires were as sorted ; they are of different sizes, but by just passing them through the hand, it can be told in a moment by those accustomed to the work, what size they are, and they are arranged accordingly. This part is done chiefly by women. Then comes the cutting them up into beads. A man takes a dozen or so of these long pieces in his hand, lays them on a sort of machine with a sharp edge, and cuts them with a chisel, a little bag being fastened to the machine to catch them as they fall. Behold the second stage. Afterwards they are put into a sieve, when the broken ones and small pieces fall through, the perfect ones remaining in the sieve. But the ends of the bead are round, and see, these are square ; how is this remedied ? We go into another room, and see how this difficulty is solved. Over a furnace is an iron kettle, in which is a mixture of lime and sand, into which the beads are put, and gently shaken round and round ; the heat and the friction wear off the square edges, and after another sifting they come out perfect in shape. Then they are put in dry sand into a bag and well shaken, and thus they are polished and the holes cleared from sand.

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Finally they are put on a sloping piece of wood and gently shaken, so that those that are round slip off, while those that are not, and consequently imperfect, remain, and thus is the bead finished. The process of coloring we were not allowed to see, as it is a secret, and I suppose they were afraid we might steal their trade. We were exceedingly interested in all that we saw, and the work-people allowed us to look at and to handle the beads as much as we chose. Nay they gave us several long pieces of different colors and sizes.

This is one of the largest bead manufactories in the world; and while other trades have been taken from Venice to different countries, this has remained, as exclusively her own. It belongs to one individual, who employs in the establishment about two hundred workmen. The women and the children in the town string the beads, and make them into aprons, purses, necklaces, bags, shawls, and such ornaments. Then men are employed in packing them and sending them off, so that, as I said before, nearly all the inhabitants are supported by this manufactory.

Last evening we took a walk; yes, a real walk, and not a sail, for there is a passage back of our hotel, leading to the "Place St. Mark," the principal promenade in the city. Still it seems queer to us, even when walking ourselves, not to see any horses and carriages. There is not a horse in the city of Venice. I believe a few of the upper class own horses, but they are kept in the suburbs, or on some of the large islands, and so when wanted for use, the owners go there and ride.

At the upper end of the Place St. Mark, or as it is called here, "Piazza," stands the Church of St. Mark, an ancient and magnificent church, built in a mixture of the Gothic, Grecian and Saracenic styles. The front rises up in five separate arches, each arch having an entrance into the church, and crowned with a light tapering spire. Besides all these spires, there are four large domes. Over the middle

arch are four horses, which, although of brass, have been great travellers. They journeyed in the first place, from Corinth to Rome, where they remained till the seat of government was removed to Constantinople, and then they went thither. But when Constantinople was taken by the Venetians, the horses were led to Venice as trophies of war. No sooner had the French conquered Venice, however, than the famous horses were once more on the move, and this time they went to Paris. They sojourned there but a little time, for after Napoleon's short reign was over, they were restored with many other works of art that had been plundered. So much for the horses. Is it wonderful that the Venetians think so much of them, when we consider not only their history, but also the fact, that they serve to give an idea to that class of people who never leave their island home, of how real horses look?

In front of the church are planted three flag-staffs, borne away as tokens of victory, from Cyprus, Candia and Morea. Near them is the Campanile, in which are the bells of the church. It is built of Grecian marble, and is square, running up, however, into a pretty spire. On either side of the "piazza" is a large palace, the lower story forming a colonnade. Here are the finest shops and cafés in Venice, and at night, when brilliantly illuminated, and the whole piazza is crowded with belles and beaux, and other living creatures, not included in these two classes, quite a lively picture is presented. Here we take our evening stroll, and here we have been regaled with some of the finest music from the military band I ever heard.

This morning we went over to the Arsenal, which occupies an island nearly three miles in circumference. The principal entrance is guarded by the winged lion of Venice, two lions in white marble, taken from Athens, and two lionesses brought from Corinth. Two large halls are filled with ancient armor and weapons of warfare, the most of which have some interesting historical associations. There

was the armor of the three knights who bore away the flag-staffs now in the Piazza St. Mark; likewise the armor of Henry IV. of France, and of a knight on horseback; and as for helmets, shields, breastplates, swords, guns, pistols, cross-bows, and poisoned arrows, it seemed to me there was no end to them. A great curiosity to us was the long, two-handed swords; they seemed too heavy to be wielded with much dexterity. Then there were machines for throwing bombs into a city or besieged place, and in fact, every kind of weapon and machine ever used in war. There were a shield and breastplate of gold, ornamented with figures of silver in bas-reliefs, which once belonged to Dandala, a celebrated Venetian General. A large Turkish flag hung in one part of the hall. It was taken at the battle of Lepanto, and has in the centre the motto, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his servant."

But most of all were we interested, and yet it was a melancholy interest, in some instruments of torture taken from the Inquisition. One was a species of armor, which was placed upon the person questioned, and if he did not answer the questions put to him, he was pricked with sharp iron needles through openings in the head and back of this coat of mail. There were also a collar for the neck, which could be pressed together, till the individual wearing it was strangled to death, and a thumb-screw, in which two or three fingers were screwed up till they were broken. No marvel that many confessed themselves guilty of crimes they never committed, rather than to bear such torture as was often inflicted upon them.

In a glass case were other instruments like these, which formerly belonged to Francis of Carrara, Lord of Padua, at least that is the name as I understand it from our guide. There was a little key, which had a poisoned needle within it. This he always carried about with him, and if any one said any thing to him, or even looked at him in a way he liked not, he would touch the spring in the key, and so send the

needle into the offender's flesh, which soon produced death. I think I should have kept at a goodly distance from such a touch-me-not as he was. Then there was a box of jewels, the history of which is as follows. Cruel as he was, it seems he was susceptible of the tender passion, for he fell in love with a noble lady, who, however, would not receive his addresses. He sent this box to soften the fair damsel's heart, but one of her attendants had the curiosity to open it before giving it to her mistress. No sooner had she raised the lid, than four little pistols, concealed within, went off, causing her death. Well was it for the mistress, that the maid was imbued with a goodly portion of the curiosity of our mother Eve.

On the same island is the navy-yard. Here in the proudest days of Venice, seven thousand men were employed at one time; now alas! for the change, there are but four hundred. Two or three frigates and a few small boats are now being built. In one room were models of different ships and different parts of ships. There was the ship that was victorious in the battle of Lepanto. It has three masts and latine sails, and fifty-two oars, there having been five men stationed at each oar. There was the model of the Bucen-taur, the barge from which the Doge used to perform the ancient ceremony of wedding Venice to the sea. The exterior was gilded, the deck was paved with mosaics, the awning was of crimson velvet, and the oars too were gilded. There were forty-six oars, and five men at each oar. Under a canopy of velvet, on a chair covered with the same, sat the Doge, and through a little window in the back of his chair, he threw the ring into the Adriatic, and thus made Venice the bride of the sea. Parts of the former Bucen-taur are preserved as relics of the past.

In one part of this room, a monument has been erected to the memory of Angelo Emo, the last of the Venetian admirals. It is a pillar of marble, surmounted by a bust of the hero. An angel is hovering over him holding a crown

in his hand, as if about to place it on his head. Another is kneeling before the pillar with a pen in his hand, with which he is writing him "the immortal." Behind this angel is a small raft carved in marble. I asked what that meant; for I did not know but that it was intended to signify the way by which he was carried to heaven, but I found it alluded to a scene in his life. While engaged in a war-like expedition, he was wrecked. From the masts and planks of his shattered vessel he built a raft, and on this raft went before Tunis, besieged it and took it. This monument was by Canova. In other parts of this room were four large pieces of carved wood, depicting quite fully the history of the raft.

As we walked round these places, we met galley-slaves in chains, engaged in work. Some of them brought us little articles made of beads, on which they are permitted to work in their leisure hours. The money they get for them, is given into the keeper's hands, who allows them in return some little luxury, such as food of a quality superior to what they generally have, and sometimes a little wine to gladden their sad hours. The clanking of their chains sounded dolefully in my ears, and I could not refrain from buying some of their toys, that I might lighten a little the dreariness of their imprisonment.

Again to our little bark. We stopped at the Church of St. John and St. Paul, on the outside of which are the sarcophagi of the four Doges who died an unnatural death. In the interior twenty-two are buried. Some of the monuments are very rich; on one I counted twenty-five figures, nearly all of them as "large as life." In one of the chapels is some of the most beautiful sculpture I ever saw. I was completely fascinated by it. It is a series of marble slabs, covering the lower part of the walls, each slab being some scene in the life of Christ. The figures stand out in bold relief. I can mention but one or two of the scenes, just to give you an idea of the whole. One is the birth of "the

holy child," and the shepherds are seen following the star that would lead them to the Messiah. The thatched roof of the house where Mary and the infant Jesus were, is admirably done. Then there are the wise men presenting their gifts; one king is kneeling before the infant Saviour, while just behind him is another bearing a vessel of spices, and he is followed by a servant holding his train. Behind Mary, who holds the child, is a group apparently of lookers-on, and they are so perfectly executed as to awaken our unqualified admiration. One is looking from behind a tree, and one, an old man, is leaning on the shoulder of another. I do not know when I have been so "carried away" with any thing as I have with this beautiful specimen of art. I actually sat down before each scene, and would have been content to have staid there the rest of the day, had I not been repeatedly warned that it was time to leave.

We visited the Church of the Jesuits, the interior of which is finished in a very neat and beautiful style. In fact the greater part of the churches in Venice are perfect models of elegant simplicity. In this church the upper part of the walls are covered with verd-antique and white marble, so arranged as to resemble curtains. It is really beautiful. The pulpit is decorated in the same manner. The pillars near the high altar are of verd-antique twisted.

We stopped at the Piazza St. Mark, and sent home our gondola. We went into one of the cafés and got a lunch, improving the time while we were resting and eating, in reading the newspapers. Galignani's paper is taken at almost all these cafés. It is printed in Paris, but in English, and generally has a short sprinkling of American news in it.

We then gave a few hours to "old St. Mark's." I have before spoken of the exterior of this church, let us now go within. It is an ancient church, having been begun about 977, and finished in the year 1071. Although built on three hundred solid piles, the floor has settled so much that its

unevenness resembles the waves of the sea. It is really unpleasant walking upon it, for if one is engaged looking about as he walks along, he sometimes finds one foot some ways below the other, or he is suddenly "brought up all standing," with quite a hill before him.

The high altar, under which repose the relics of St. Mark, is adorned with four pillars of white marble, brought from the temple of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Another altar is surrounded by eight pillars, brought from Solomon's Temple, (so said), two of which are of oriental alabaster, and are so transparent, that a light placed behind them really illuminates them. Two others are of African alabaster, and the other four are of verd-antique.

In a little room, called the treasury, is an altar-piece of gold and precious stones, the richest thing of the kind I ever saw. It is ten feet long and eight feet high, and is placed front of the high altar on great festivals. It has already cost five million dollars! It is of pure, solid gold, and not a common stone appears on its surface, nothing but what is costly and rare. It was greatly despoiled by Napoleon, who carried away many of the most precious stones; some he rejected as not worthy of notice, so that we were told, that after his departure, stones worth twelve thousand dollars were found in one corner of the room. There were also many other rich things in the treasury, among which were some splendid candelabras of silver gilt, and a sceptre of gold set with precious stones, belonging to the Emperor of Austria. We entered the treasury, and looked at these things at our leisure; we were obliged, however, to pay an extra fee for it. Others less favored than we, stood at the grated window of the room, looking with longing, eager eyes, upon the "gewgaws" there displayed. As we came out we were beset by beggars, old and young, men and women, some looking lean and haggard, others well and hearty; but I had one answer for them all, that they should go to their priests and demand some of the money deposited in

their hands, that would otherwise be spent in purchasing trinkets for adorning these altars, already overladen with ornaments. But I verily believe some of them would rather starve, than see a picture or ornament taken from their churches. Not that I am by any means against handsome churches, not that I think that the house, consecrated to the service of the living God, should be poor and mean, while our own habitations abound with wealth and luxury. No; I have enjoyed far too many delights in visiting these churches, to wish to see more common edifices taking their places; but it certainly does not add to the architectural beauties of a church to see them tricked out with finery and trinkets of silver and gold. Let the money expended on these be distributed among the poor, in giving them trades and employments, and how much more glory would it be for such nations, than to have it said that they had among them churches rich in silver, and gold, and precious stones.

In one of the chapels in St. Mark's, is a piece of the *very rock* from which the water gushed out at the touch of Moses' rod! Oh, wondrous thing! Oh, sacred rock! Oh, miracle of miracles, that thou shouldst be here! Who will dare doubt?

After dinner to-day we started to go to Lido, an island two or three miles from Venice, on which there is a fine beach, so that many of the Venetians keep horses there, that they may enjoy the luxury of riding, but it began to rain, and our boatmen did not think it safe to venture outside of the harbor, as the skies looked threatening, so we went no farther than the island on which are the public gardens laid out by Napoleon. This part of the island was once covered with buildings, among which was a convent, but at the word of the mighty conqueror, they disappeared, and a handsome garden, or rather park, appeared in their stead. The walks are broad, and shaded with fine trees. A few horses are kept here and let by the hour, and in pleasant weather, and on holidays, numbers resort here from the city to engage in

this, to them, novel recreation. There are little winding walks among the trees, and seats arranged in picturesque spots, and we spent a pleasant hour in rambling around, although the rain occasionally fell. But what care we, travellers in homely guise, for the rain?

On the margin of the island is quite a little village, and wonder of wonders! in this village is a street, a real street, not a walk like the passages in Venice, but an actual street, and it is shown to you as one of the curiosities of the place.

Rapidly sped we on our way home. The usually placid bosom of the bay was a little ruffled, dark clouds hovered around the horizon, but suddenly from their midst, out shone the setting sun, lighting up with its last beams the spires and domes of St. Mark's and the gorgeous palace of the Doges, and the time-honored, weather-stained edifices of the city of the sea.

Once more I am in my quiet room. The deep shadows of midnight lie over the waters. Even the dashing of oars and the songs of the boatmen are heard no more. I turn my eyes toward the quarter of the world where lies my own home, and I wonder what all the dear ones there are busy about. With you it is about the sunset hour, and I fancy I see you all engaged in drawing to a close the occupations of the week, that you may be prepared for the holy day, and my lips breathe forth a low prayer, that we all may be spared to meet once more on earth. Again, adieu.

Monday morning.

I have arisen early this morning to finish this letter, that I may leave it here to be forwarded to Paris. In an hour or two we leave Venice, probably forever, for it is exceedingly doubtful, "amid all the changes and chances of this mortal life," whether we ever see this city again.

We yesterday morning attended service in the house of the English consul on the grand canal. None of these chapels

are ever open but once on Sunday. When we went in we dismissed our gondola, and so we walked home through a narrow passage leading to the Piazza St. Mark, and thence to our hotel. We found the "piazza" crowded with fashionables of both sexes. The ladies here are much finer looking than I have seen elsewhere, not even excepting Florence. They dress gaily and handsomely, but with more style than modesty, for many appear in the public promenade, wearing dresses quite low in the neck, covering them only with a thin, light scarf.

We stopped a few minutes in the Church of St. Mark, where we saw many people at their devotions. Devotions! do I say? Ah! it bears little the appearance of devotion, to see females kneeling in a church, all the while whispering and laughing. Oh! my soul is pained to witness such things, and I long to take the deluded ones by the hand, and point them to a purer faith.

I rarely see any thing going on in any of these churches that seems like preaching. Their ordinary service is the mass. There are two pulpits in St. Mark's, one on each side of the high altar. They are of porphyry, supported by pillars of precious marbles, brought from the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople.

Strange ending of the Sabbath day! yesterday there was a boat race. The scene took place directly in front of our hotel, so we could not help seeing all that was going on. It commenced at six, but as early as five, the street,—ah, I forget, I mean the canal,—was full of boats filled with gay people.

The windows of all the houses near were hung with pieces of damask and tapestry, and all kinds of showy goods, even to colored table-cloths. Government boats were flying about to preserve order. These were decked out in very pretty taste. The sides of one were hung with festoons of blue and white cloth. The oars were painted in lines of blue and white, and the boatmen's dress was of the same

colors. They were dressed in a kind of theatrical costume ; they wore square blue caps, with white feathers in them. Another boat's crew were dressed in red and black, the ancient bandit costume, and another still in pink and white. On board another boat were the musicians. At six, two guns were fired, and at this signal the boats started. There were eight small, light boats, each having two oarsmen, who stood up in the boat and plied their feathery oars with great dexterity and activity. They went about three miles from our hotel, so that for some time we lost sight of them. At length shouts announced their near approach, and soon one boat was seen darting along toward the goal, followed almost instantly by another, and still another, while some distance in the rear, the laggards were vainly attempting to come up with them. In the middle of the grand canal, the prizes were distributed ; we were not near enough to see this part of the show, but we were told that the first boat at the goal gained fifty dollars, the second forty, the third thirty, and the fourth twenty, each one receiving a flag in addition to the money. Besides these, the victors generally receive money and presents from some of the wealthy Venetians. A race like this has taken place every year for one hundred years, but within the last two or three years it has been given up. This year the old custom has again revived.

Notwithstanding the hundreds of boats that were in the canals and in the bay, I believe there was no accident. Yes, I did see one man fall overboard, which frightened me excessively, not that I feared he would be drowned, but that among so many boats, he would be jammed to death, but he was pulled out of the water without any danger, save a good ducking, and I rather thought some little fright to himself.

There was no appearance of riot or confusion. Every thing was conducted in the most orderly manner. But hark ! they have come for our trunks, and I must bid adieu, not only to you, but to dear Venice ; " dear," from its for-

mer associations with [all that is grand, and stirring, and chivalric, tinged, it is true, with the dark hues of religious superstition; "dear," from its present touching desolation and decay. Yours, as ever.

June 22d.

MY DEAREST F.:

For once I begin a letter without being able to let you know where we are, for I do not know myself the name of the little village where we are stopping to-night. All I know is, that we are two days' journey from Venice. But I can give you a better account of the past than the present. We left Venice Monday morning by six o'clock, and with saddened hearts bade farewell to her canals and bridges, her palaces and domes and spires, and here we left behind also our pleasant fellow-traveller, Mr. T., so that Mr. D. and I have the inside of the carriage to ourselves, our books, and maps, and cloaks, J. always riding on the outside. At Mestra we found our good Francesco waiting for us, his faithful steeds equipped and ready to take us on our way to Milan. I cannot but feel joyous as our steps are bent towards the north, because I feel that our faces are now turned homeward, that each day is bringing us nearer our beloved home and country. And yet we do not like to part with fair and sunny Italy.

From Venice to Padua, where we stopped last night, we found the country very like that through which we passed before reaching Venice. Our road lay by the side of canals or running streams, and the fields were fertile, and the landscapes pretty.

Padua, the birthplace of Livy, the Roman historian, is now rapidly sinking into decay. Some of the streets are wide, others narrow, but all are grass-grown, and bear the

marks of desolation and decline. Many of the houses are ornamented with arches, like those in Bologna. As it was but two o'clock when we reached Padua, we had some hours for looking about, which, under the directions of an experienced guide, we improved to the best of our ability. This city was formerly celebrated for its University, which in its most flourishing days numbered eighteen thousand students; now there are about eleven hundred. We just looked into one of the University buildings, around the sides of which, within the court, are monuments and inscriptions to those students who have here gained honors. Among these were English, German, French, Italian, and Russian youth, but I saw none from our own land, though our guide assured us there was one. I suppose he would have told us the same if he knew we came from Greenland or New Holland. We went into one of the halls, where we found that students were students all the world over, at least for hacking and marking benches and desks. Indeed we were told that those here were sorry chaps, up to all sorts of mischief, keeping the police in constant vigilance.

Of the various churches in Padua that we saw, I cannot fancy that after hearing of the churches of Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice, the account would be very interesting to you, so I pass them over in silence.

To-day we stopped a few hours at Vicenza, celebrated as being the birthplace of the celebrated architect, Palladio. It is adorned with several palaces designed by him, and built in a rich, yet simple style, generally in the Ionic order of architecture. The Basilica, or council chamber, was also designed by him. It is built of stone, and has little arcades running around the lower story. But the masterpiece of Palladio's genius is his Olympic theatre, built after the model of the ancient theatres. It struck us as something quite new, though by the way, we are not sufficiently acquainted with theatres to know the new from the old. The stage, instead of having a curtain and scene, is a scene

of itself. Walls are put up, forming different rooms adorned with pillars and statues. The whole is beautifully painted in landscapes, the city of Thebes, I believe. The perspective is perfect. The pit is used for the orchestra, then come the tiers of seats, ranged in semicircles above the pit, and front of the stage. Above the seats is a gallery, adorned with statues in plaster, representing orators in different attitudes. This theatre was built in 1550, and will accommodate twenty-five hundred persons. It is now used by some academy as a school for declamation.

We then strolled out of the gates of the city under a beautiful arch, also built by Palladio, for he seems the presiding genius of the place, and came to a beautiful ride, something like that leading to the Cascine in Florence. The road was wide, and lined with two rows of trees. Beneath the trees were little caf  s, in the form of tents, and there we stopped and got some refreshing ices. The country around was charming. The summits of the neighboring hills were crowned with castles and churches. We were much pleased with Vicenza. It is cleaner, and wears a more cheerful aspect than most of the Italian towns.

Now, at evening, we are in this little village of which I cannot give the name. It numbers but a few houses, but it is situated in the midst of the most beautiful landscapes, and has mountains and hills all around it.

The ride from Vicenza here was delightful, the country fertile and rich as a garden, the fields full of "yellow sheaves of ripened grain." On our way we crossed a bridge, the scene of one of Napoleon's battles. The sun is now setting; the sky is soft and clear, the mountain-tops are gilded with the parting rays of the sun, and every thing around reminds me that I am in that favored land where all nature is lovely, where the skies are soft, and the breezes balmy.

I have not found the sunsets so surpassingly beautiful as I anticipated, I suppose because that in our own land we

too can boast of fine sunsets and glowing skies. Nursed amid fogs and vapors, the English know nothing of clear, bright skies, hence, when they go to Italy they are enchanted with the sunsets, and the beautiful hues of the clouds; but I have heard English gentlemen who have been in the United States say, that they found quite as bright skies and soft sunsets there as here.

This evening the sky is beautiful, and you will not think me partial when I say that it calls to mind some of the fair mild evenings and gorgeous sunsets I have witnessed at B.

After we had our dinner, we sauntered out along the road, under the overhanging trees, communing in silence with nature. There was naught to disturb the stillness, save here and there the laborers returning to their homes, after the toils of the day were ended, and the faint hooting of the owl, and the croaking of the frog. Oh, how much this quiet scene reminded me of some of my favorite walks in my loved native land! As we turned our steps homeward, the peal of the village bell struck upon our ears, its sweet, low tones in perfect harmony with the lovely scene around.

And now all nature seems at rest. The ever active, ever bustling world is quiet, and it is time that I should seek rest also; so good night to you.

Thursday evening.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

You will think that I am indeed in a strange land, since I am not able to give you the name of this, our stopping-place for the night. It is a small village, but it has such a long name, that although I can pronounce it, I dare not endanger my orthography by venturing to spell it. I have given up

my twilight stroll to write to you. Besides I have been so on the move this week that I have become quite exhausted, and find it necessary to husband my strength for to-morrow's sight-seeing in Milan. In order to have a long day to-morrow, we are to start at four, that we may arrive in Milan in season to accomplish something in the afternoon. But what a long exordium! Now to the subject-matter of this letter.

Yesterday we rested five hours at Verona. Rested, did I say? Yes, if that can be called resting, which consists in a change from riding to walking, from sitting for two or three hours in a carriage to running about from place to place for as many more. This town is immensely fortified, if I may use such an expression; the walls being of such a thickness as would seem to defy almost any ammunition. You may have some idea how thick they are, when I tell you, that large shops are kept within the lower part, yea, and many portions are used as barracks for the soldiers. Many of the fortifications, and some parts of the walls are quite modern. This town suffered severely when the French besieged it and took possession of it after the battle of Marengo; since then the Veronese have been determined that it shall not soon yield again, so they repaired and rebuilt their walls and increased their fortresses, till they have made it one of the most strongly fortified towns I have yet seen. The church of St. Giorgio, which stands near one of the gates, and an adjoining house, were much battered by the guns of the French, the house in particular, being covered with indentations made by the balls.

Verona is situated on the Adige, which is spanned by some very fine bridges. Many of the houses are quite handsome, and there are some noble palaces, among which was the one that Napoleon inhabited the two months he was in this city. Verona boasts of having given birth to many distinguished persons, to Catullus, Emilius Marius, Cornelius Nepos, (whose history is generally put into the hands

of youngsters learning the mysteries of the Latin tongue,) Pliny the elder, Viterbius the celebrated architect of the Augustan age, Paul Veronese, and some others. We visited two or three churches in which were some good paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese.

In the very centre of the city we passed something, not a church, not a house, that attracted our attention. With eager curiosity we stopped to look at it. It was the tombs of the Scaligeri family, who in the fourteenth century were the lords of Verona. There are several of these tombs, two or three of which are merely sarcophagi of marble, sculptured on the outside, but the two which so attracted our attention deserve particular notice. They are much more like temples than tombs, being quite lofty, and built in the Gothic style. They are neither circular, nor square, but six-sided, supported by pillars and arches, and having niches filled with sculpture.

But the object of greatest interest to the historical reader, is the Amphitheatre, built in the time of Trajan. It is the most perfect in its remains of any that we have yet visited. True, it has not the great height of the Colosseum, nor the immense size of the one near Puteoli, but the inner walls and the seats are in a perfect state of preservation. It is of an oval form, two stories in height, and has forty-seven rows of seats, being calculated to seat, Madame Starke (author of the principal guide-book in Italy) says, twenty-three thousand spectators, but our guide says forty thousand. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The arena is two hundred and twenty-five feet long, and one hundred and thirty-three wide. It is now fitted up for shops; indeed I saw one part ornamented with a blacksmith's forge. Strange perversion. Yet is it not now used for a better purpose, than when thousands there assembled, to see men torn in pieces by the wild beasts?

I said to the historical reader this amphitheatre was the greatest object of interest, but to the poetic, to the lover of

Shakspeare, to the admirers of his genius, Verona has a still greater charm. It is the scene of the far-famed play of *Romeo and Juliet*. Nay, the very coffin is shown in which the heroine was placed at the time of her feigned death. It is of Verona marble, of a reddish hue. There is a raised pillow at the top for the head, and a socket near for a candle, according to the customs of those times. Such is the rage for relics, not only among Romanists, but among travellers, that parts of this coffin have been broken off, and transported to different climes, so that it is now placed under strict surveillance.

Thus we passed our hours of "rest" at Verona; judge ye how much refreshed we were when we once more found ourselves on the road. But last evening we stopped at a place that amply repaid us for all the fatigue of the day. Not that it has ever been made the theme of poesy and song, not that it is renowned for mighty deeds of valor, at least not as far as my limited information extends, but its charms for us were the extreme beauty of its situation. It was a little village on the lovely lake "di Garda."

The ride there from Verona would, without doubt, have been delightful, had not clouds of dust almost totally impeded our view. The trees along the roadside abounded with locusts, which kept up such a perpetual humming and buzzing as almost to deafen me. For several miles before reaching our stopping-place, we were in sight of the lake, almost encircled by mountains, on whose tops rested clouds, black as the darkest midnight, while the surface of the lake reflected their sable tints. Suddenly a cloud rolled away from a mountain-top, leaving behind one of a silvery hue, while a still more distant summit was faintly lit up by a beautiful bow, which seemed to us to promise that the dark clouds should soon all disappear, and a glorious flood of light burst in upon the enshrouded scene. As the clouds changed and moved, so changed the aspect of the water, now overspread with a dark shadow, now lit up into life and loveliness.

The whole formed one of the grandest scenes I ever witnessed.

Our hotel was on the margin of the lake, and our windows looked directly upon it. Of course, with my usual liking for the water, I selected a room that commanded a fine view. The waves, for even the surface of the gentle lake was stirred by the coming storm, came in with a heavy roar, like the surging of the sea; so that I was lulled to sleep by

"The moonlight waves
Returning homeward to their caves."

At sunset we walked in the garden back of the hotel, and rambled along under apricot, cherry, plum, and almond trees, interlaced by the hanging vine, now full of clusters of green grapes. Through the branches of the trees we caught glimpses of the lake, over which lay the deep shades of twilight. It was an exquisite scene, and worthy the inimitable pencil of Claude Lorraine. Will you accuse me, prosaic me, of becoming romantic, when I tell you that I rose two or three times in the night, and looked out upon the lake, then calmed to repose by the threatened storm having passed harmlessly by?

To-day we stopped at Brescia, a clean and pretty town. The streets are clean (a great rarity in an Italian city), are well paved, and have two rows of square stones in the middle of the street, for the wheels of carriages. The streets too can boast of good sidewalks, another great novelty. There are some fine churches and palaces, but we passed them by, that we might have the more time to spend on some ruins, but lately brought to light. It is a temple, supposed to have been dedicated to Hercules. In front the ground is covered with fragments of marble, pillars, statues, and tombs. The portico of the temple is supported by fourteen immense, fluted pillars of white marble, none of which are now perfect. The temple is divided into three different apartments, each having its own altar; one of

them is quite perfect, the others are broken. The walls, which are modern, are lined with ancient inscriptions, statues and other remains of antiquity. The floor is paved with marble. There is a beautiful bronze statue of Victory having wings, found buried in the earth near the temple. Underneath is a subterranean passage which extends some distance. We were obliged to have torches in going down. It is of sufficient height to admit of one standing upright, is lined with marble and floored with mosaics.

We were tempted just to go into one church to see a celebrated painting by Titian. It is one of his masterpieces. and represents the woman taken in adultery. Her face, so expressive of shame, repentance and gratitude, that of Christ so full of benevolence and love to her, and of stern reproof to those who judged her harshly, are admirable.

And now I must stop for the best of all reasons, that I have nothing more to say. In such a case is not silence pardonable?

Como, June 26th.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

We have chosen this secluded spot for our resting-place for the coming Sabbath, and I sit down in quiet to give you the record of the past two days. The country from the town with a long "unsPELLable" name, to Milan, was beautiful, highly cultivated and well watered. Little canals bordered the roadside and intersected the fields; tall poplars lined the road, which was level and good. The people were industrious and seemed happy. It speaks well for Lombardy and the Austrian government, that ever since we have been under its dominion we have seen but few beggars, and those were chiefly in the church of St. Mark at Venice. At Padua, we met but one; at Vicenza, Verona, Brescia none, and along the road, only here and there one at goodly intervals.

We passed a good many silk factories, where dozens of women and girls were busy preparing the cocoons and reeling off the silk. They were singing at their work, and seemed cheerful and happy. We also passed both yesterday and to-day numberless loads of grain, and the drivers are the sleepest set of fellows the world ever saw. Almost every one was extended on top of his load fast asleep, trusting entirely to his careful horse, to lead him safely through all difficulties. I was much amused with one little scene that I witnessed. A quite heavily loaded cart, in which was as usual a man asleep, took up a large portion of the road. The driver of another load more wakeful than his companion, wished to pass; he therefore just touched with his whip the other horse, causing him so suddenly to jump one side, as instantly to awake the sleeper. With the instinctive politeness of the lower classes, the offender touched his hat, bowed and said, "Pardon me, Signor, for disturbing you." The other seemed not at all excited to anger, but calmly settled himself to sleep once more.

To-day we have met persons having on their necks large swellings, called here goitres. Sometimes they are on one side, and sometimes directly in front, and are often much larger than a hen's egg. It really makes one shudder to see them.

We entered Milan through the eastern gate, by a fine promenade bordered with trees. The streets are wide and paved like those of Brescia, the houses are regular and noble looking, and before we had advanced far, we readily acknowledged that Milan is indeed the "Paris of Italy." We stopped at the Hotel Suisse, and after we got rid of our dusty travelling clothes, procured a guide, and went out with as much eager curiosity as though sight-seeing was a rare thing for us. And yet has not every place some new claims upon our attention?

We passed through wide and clean streets. Think it not strange that I enlarge upon this subject, but really we have

been subjected to so many annoyances in the narrow, dirty streets of Naples and Rome, that it sometimes seemed useless to us to attempt to be clean ourselves. So it is indeed a luxury to walk out, without being obliged to change your clothes as soon as you get home. Through wide, clean streets then, we walked and by some handsome palaces, till we came to the Palace Brera, in which is the academy of fine arts. The sculpture gallery was closed, but we saw a grand collection of paintings. As I am rapidly hastening away from these splendid specimens of art, I begin to love them more and more, and to feel that I can scarcely spend too much time in gazing on them. I thought when I was in Rome and Florence and could see fine pictures every day, that I prized the privilege much, but I feel now that I did not value it as much as I ought; and now as such advantages become more and more rare, I seize with eagerness every opportunity that offers, to feast my mind upon the soft and soul-like beauties of Raphael, the gentle loveliness of Sassoferrata, the expressive faces of Guido and Coreggio, the dark, yet sublime landscapes of Salvator Rosa and Bassano, the sunny pictures of Claude Lorraine, the masterly conceptions of Michael Angelo, the glowing colors of Domenichino, Caravaggio, Guercino and Caracci, the subdued and touching sweetness of Carlo Dolci, the splendid masterpieces of Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Leonarda da Vinci, and a host of others whose paintings have been, and will yet be handed down to posterity as the perfection of art. But what shall I say more? — for the time would fail me to speak of Rubens, Rembrandt and Vandyke, celebrated in coloring and in figures; of Brill, Burker and Poussin, renowned for their landscapes; of Perrugino and Julio Romano, the one the master, the other the pupil of Raphael; of Albano, Andrea del Sarto, and many others whose praise is in all the world.

In this gallery are pictures by some artists whose names I have not before heard, principally of the Milanese school,

—Luini Berdini, who, in point of time, is one of the first whose paintings are now extant, and whose pictures are indeed interesting, not only in themselves, but in showing the style that prevailed in his day, and also how well the coloring has been preserved; Clespie, who has a fine picture of Christ, bearing His cross; Grozzi, whose beautiful landscapes almost approach those of Claude Lorraine; and some others, whose names have escaped me.

As I have spoken to you of many of the pictures of my favorite artists, I will do myself and them too the injustice of passing them now by in silence, for fear of making my letter too long, and just speak to you of one picture by Bolazzi, a Milanese artist of the present day. He was at the time but twenty-five years old, and he completed it in the short space of three months. It is, although deficient in coloring, as every one immediately perceives, one of the most expressive pictures in the world. It represents the Deluge. The heavens are shrouded in darkness, save in one place, where the lurid lightning makes the darkness but the more visible. On a rock, surrounded by the raging waters, which every moment seem to rise higher and higher, stands a man with his breast bared as in defiance of the storm. His head is thrown back, and with one arm drawn behind him, and the other pointing upward, he defies Him who commanded the deluge. It is, I had almost said, the most expressive face and form I ever saw on canvass. Defiance is seated on the haughty face, in the proud, uplifted eyes, in the swelling form, the strained muscles, and in the firm hold which his foot has upon the rock. At his feet kneels a female figure, her arms twined around him, her face lifted beseechingly to him, as if gently, yet agonizingly praying him not to brave God's coming wrath. Near her on a projecting piece of the rock, sits another figure, covered with a mantle, with bended form, as if resolved in despair and sorrow to meet the doom she cannot avert. Then again, behold another group; a mother holds in her

arms her little boy, and teaches him to clasp his tiny hands, and raise his young, innocent face to Heaven and pray for safety. Besides these, there are several other figures, some almost submerged in the waves, some lying, some sitting on the rocks, their faces expressive of woe, anguish and despair. This picture made an impression on our minds, which time will not soon efface, and again, and again, we turned to it, as though we would forcibly impress it upon our memories.

After dinner we rode around the environs of the city. Our attention was first turned towards the triumphal arch at the termination of the Simplon road. It was designed by Napoleon, and completed by the two succeeding emperors of Austria. Without any exception, it is the most beautiful specimen of art in the shape of an arch I ever saw. It is of the purest white marble, sculptured in the richest manner. It is seventy-three feet high, and was finished in 1838, so that it is in all its purity and freshness. There are three arches, the interior sides of which are sculptured in bas-reliefs, representing different historical scenes. The roof is sculptured in arabesques, in the Gothic style. There are several large figures in the front, representing the rivers Adige and Po, Abundance, Peace, Minerva and Apollo. The two fronts are adorned with four beautiful pillars. A railing is before the entrance to the middle arch, and no carriages are allowed to pass under, save those belonging to the royal family. When Napoleon designed this arch, all the sculpture was to be representations of his battles and victories, but after his fall, the jealousy of the Austrian government would not permit these designs to be carried into execution. His name, however, appears on the part facing the country, while those of the Austrian emperors are on that towards the city.

We ascended by a flight of one hundred and two steps, (you know I am famous for counting every thing,) within the side arch, to the top, on which is a car drawn by six

horses. In the car stands Peace, bearing in her hand an olive branch. The car is beautifully wrought, and the horses are so large that I could almost stand under them without stooping. On each corner of the edifice is Victory on horseback, holding out towards the city a crown of olive leaves. All these are of bronze, and are admirably done, showing that sculpture which was so perfect generations gone by, has not yet declined from that perfection. The architect was a Milanese, and he was employed four years upon it. The whole cost of the structure was eight hundred thousand dollars, the bronze work alone costing two hundred thousand.

Near this arch is another built of the common marble of that region, through which pass all the carriages and people, each one having to stop to undergo an examination. In front of the triumphal arch is a large open space, clothed with grass of the brightest green. Around this square called "le place de chateau," Napoleon intended to build palaces, which design expired, with many others, when his sceptre departed. However Napoleon Bonaparte may be viewed in his military career, no one can pass through this country without admiring the genius of a man, who designed and carried out so many improvements, for embellishing the cities under his dominion. Had he lived twenty years longer, almost every city in France and Italy would have been able to have boasted of much greater beauty than even now charms the eye.

On one side of the "place de chateau," is the amphitheatre, built in Napoleon's time. It is an immense building, calculated to seat thirty thousand people. There are nine entrances, and a great many rows of seats. Those for the royal family and the nobility are of stone, the others are covered with turf. The arena is over four hundred feet long and nearly three hundred wide, and is so well supplied with water by aqueducts, that in fifteen minutes it can be completely covered, so that it will admit of boat races, which

often took place when Napoleon was in the city. Now, however, it is used for horse races.

The walls of Milan are nine miles in circumference, and the whole distance round, outside the gates, is laid out in a magnificent ride, with a double row of trees, the horse-chestnut, the buttonwood, and some whose names I do not know. This forms the fashionable promenade of the Milanese. They however do not generally go the whole distance, but only about a mile or two from one particular gate, and then turn around and go back. This part of the ride is called the Corso. We met in our ride fine looking carriages and horses, and numbers of the great people riding out, with their servants in rich liveries, consisting of breeches of black silk velvet, and broadcloth coats trimmed and faced with the same rich material. We met a Frenchman on horseback, the oddest looking genius you can imagine. Our valet de place told us that he was crazy, or foolish, I don't know which, the word "fou" meaning both. He is quite wealthy, and appears out every evening in a new costume. And often in the Corso, when "all the world" are there, he walks through the long line of carriages, leading his horse after him.

Since last September, a rail-road has been completed between Milan and Monza, a distance of ten miles. As we rode by the depot, we saw a crowd of people wending their way to one particular spot. I asked the "valet de place," what was going on. He said it was time for the cars to arrive, and he asked if we would like to stop and see them. We said "no," to his apparent amazement, for he raised both hands and said with much surprise, "not go to see the rail-road? Why every body goes, even the very nobility of Milan." Well, we thought it would not do for us to be behind the nobility in curiosity, Yankees that we are, so we ordered our coachman to drive there also. We strongly suspect both he and the "valet" felt much pleased with this change in our determination. We walked some ways along

the rail-road, inwardly laughing at the idea of our stopping to see the cars come in from a distance of ten miles, when at home we can see them a half dozen times a day come from four times that distance. There were hundreds of people, and well dressed, fashionable people too, and dozens of handsome carriages, waiting to see the arrival, and it has been just so every night since the cars commenced running. When the cars came in sight, the multitude shouted and clapped their hands, ladies and gentlemen stood up in their carriages, and all seemed as much excited as though the greatest event in the world had happened. The conductor stood on top with as dignified and royal a look, and he glanced around with as proud an eye, as though he was monarch of all he surveyed. They are an hour in going the ten miles. We wanted much to go to Monza, not that we had any curiosity to try the rail-road, but to see the iron crown with which all the emperors of Austria, since the time of Charlemagne, have been crowned, but we had not the time to spare.

In returning to our hotel, we passed by "the Grand Hospital," an immense edifice, built around eight courts, and containing five thousand beds. Twenty priests stay there all the time, to administer Christian consolation to the sick and the dying. Connected with the building is a small stone house, where are placed those who die of malignant disorders, whence they are taken at midnight, carried out of the city, and buried.

Opposite to this is the "Foundling Hospital," near the door of which is a small window, with a little bell attached to it. Here women, who have infants that they cannot or will not support, deposit their offspring. They touch the bell, whose call is answered by one of the attendants, and within the window she finds a child, without knowing whence it came or who brought it. However benevolent such an institution may be in itself, it certainly seems not the best adapted for a country, where the rules of morality are not strictly followed.

But the crowning glory of Milan is its Cathedral. It is a grand and a beautiful edifice. I am not sure but I like it as well as St. Peter's. True, this cannot compare with St. Peter's in grandeur, in true sublimity, in magnificent works of art, but in beauty, in perfect finish, it will equal it. They are both perfect in their style of architecture. St. Peter's is vast, but its vastness is not fully seen, because it is divided into numberless side chapels. But in the Cathedral at Milan, with one glance you take in the whole, "the long drawn" aisles, the vaulted ceiling, the massy pillars, the floods of light streaming over the marble floor from the gorgeous windows, all strike you at once, and you stand awe-struck and entranced.

I shall not, for I cannot, enter into minute details respecting this church. I will only give you a general idea of it, as well as I am able. It is nearly five hundred feet long, three hundred wide, and two hundred and fifty to the top of the cupola. It is all of white marble, or originally was, the parts that have been built the longest being discolored by time. The roof, tower, and minarets are new, and are dazzlingly white. The interior and exterior of the church are adorned with sculpture and statues, productions of the best artists from the time the church was commenced in the fourteenth century, till the present day. We ascended by two hundred and thirty-nine steps (counting again) to the roof of the church. It is covered with balustrades or railing of white marble, ascending from the walls of the church to the peak in the centre, each separate railing topped by a beautifully carved flower, no two flowers being alike, so that, as the guide expressed it, the roof is a real botanical garden.

From the roof rise one hundred and twelve minarets, or light tapering spires, each surmounted by a large statue. They are filled with niches, and each niche has within it a little statue, as beautifully finished as though designed for near inspection, instead of adorning the roof of a church. There are more than five thousand different statues about

the church, and I was told by one of the attendants, that when it is finished there will be fifteen thousand. I asked "When will it be finished?" He said, "Never, for as soon as one part is completed, some other that has been built a long time, will need to be repaired, and thus some work and expense must always be laid out upon it."

From the roof we went up by more than two hundred steps into a fragile looking tower, whence we had a full view of this beautiful edifice; and lovely did it look, with the rich sunlight playing over the dazzling minarets, and lighting up as with rays of glory the pale statues. Nor did the charming view stop here. Down in the streets of the city was a living, moving mass; men hurrying to and fro, women with their gay garments fluttering in the wind, priests in their rich robes, nobles in their splendid carriages, all presented a scene, seemingly more like a panorama than like a real thing of life. Then there were the canals and river, winding through the rich green vales, the villages scattered through the valley, and the distant mountains, their lofty summits almost lost in the clouds. We looked through a telescope, and saw distinctly towns that were twenty miles distant. The dome and spires of Brescia were plainly seen, and palaces a few miles off were so clearly discerned, that we could see people moving about in the courts. A light misty haze hung over the earth; but when it is perfectly clear, Genoa, and the sea, eighty miles distant, may be seen, and so clearly, that even the steamboats entering the harbor are discerned. The dome of St. Mark's, too, Mont Blanc, St. Bernard, and St. Gothard, are also seen.

With regret we left this beautiful spot, and descended into the church, though we could not stop long even there, so eager was our guide that we should go with him into one of the subterranean chapels, where he said was a "grand sight." So we went down. And what was the "sight." The tomb of San Carlo Borromeo, the patron saint of Milan, for every town and village claims one saint for its own.

The little chapel is lined with solid silver, gilded over, and wrought in bas-reliefs, representing scenes in the life of the saint, and over these are hangings of crimson velvet wrought with gold. The sarcophagus is of silver gilt, and is adorned with sixty small statues. By paying five francs, we could see the inside of the sarcophagus, so the torch was extinguished, and wax candles lit with much ceremony and apparent solemnity, and the lid lowered by pulleys. Then was disclosed to our gaze, a coffin of rock crystal set in gold, in which lay a mummy-like man dressed in the richest robes, with sandals on his feet, sparkling with the most brilliant diamonds. By his side lay his sceptre of gold, studded with precious stones, and over his head hung his mitre, set with gems, and near that was a cross of large emeralds framed in gold. Around the coffin hung jewels of gold and silver and rare stones, presented to the shrine by pious devotees. One was a singular ornament; it was a small infant of solid gold, presented by the Duchess of Modena, as a model of one of her own gracious offspring. As the most of these gewgaws were given by Philip IV. of Spain, and the remainder by other great personages, no one has ever estimated their expense; but certainly there is gold and silver about that dead man, sufficient to build a half dozen churches. The cost of the chapel alone, in which is the sarcophagus, was two hundred thousand dollars.

After we came from the Cathedral, we went into the Palace of the Viceroy. It is a large building, consisting of a centre and two wings. To speak to you of the furniture of this palace would be but to repeat former descriptions which I have given. The throne room was hung with crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, and the furniture was covered with the same. The present Emperor is forty-two years old, and he has no children; his brother, who is heir apparent, has seven, so he has enough to supply the deficiency.

We passed by "La Scala," the great theatre, but we could not gain admission, as the actors were rehearsing. It

is the largest and most splendid theatre in the world, and we therefore regretted that we could not get a peep at the interior. The front is adorned with a very handsome portico.

We then prepared to leave Milan ; not but that we might have spent a week there very pleasantly, but we gave to it all the time we felt that we could spare, and so we once more entered our carriage, and were soon on the road to this place. We found the ride, though through a pleasant country, almost intolerable from the heat and the dust, but toward evening it grew cooler, and less dusty, and then we could see that the country was charming. Around us were high mountains, while our road wound round among the hills and valleys, under the shade of large trees. We met laborers returning from their work, looking pleasant and happy.

I felt greatly fatigued when I got here, for our time was so fully occupied in Milan that I scarcely allowed myself any rest, and it was so dusty and warm this afternoon, that I could not take " a nap ;" however, I took my usual medicine when weary, viz., a warm bath, and now I feel quite bright.

This is a small town situated on Lake Como, which is quite an extensive lake. We did not reach here in season to look about us any before night, and even if we had we were all quite too tired to leave our rooms, except to take our dinner.

Monday morn.

We rose this morning by little past three, (only think of it !) that we might take a sail on the lake before leaving. We engaged a boat to be ready for us by four, and at the appointed time we were on hand ; but we were kept waiting for a half hour, an iron chain being thrown across the entrance to the lake, so that no boats could either go out or come in. This is done to prevent smuggling in the night. We sent a message to the custom-house officers, humbly requesting that we travellers, not traders, might be allowed

to go out, as we were desirous to see a little of the lake. But though those very officers sauntered lazily along the margin of the lake, yet they would not lower their dignity so much as to order the chain to be unlocked, before the usual time. I can tell you it made our republican blood boil, thus to have to wait the pleasure of these pieces of importance and self-consequence; and I declared, as much as I loved Italy, sweet, sunny Italy, that I would not live here for all the world, to be subjected to so many petty annoyances. Besides this, we were obliged to pay our boatman a franc and a half for the time we were kept waiting, as we hired the boat by the hour.

We sailed up the lake for five miles, delighted with the stillness and beauty of the scene. High mountains were all around us, and at that early hour cast their lengthened shadows o'er the still waters. In some places the lake was so shallow, that we could clearly see the stones at the bottom, then again, it was, as our boatman expressed it, "twenty men deep." The mountains sometimes sloped gently down to the margin of the lake, and at others hung over them with precipitous crags. We wound in and out by projecting rocks and grassy promontories, each turn seeming to form the termination of the lake, but yet it stretched on farther and farther, and we might have gone for miles without reaching the end. We passed by many handsome villas, among which was that formerly occupied by Queen Caroline of England.

I have written this while waiting for our breakfast. Yesterday I spent a quiet day in my own room, at least as quiet as I could, seeing that I was in a noisy little town. There were loud shouting and singing in the streets all day, and a great deal of sailing on the lake. A steamboat went up the lake and back again yesterday, but it being Sunday we preferred staying at home.

After dinner J. and I took a quiet walk by a winding path along a mountain side, catching here and there, through the

o'erarching trees and tangled shrubs, views of the lake, as it lay in its quiet beauty embosomed among the hills. We sauntered along, for a mile or two, often stopping to pluck a "wild-wood flower," or to gaze upon the calm loveliness of the scene. We heard no sound, save the rippling of the water, as the oar broke its glassy surface, and the song of the boatmen, floating faintly o'er the lake. It was a sweet scene, a scene of Sabbath-like beauty and repose, and I repeated often the words of Coleridge :

"Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world like this,
Where even the breezes and the common air,
Contain the power and spirit of harmony.

And then when we look abroad on all the beauties of nature, the lofty mountain and the green vale, the noisy stream and the still lake, the fertile meadows and waving fields, how pleasant it is that we can say, our "Father made them all!"

But I must go to breakfast, and already I hear Francesco coming round to the door with our carriage; so I have time merely to say good bye.

Sion, Thursday eve.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Now we are in Switzerland, that glorious land of Switzerland, amid the most sublime scenes the world can produce, at least so it seems to our fancy, excited as it is by a view of the grand country through which we have passed this week.

From Como to Vesere, our next resting place, the ride was interesting, by a road winding among the mountains, sometimes through a cultivated country, and at others amid all the wildness of untilled nature. Some of the mountain tops glistened with snow.

We walked around the town, seeing nothing that was particularly interesting, excepting in the street where the market was, which was filled with shops and stands, in which, and on which, was displayed almost every thing likely to attract customers, it being market-day. It was really amusing to see the people bargaining for what they wanted, and had I understood the language, I should have taken delight in hearing them canvass the prices; for as much eloquence and as many gestures were used in buying a yard of ribbon or a pound of cherries, as though the fate of the nation depended on the purchase. I am convinced by what I have seen, that the common people in Italy are close bargainers.

The women in Vesere dress in queer style. Instead of shoes they wear sandals made of wood, and fastened around the toes by a piece of colored ribbon. These sandals have very high heels, which make them walk badly. Their hair is braided, the braid carried around the head, and stuck all round with long pins, with heads as big as a thimble; there are sometimes a dozen of them. The most of them are of German silver; a few of the wealthier class are able to sport real silver.

We stopped that night at a village on the beautiful lake Maggiore. The ride from Vesere was delightful, particularly after we came in sight of the lake. We crossed a river (I have forgotten the name) in a singular sort of boat, drawn over by ropes in some way, but to tell you the plain truth, I did not notice it much, as my attention was attracted by a blind man who was playing on a violin and singing by the side of the carriage. He sang very well, but I enjoyed his conversation quite as much as his music. He told me that he had been blind for thirty years, in fact ever since he was quite a child. I said, "Have you any family?" On his answering in the affirmative, I asked, "How many children?" With the utmost simplicity he replied, "Oh no children, only a father and mother. My father is eighty years old and

my mother over seventy." I told him, as we left the boat, to take care or he would fall; but he said he had no fear, that for twenty years he had gone over in the boat almost every time a carriage crossed. He wished me good day and a good journey, ("bon voyage," the universal wish,) with much apparent interest.

After we crossed the river we were in the king of Sardinia's dominions. An officer stopped the carriage, and in the most polite manner asked if we had any thing against the government. We said "No." "But will you have the complacency to allow me to look?" We instantly handed our keys. Seeing another officer about to unstrap the trunks, he said it was unnecessary to disturb them, so he took our carpet-bags and began to unlock them. I had generally succeeded in securing my carpet-bag from being searched, by merely saying that it was my "sac de nuit" (night bag); so no sooner did he touch it than I cried out, "Oh Sir, that is my night bag," and he instantly dropped it as though he had no right to meddle with that part of my toilet. But Mr. D. came near meeting with an adventure, that might not have been pleasant in its consequences. He, seeing that my carpet-bag escaped untouched, had stowed in his all the cameos and rich articles bought in Rome for presents to his family. Fortunately at the top were a pair of boots and some articles of wearing apparel. As soon as the officer asked for his keys, he gave the key of the trunk but not of the bag, saying that was his "night bag." All in vain; the officer had no respect for the "sac de nuit" of a gentleman; he demanded the key. It was given up with as much readiness as possible on such an occasion, and we all assumed an appearance of indifference that we were far from feeling, for if after acknowledging that you had "nothing against the government," articles subject to a duty are found among your baggage, they may be taken from you, and a fine imposed upon you. However, Mr. D.'s good genius befriended him in the shape of a pair of boots (sin-

gular form though, for a presiding genius), for the officer seeing the boots, reasonably concluded that the bag contained nothing but wearing apparel; he accordingly locked it and gave up the key. We all breathed quite freely then, I can assure you.

We rode along by the banks of the lake, which were low and green and prettily planted with trees, through the branches of which we could catch, now and then, glimpses of the clear waters. On the opposite shore towered lofty mountains.

Before our windows in the inn, the lake expanded into a broad sheet, skirted by lofty mountains. It was a calm and peaceful scene.

No sooner had we selected our rooms, than we started off to see the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo, who was born in this neighborhood. It was a mile from the inn, but we had a delightful walk, along a path winding around the mountain side, by the margin of the lake. The statue stands on a high hill; well may it be called colossal. Let me give you a little idea of its size by telling you some of its dimensions. The height of the pedestal is thirty-six feet, and of the statue seventy-two. It measures twenty feet around the head, and the face is seven feet and a half long, and the nose two feet and seven inches. The arm is twenty-eight feet long, the foot four feet. He is represented in the robes of a bishop, which measure fifty-four feet around. Every thing about the statue is on the same scale, yet so perfect are the proportions, that it does not seem half so large; indeed, I had to walk several times around it before I could realize it. Well, this is not all about the statue; people go up inside of it; in fact four men can stand within its head at one time. You must know we made up our minds to climb up too, for we go upon the old proverb, "What man has done, man may do," and I began to think how I should puzzle you by trying to make you "guess" where I had been; but when we arrived at the foot of the

statue, I saw a great high ladder resting against it. I asked the man who acts as guide there, how we went up, if there were no stairs within the pedestal. To our great surprise and disappointment he said that there were none, and that we must go up by that ladder. Persevering as I generally am, I must acknowledge that at this information I drew back. I could not summon courage to mount that ladder at least sixty feet high, even to stand within a man's head and to look out of a window in his neck. The gentlemen gave up going, because they did not like to leave me down there all alone, so we turned our steps homeward. The sun was slowly sinking behind one of the mountains, which was lit up by its parting beams, while the other mountains were darker and still darker, according to their distance from the setting sun. The lake was without a ripple, and the golden tints of the clouds were reflected on its clear surface. It was enchanting. Who would imagine that a few hours would produce such a change in nature's fair face? That night there was a heavy tempest, and in the morning the lake still showed the effects of the storm. The mountains looked dark and frowning, though occasionally lit up with a passing gleam of sunshine.

For seventeen miles our road was directly along the lake side, but I must confess myself so unromantic, as to have slept the most of the time; but really the storm was so violent the night before as utterly to prevent my sleeping. I strove hard against my drowsiness, but the inclination to sleep was altogether too strong to be resisted. I made out to rouse up when opposite to the islands in the lake, and had just got my eyes open far enough to look out, when it began to rain, and we were obliged to close the carriage windows. There are three islands, Isola Bella is the prettiest, and (I think) the largest. It rises up into quite a hill, laid out in terraces. There is a palace on the island belonging to the Borromeo family. We had intended taking a boat and going off to these islands, but the rain effectually prevented us.

As soon as we left the lake, we plunged in among the mountains covered with trees. Here we were in the midst of beauties of nature's own creation, the hand of man being but little employed in heightening them. Here were thick trees and shrubs, the scene constantly changing, by the clouds of mist, now resting below the mountain tops, and now rolling away from their sides. Hundreds of little rivulets came dashing over rocks and stones, down the steep descent, seeming far up the mountain, like silver threads. All around were immense blocks of granite taken from the mountain sides.

At the inns along this road we saw a change in the aspect of affairs; here women do the greatest part of the work. So many of the Swiss are soldiers, that almost every thing at home devolves on the females. In the hotels in Italy all the offices are performed by men, even the duties of chambermaids. In Rome, Florence and Venice I never saw a female servant. My bell was always answered by male waiters.

Tuesday night we slept at Domo d'Ossola, at the foot of the Simplon road. For several miles, before reaching it, our road ran through a narrow valley, high mountains being on either hand. A little river murmured along by our side, fringed with willow and other trees, among which I noticed quantities of the kind of walnut we call the "English walnut." It grows in abundance in this country. We passed many little cascades, foaming, leaping, dashing down the mountain gorges, sometimes thirty, forty, or fifty feet at one leap. In the crevices of the mountains we saw snow in abundance. The mountains were dotted with little white churches, which I thought were often more numerous than the dwelling-houses.

Yesterday we safely accomplished our journey over the Alps. We started at four in the morning, and arrived at Brigg at six in the evening; and oh, what a day it was! Through what grand and sublime scenes did we pass! From

the moment that we left Domo d'Ossola, till we reached Brigg on this side of the Alps, not an uninteresting spot did we pass over. Through the whole of that day our attention never flagged. I did not even open a book, so intent was I in reading that page of nature's book spread out before me. And then the road, how good it is! How worthy of never-dying honors is the man who designed such a work, such a triumph of art over nature! Truly, if Bonaparte had done nothing else but this, his name would never die. For twenty miles our way was upward. As far as the eye could see, mountains were around; mountains, not smiling with verdure, but rock-ribbed and barren, and in many places covered with snow.

For the first two or three hours we were in the king of Sardinia's dominions, and the road was sadly out of repair; the bridges were broken, the walls down, and in two places, we had to pass through a dashing river, the current of which was so powerful, that if our horses had not been strong and our carriage heavy, we must have been borne down the stream. Shame on the government that will let such a noble work go to decay!

For miles a brawling torrent ran close by our side, dashing along among rocks, its thundering noise constantly sounding in our ears. Adown the mountains were hundreds, and truth may I say, thousands of cascades, some large, others quite small. Doubtless the heavy rain we had the other night increased the power of these torrents. Look where you would, there you would see the water jumping and springing over the rocks, down the precipitous sides of the mountain. More than fifty strong bridges are thrown over these cataracts, and six grottoes are cut out of the solid rock, through which we passed, sometimes a cataract roaring under our feet, sometimes tumbling over our heads. The mountains, in many places, were covered with snow, and by the side of our very road it often lay in banks, twenty, thirty, and even fifty feet deep. And this too, on

the last day of June! Often a bridge was formed by snow, under which a noisy cascade was wending its way. On several of the mountains we saw glaciers, appearing like what the name signifies, "frozen seas."

Little vegetation was seen; here and there was a patch of cultivated ground, but every thing was very backward.

About eleven, we stopped at a nice, clean inn, in the little village of Simplon, where we had a lunch of bread, honey and milk. I lay down and slept for an hour, for I feared my strength would leave me before night, if I did not get some rest. For an hour or two after we started again, we toiled up, still getting higher and higher. All the day we had two additional horses to assist ours.

Alps on Alps arose before us; the higher up we went, the more they seemed to tower above us. The pine was the only tree we saw, and often large trees lay by the roadside, having been uprooted by powerful winds. There are, I think, a dozen houses, called "refuges," erected by government for benighted and bewildered travellers. They are not inhabited, however; they are merely designed as a shelter from a storm or during the night, for those who lose their way among these mountains. Occasionally, tall poles are fixed in the earth, to mark the course of the road when covered by snow, for among these precipices and cascades the least misstep would be fatal.

There are two hospitals, one quite an old one, the other built in 1831, for any that may be sick among these mountains.

As we began to descend, the road wound round and round, so that we could look up and see the tops of the mountains far over our heads, and their bases beneath our feet. The air was cold, and it rained so fast that J. and I had to betake ourselves to the inside of the carriage, we both having mounted on the outside in the morning, that we might have a good opportunity of seeing the country. Indeed, J. walked a great part of the way, so completely was he "carried away" by the grandeur of the scene.

As we came farther down, the earth began to assume a new aspect. Other trees than the pine appeared, grass became quite high, grain sprang up, and it seemed as though we were in the midst of a new creation.

"How manifold are thy works, O God! In wisdom thou hast made them all!" Oh! who can look upon these mountains, ancient as the sun, the foaming torrents, the snow, the ice, without saying, "God is great"?

You may be well assured that after such a ride, we were somewhat fatigued, and that after entering the record of the day in my journal, I was glad to seek my bed. We were obliged to be called early this morning, as we had quite a journey before us, but now we are once more at rest. From Brigg here, the road has been through the valley of the Rhone, by the side of that stream, which has poured along its noisy, babbling waters, with almost irresistible force. On each side of us have been lofty mountains shining with snow, whose cold blasts have come so fiercely upon us, that, wrapped in coats and cloaks, we have shivered with the cold all day, and yet it is the first day of July.

At noon we stopped at Torteman, where was a fine waterfall, bursting out of a gorge in the solid mountain, and falling in a large body to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet. Just after we left that, we came to another fall, not so powerful, but more beautiful, the water gliding over the rocks, and falling down like a light veil of gauze, or like snow-flakes. It was really beautiful, so soft, so flowing, so gentle, so finely contrasted with the scenery around, which was of the wildest cast. Besides these, there were other and smaller cascades, dashing down the mountain sides, and filling the air with their noisy merriment. Sometimes the hand of man has been able to snatch from nature a little piece of ground, but generally mountains and glens seem to be in their pristine wildness.

The women look neat and clean, and all without exception, out doors and in, wear a little straw hat, covered with

some kind of silk or ribbon. They have fairer complexions than any we have lately seen, and are exceedingly courteous. All the people we meet, both men and women, greet us, the men bowing and touching their hats, saying, "Bon jour, monsieur," (good morning, sir,) and the women kissing their hands. We have met several beggars, mostly children. They would run along by the side of the carriage, with clasped hands, only occasionally unclasping them to kiss them, or to point to their mouths, in token that they were hungry.

And now, after this long epistle, you will permit me to rest awhile. As ever, yours.

GENEVA, July 5th.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Our national festival has passed by without our being able to notice it, except by just speaking of it. Through our banker we were invited to partake of a dinner to be given on "the fourth," by the Americans at present in the city, but it being Sunday, we "respectfully declined." The moment we arrived at the hotel, we despatched one of the waiters to the banker's, to see if we had letters. We could not wait for the gentlemen to dress and go, as by that time banking hours would be over, and then we should have been obliged to have waited till this morning. But what a rich treat to us! The messenger returned with three letters. We stopped in the midst of the operation of unpacking, to read them and get the news from home, dear home. But in my eagerness to tell you these things, I have quite forgotten to speak about our journey hither, so I must go back a few days.

We stopped Friday night at St. Gingoulph, on the Lake of Geneva. For the first part of the day, our ride was like that

of the day before, through a valley having lofty mountains on both sides. Afterwards, the asperities of nature softened down, the fields began to assume a more verdant and fertile look; meadows of rich grass and grain, and several vineyards, gave variety to the scene. The vine is cultivated here in the same manner as in France.

At last we came in sight of the beautiful Lake of Geneva, its blue waters looking so calm and lovely, that it well merits all the praise so liberally bestowed on it by poets and painters. The weather became milder, so that we could venture to have the carriage windows open.

We were then under the king of Sardinia; but we had no trouble with our baggage, for our name of Americans seemed to have a charm connected with it, for as soon as we told who we were, our trunks were left untouched. Our passports, however, were rigorously examined, but so much pains have we spent on these, that no flaw can be found in them. We were generally detained about a half hour at each town through which we passed, while they were being examined, and when brought back to us, the officer would politely touch his hat, and ask for his fee, that he might drink our health, and if it was not in proportion to his expectations, he would have no hesitation to demand more; nay, we have sometimes known one of them to run a half mile or more after us. Dignified, surely!

We enjoyed a fine walk last evening, along the lake side, breathing the mild air, and inhaling the fragrance of the new mown hay. All were employed, men, women and children; all seem born to work. It is astonishing to see what basket loads and what bundles of hay the women and children will carry on their heads and backs. Some assign this as the cause of those dreadful swellings on the neck.

I told Francesco yesterday that the women in the United States did not work in the fields as in this country. He seemed surprised, but said that here many of the men go into the towns and become waiters in hotels, and many are

soldiers, so that the women must work, or else nothing would be done. So industrious are they that we saw many knitting as they went home from the fields.

We begin to feel almost at home, as we hear French spoken all around us. We had a real pleasant, sociable landlady at St. Gingoulph. I soon got into her good graces, by praising the bed-curtains, which were made of white cambric, ruffled around the border. With much seeming pride she told me that she made them herself, and pointed to the blankets as being of her own manufacture also.

Once more we are in Switzerland, the land of high mountains and deep vales, the land of lakes and foaming torrents, the most beautiful and picturesque country in the world; in Switzerland

" The nurse of liberty,
The home of the gallant, great and free."

From St. Gingoulph here, we passed through an enchanting country, fertile and well watered. Apple, cherry, chestnut and walnut trees we saw in abundance. The meadows were beautiful, some laden with the ripening grain, others covered with the sweet smelling hay. All the day we were in sight of the lake, whose waters are of the most charming blue imaginable.

We are at the Hotel l'Ecu, where all the waiters speak English. The fashionable hotel of Geneva, where most of the English travellers stop, is the "Bergue," where every thing is served in fine style, all the waiters being obliged to appear at table in white gloves. But we chose a more humble abode, and find all things to our liking.

Yesterday morning we attended church in the chapel of the hospital, where we heard the best sermon we have heard since we left home.

After dinner we walked out beyond the gates. We passed the church in which Calvin formerly preached. Ah! far different are the doctrines now inculcated from that pulpit, than those preached by the great reformer.

A deep wide moat, filled with the blue waters of the Rhone, runs around the walls of the city. It is enclosed between high banks, which are covered with grass, and planted with trees. We wandered along through shady lanes, till we came to a cemetery, having over the gate in French, the texts, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works follow them;" "He that believeth on me shall live, even though he were dead." We soon found it was a Protestant ground, the tall crosses of the Romish cemetery, we saw towering over the wall, which divides the two. It was too late for us to visit that, so we confined our attention to the first. This ground is rather pretty; the graves are planted around with flowers, and shaded by fine trees. We saw many women with water-pots in their hands, on their way to tend the flowers on the graves of their loved ones. I can but repeat what I have before said, that to me it is a touching custom, thus to invest the graves of the departed with those emblems of light and loveliness.

On our way home we met crowds of people in the streets. We passed a tent in which were two live serpents for show. On a stage in front were musicians who were vigorously playing, while men, women, and children were pouring in to behold the curiosities. This I hardly expected in Protestant Geneva.

This day we have spent in looking about this city. We do not find it situated according to previous expectations, as we always imagined it lay directly on the lake, which spread out in full expanse before it; instead of which, it lies on the narrowest part of the lake, so that but little of it is seen from the town. In fact, it is more upon the Rhone which runs through a part of the lake, than on the lake itself. From our windows, we look out upon the river, which runs by with its rapid, noisy, current; beyond that we see the lake, calm and placid, its banks green and beautiful.

We rode this afternoon to Ferney, Voltaire's villa. It

was a charming ride; the environs of Geneva are really beautiful. The land is highly cultivated, and rich as a garden. We passed fine country seats, the grounds well laid out. Near every house were seats under a tree, where each family was assembled, engaged in various avocations, and enjoying the grateful shade.

The immediate approach to the villa is through an avenue of grand old trees; the house itself is plain. Two rooms only are shown, in which all things remain the same as when occupied by Voltaire. The walls of the bed-chamber are lined with faded blue silk, the old-fashioned chairs covered with the same. The hangings of the bed were once like the furniture, as several tattered remnants show; but alas! such is the rage for relics, that almost the whole of it has been carried off in "piecemeals," by travellers.

Around the room were several portraits, among which I saw one of Washington. In the other room, a kind of saloon, are several pictures, the most conspicuous of which is one representing Voltaire presenting a copy of his *Henriade* to Apollo, while some nymphs are carrying other copies to the Temple of Fame, and others are driving his enemies down to the lower regions. It is said that this was designed by Voltaire himself; if so, it shows his insufferable vanity and egotism.

An old man, tottering under the weight of near fourscore years and ten, showed us around the grounds, which were prettily laid out. He was fourteen years old when Voltaire died, and had then been living five years in his service. I do not know but that he told us some interesting anecdotes of "the great man;" if so they were entirely lost upon us, for from his want of teeth he spoke so indistinctly, that it was impossible for us to understand much that he said. He showed us through a long arbor, made by the hornbeam intersecting itself overhead, where the poet, the historian, the satirist, used to walk every morning from nine till twelve. There were several openings in the side, whence

were seen beautiful views of the country, backed by "old Mont Blanc," which latter, however, we did not see, as it was obscured by clouds. At the end of the arbor was a bench, on which Voltaire used to sit while he wrote. It is broken and despoiled of many goodly fragments, no doubt carried off by the bed-curtain "hookers." For my own part, I had not the slightest wish to take any thing, not even a blade of grass, as I have no particular respect for the character of so gross an infidel, however great were his intellectual abilities. Among the trees, a large elm was pointed out to us, as planted by Voltaire's hand, and great was the indignation of our old cicerone, because a visitor who was there at the same time with us, dared to doubt it. We did not enter the little church built by Voltaire, as it is now used as a woodhouse!

On our ride back, we stopped before a chateau, and walked through a fine park, to behold the junction of the Arve and the Rhone. It is really a curious sight, for the Rhone is of a clear blue, and the Arve of a muddy white. Both flow with a swift current, and both seem to try their utmost to see which shall gain the ascendancy, and the longest preserve its individual colors. At last, however, they both mingle into one, and the Arve is lost in the Rhone. Here we were told was a magnificent view of Mont Blanc, which assertion we took in faith, not being able to see it ourselves, being hidden by the mists. After we came back, we rode around the city. There are few public buildings worthy of note, but many of the private houses are really elegant, and there is a beautiful botanic garden. The principal shops are filled with jewelry; indeed every second or third shop shone with watches and trinkets, the Geneva workmanship in gold, being celebrated all the world over.

We have packed up our trunks, and to-morrow, with simply a carpet-bag, we start on our excursion to Chamouni. I am heartily tired of this packing and unpacking. I shall

be glad when we get back to Paris, so that we can have our other trunk, and then we shall not be obliged thus constantly to tax our ingenuity, in stowing away many articles in the smallest possible space.

When we return from our mountain trip, I shall again write; so for the present adieu.

GENEVA, Thursday eve.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Wearied with our excursion which occupied three days, and lame from riding, I seat myself to write to you. Fatiguing as this trip was, it has been one of the most interesting that we have taken.

At six o'clock on Tuesday morning we started in a "caleche," a sort of barouche with a top that could be put up or let down at pleasure. Two or three miles from Geneva, our passports were called for and rigidly scrutinized, but we had taken the precaution of obtaining the Sardinian minister's signature, before leaving Geneva, for which important thing we had to pay four francs. However, many a poor wight has been obliged to go back to Geneva, for failing to have his passport thus countersigned; and I have heard of one who prevailed on the officer to allow him to go on, sending his passport back for the requisite signature, for which privilege when he returned, he had the pleasure of paying five dollars! And all this trouble, because we pass through a little corner of the king of Sardinia's dominions.

While waiting to have our passports examined, we found the time any thing but tedious, for we were amused at a little scene that occurred.

A man passed our carriage; the officer darted upon him, punched his sides, felt in his pockets, took off his hat;

showing in such demonstrations of his zeal for his country's weal that he was determined to allow of no smuggling, not even in those little articles, that might be conveniently carried about the person. But the face and air of the man who was undergoing this surveillance, were worthy all praise. Not a shade of surprise, not a look of anger, crossed his features, but he stood the very picture of patience and submission.

Our ride to St. Martin's occupied us several hours, but we found it far from tedious, as it was through a fine country. Near Geneva the scenes were soft and beautiful, but after we left that city several miles behind us, they became wild and grand. Mountains stretched their lofty summits around us, seeming to block our way; the noisy Arve dashed by us, and cascades darted down the mountain sides, roaring and tumbling along as though chased by a supernatural power.

The cataract of Aspenaz falls eight hundred feet, and though at the top it seems like a large body of water, yet so great is its fall, that before it reaches the rocks below, it dies away in mist. In the early morning there had been quite a heavy rain, and in this land of torrents and mountain streams, the slightest shower produces its quick effects. In two places we found the road almost impassable. Large stones had been swept down by the force of the water, filling up the road, while the mud and clay were so thick, that our wheels sank in to their hubs. Men, women and children had collected "en masse" to repair the breaches, their pantaloons, petticoats, &c. tucked up over their knees, their bare feet and ankles black with the mud in which they stood.

All along, the peasants seemed industrious and civil; all that passed us greeted us with a "bon jour." Many were the children that followed us with cherries, tumblers of milk, and pieces of minerals to sell. I bought a dish full of nice large cherries, and to gratify a little boy's importunity,

Mr. D. bought another ; but lo ! his, like many other things in the world, turned out to be a hoax, for only those at the top were good for any thing. The women and girls wear little black silk caps, with a frill of black lace around the front. The complexion is quite fair, and most of the peasantry, particularly the children, would be very fine looking, were it not for those terrible "goitres," which so disfigure them. The women in going to and from the fields, and the little girls tending their cows and goats, all had their knitting work in their hands.

At St. Martin's we left our carriage and took another called a "char a banc." Imagine a small, low carriage, somewhat semicircular, and resembling a sofa set on wheels, and you will have about as good an idea of this carriage as I am able to give you. There is but one seat, so that we were obliged to sit sideways. The entrance is by a door in the side. It is really the most curious looking vehicle I ever saw in all my life. There is no seat for the driver ; he rode one of the horses, which were at least six feet ahead of the carriage. He was dressed in a short-tailed black coat, trimmed with red and yellow, and had on boots which, after approved postilion fashion, came up over his knees.

In this little "concern" we three, with our coats and cloaks and carpet-bags were packed, yes literally packed, for it required no little calculation and fixing to get stowed just right. Six leagues we rode in this thing, jolted and jammed almost beyond endurance ; and yet we could not help laughing and joking at each other's expense. We amused ourselves with wondering how our worthy relative, Mr. —, would get along with his long nether extremities, till we finally came to the conclusion, that he would have to put them through the door. But then a new difficulty arose ; the vehicle was so low they would dangle on the ground, so the only way that we could fix it was, that he would be obliged to put his feet on moving stilts.

But this ride, fatiguing as it was, had its charms. The

scenery was wild and grand beyond description. Mountains towered above us, causing our eyes to ache as we attempted to scan their heights; mountains frowning with "dark pine groves" and rocky battlements; mountains, noisy with the babbling brook and waterfall. Numberless cascades dashed over the road, making it dangerous to cross. Nevertheless we did cross, and over many too, for I counted no less than thirteen in a little while. I saw one man carrying his bridge on his back, in the shape of a plank, which when he came to one of these places, he put across the stream, walked over on it, and then deliberately shouldered it and went onward.

For several miles our way led up steep hills, to our great surprise, as we were under the impression that we were going to a valley and not up mountains. To add to the wildness of the scene, a violent storm came on, accompanied occasionally by a peal of thunder, which echoed and re-echoed among the mountains, hill after hill repeating the sound, till it died away in the distance.

As we drew nearer Chamouni, which is three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, we began to see the glaciers. How splendidly they looked! The whole side of a mountain was covered with these seas of ice, or frozen cataracts, frozen in the very act of plunging down to the vales beneath. I thought again and again of Rogers' beautiful lines, so descriptive as they are of these glaciers.

"Wave upon wave! as if a foaming ocean,
By boisterous winds to fierce rebellion driven,
Heard in its wildest moment of commotion,
And stood congealed at the command of Heaven,
Its frantic billows chained at their explosion,
And fixed in sculpture; here to caverns riven,
There, petrified to crystal — at his nod,
Who raised the Alps an altar to their God!"

Occasionally, the sun would break out, lighting up a mountain top, or a woody glen; and then again darkness would gather around, and the rain once more fall in torrents.

At length we arrived at the Union House in Chamouni, unwet, unharmed, save sundry aches and cramps, arising from our jolting and jamming. As soon as we got in the house, we eagerly ran to a window, seeking for a glimpse of Mont Blanc, "the monarch of mountains." But ah! "the monarch" had wrapped himself in his "robe of clouds," and naught was to be seen, not even his "diadem of snow."

All the evening the rain beat against the windows. "Shall we be able to go to-morrow?" was the oft repeated question, and as often answered by a shrug of the shoulders, and a "Je ne sais pas," (I do not know.) However, we ordered breakfast at half past five, and requested the waiter to have a guide and a mule for Mr. D. at the door, at six. As for J. and myself, we determined to walk, for I had enough of horseback riding at Vesuvius. The waiter assured me I could walk with ease, so after a good dinner, though amongst a noisy party of Germans and French, I went to bed, and dreamed of the pleasure of walking up the mountains. But morning came, dark and gloomy. J. rang the bell, ordered breakfast at eight, and that no guide should be sent for. At eight the prospect still seemed dubious. The landlord was consulted, and he gave it as his opinion that it would be "a bad day," which J. was disposed to receive as convincing; I not, as I knew it was his interest to keep us there another day. It was likely to rain, for when does it not rain among the mountains? and I said "my voice is still for" going; so while at breakfast, the guide was sent for, but to my great astonishment, and to the utter annihilation of my happy dreams, our landlord said it was by no means advisable for me to walk; it was too far, too fatiguing, too wet, and I don't know how many more "too's," so ride I must. It was with fear and trembling that I mounted my mule, which was quite as large as a horse, only more sure-footed; but the moment he started, I started too, declaring that I could not and would not ride, and so off I jumped much quicker than I got on. I walked with J. and the guide's little son across a

field, while Mr. D. and the guide who led my mule, went around the road. I found the walk in the field very wet, and at last I was persuaded to mount the mule once more. I had a saddle somewhat like the one I had when at Vesuvius. Though dreadfully afraid at first, I soon became quite composed, and tried to divert my attention with looking round and talking with the guide who led my mule. He was a middle-aged man, strong and active. He spoke French with a slight provincial idiom, yet I made out to understand him quite well. He has been guide here for thirty years, having received a license from government, and during the months of July and August has been nearly every day to Montanvert. He had with him a nice little boy, only eleven years old, whom for two years he has been training for a guide, causing him to walk eight, ten, and sometimes twelve miles a day. What an education is that for a boy! Many a boy of a larger growth, in our cities at home, would shrink from a walk of half that distance.

I asked the guide how many children he had. He seemed rather shy in answering, and finally said, "Oh, many." But I persevered in asking how many. He said, three boys and four girls, but as none of them were fools, he had none too many, which I thought was a philosophical view of the matter. I was eager to know about the winters in these mountainous countries. He told me that the snow began to fall in September, but that it did not last long at a time, but after November it never disappears till mid-spring. The mountains are almost impassable, and the snow lies four feet deep in the valley.

As we began to ascend, contrary to all predictions, the sun broke forth, and the mists began to roll away beneath our feet and from the mountain sides. Cloud after cloud rolled up, till the whole valley lay slumbering beneath us. How lovely! The white houses of Chamouni contrasted beautifully with the green fields around. The Arve and the Arveiron, which take their rise amid the glaciers, dashed

noisily by us; the mountains lifted their craggy summits around us, while our path wound up and up, round and round, through "pine groves," filling the air with their "soft and soul-like sounds;" and as though this was not music enough for us, the roaring of the rivers fell upon our ears, the faint jingling of the cow-bells stole sweetly upon us, and, added to all this, an instrument, like several trumpets, sent its rich tones through the valley, now dying away, now swelling out boldly, each hill taking up and echoing the strain, as though they "loved to prolong the gentle sound." Children were driving their cows and goats to pasture, the little girls having their knitting work in their hands. It was a picture of loveliness, of grand and majestic beauty, seldom seen. I quite forgot the stony path and my mule, which was patiently threading its way among the rocks and stones, as if to rebuke me for my fears. Even in this barren region we passed the fringed Gentian, "flowers of loveliest blue," though it was almost the only sign of vegetation around.

After two hours and a half, we reached the summit of Montanvert, and came close upon "the sea of ice," which stretched for miles below and beside us.

At a house here, we left our mules, and taking our mountain poles, which were about six feet long, with an iron spike at the end, we started for the glaciers, and after a winding walk of ten or fifteen minutes, stood upon "the sea of ice." This I dare not attempt to describe to you. I have seen it, and the recollection of it will never leave me; but one must see it for himself, to judge of its overwhelming sublimity. It is properly named a "sea of ice," for "a sea" it is. "Wave on wave" arises, but there is no motion, no sound, no roaring of the waters. The waves are stilled as though in their maddest plunge they heard an Almighty voice, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," and instantly they are stayed, and thus they remain for ages. And this extends not one mile or two, but for seventeen leagues, for Montanvert is a part of the range of Mont Blanc.

This sea of ice is broken in all directions by crevices, one of which has been sounded, and found to be three hundred and sixty feet deep. We jumped over several of these chasms, some a foot and a half or two feet wide. Down below the surface, the ice becomes "deeply, beautifully blue," and far down in its depths, we could hear the faint gurgling sound of water. We gazed and gazed and gazed again, loath to leave so sublime a sight. Coleridge has a magnificent description of this scene, but I cannot afford room to quote it. No one can look upon these glaciers without being struck with their overpowering sublimity; and the best idea one can get of them without seeing them is, by imagining the ocean when lashed to fury, suddenly stilled and frozen, or by fancying a foaming, dashing torrent, bursting down a mountain side, congealed while in the act of taking its boldest leap.

We returned to the house, and after taking a little bread and milk, commenced our descent. For some distance I walked, as the path was very steep, and I should have preferred to have walked all the way, but I was afraid my strength would not hold out. I no sooner mounted than I repented me of my decision, for the descent seemed really dangerous. Often the feet of the mule would be directly on the brink of a precipice, so that my body actually hung over it, and the least misstep would have been fatal; but through the kind care of Him, who has so far watched over me, I got down in safety.

As we got to the foot of the mountain, the clouds disappeared from Mont Blanc, and we saw him, though but for a moment, in all his glory. And oh! how glorious he seemed, as he pierced the clouds with his triple head, covered with eternal snow! It was indeed a fit footstool for Him who makes the clouds his pavilion.

How we longed to ascend that grand, old mountain, but it was impossible. But few travellers have ever succeeded in reaching the summit, and they have represented the danger and fatigue as exceedingly great, being obliged to walk be-

tween forty and fifty miles, to avoid frightful chasms in the glaciers, and having to sleep all night in the open air. Besides all these, the expense is equal to the fatigue. You are obliged to have four or five guides, and each guide demands forty francs a day. Our guide went up with an English gentleman, not long ago, whose only boast was that he made the trip in an hour less than any other traveller. A laudable ambition, truly!

As soon as we returned to the inn, we ordered our "char a banc" to be got ready immediately, and while we were waiting for it, we went into a shop where were minerals from the neighborhood for sale. Here we saw a chamois, and a beautiful animal it is too, with its soft, yet bright eyes. I met with so beautiful a description of this wild goat of the mountain, that I think you will pardon me for quoting it entire.

"Free born and beautiful! The mountain
Has naught like thee!
Fleet as the rush of Alpine fountain,
Fearless and free!
Thy dazzling eye outshines in brightness
The beam of hope;
Thine airy bound outstrips the lightness
Of antelope.

"On cliffs where scarce the eagle's pinion
Can find repose,
Thou keepest thy desolate dominion
Of trackless snows.
Thy pride to roam where man's ambition
Could never climb,
And make thy world a dazzling vision
Of Alps sublime!

"How glorious are the dawns that waken thee
To thy repast!
And where their fading lights forsake thee,
They shine the last.
Thy clime is pure, thy heaven clearer,
Brighter than ours,
To thee the desert snows are dearer
Than summer flowers."

We returned to St. Martin's by the Baths of St. Gervais. The first part of the way was the same as that by which we went to Chamouni, Tuesday evening; but after we turned towards St. Gervais, the mountains became if possible still more wild and grand. In the midst of this vast solitude is an immense hotel, where two or three hundred invalids can be accommodated, the springs in the neighborhood being considered efficacious in rheumatic and chronic affections. The water is warm and is strongly impregnated with sulphurous matter. It is conducted by pipes into bathing rooms, the water being used for bathing as well as drinking. Just back of the hotel is a splendid cascade, which seems to spring immediately out of the rocks. It has about "the greatest water power," as the manufacturers would express it, of any that we have yet seen. The water dashes down in fury, leaping and jumping along, even after it is in the valley. It is fed by the snow from Mont Blanc. Every thing about the establishment at St. Gervais, looked nice and comfortable. In the dining hall a table was spread for eighty-six persons; at each plate was a decanter of the mineral water. In another room were card and billiard tables, and out of this was an enormous parlor, handsomely furnished and well supplied with newspapers, and in this secluded spot we read the latest American news.

The ride to St. Martin's was delightful. The wildness of the scenery suddenly disappeared, smiling fields, covered with grass and grain, backed by green mountains, varied the scene. Soon after leaving St. Gervais, we chanced to turn our heads, when a sudden exclamation burst from us of "Mont Blanc, Mont Blanc!" Yes; there it was, more grand and beautiful than we had before seen it. For an hour we saw it lifting up its snowy summit, tinged by the rays of the declining sun, till it seemed a cloud of fire. It looked as though it had power to stay the sun, so long as he seemed to hover o'er his whitened head, so lovingly he lingered there. We looked and looked, determined to feast

our eyes with gazing, while the mount was in sight. The farther we went from it, the more distinct it grew, till the whole of the three peaks came in view. By and by the red tints faded away, and then it became so white, so pale, that it seemed still more shadowy, more sublime. Contrasted with the green summits around, it lifted its hoary head to the clouds, piercing "them as with a wedge." Still it followed us, till we reached St. Martin's, and as I ascended to my room, and stood by my window, there it was looking as pure as ever. And when I laid my wearied limbs on my bed, and long after my eyes were closed in sleep, it kept its solitary watch, as though it was a signal light set there by Him, who bringeth out the stars, and calleth them all by their names.

We left St. Martin's quite early this morning, and right glad were we to get into a carriage where we had space enough for our feet. The morning was excessively cold, quite as much so as it is with us in December, though it grew milder as the sun came up, and we got farther down in the valley. We had grand views of Mont Blanc, and many a "longing, lingering look," we turned to get the last view. Cold as it was, we had the carriage top down, as long as "the monarch of mountains" was in sight. It is very seldom that travellers who stay but a few days in the neighborhood get such glimpses of "sovrain Blanc," as we were favored with.

I felt completely exhausted when we arrived here, though while on the way I was so excited by the grandeur of the scenes, that I was not aware how far I was taxing my strength. But I doubt not a night's good rest will completely restore me. Good night.

THUR, July 14th.

MY DEAR F. :

We have been so busy since I last wrote, that I have had no time to write to you, so now you must let me give my record of the past, in somewhat of a journal form. Our journey on Friday was from Geneva to Lausanne, through a rich and smiling country, among orchards and vineyards. We passed by the largest vineyard we have yet seen. It was on the side of a mountain, and extended three miles in length. We passed through pretty little villages, and by beautiful country seats.

Lausanne is situated on the slope of a mountain, at a little distance from the Lake of Geneva. We stopped at the "Hotel de Gibbon," a new hotel, in fact an enlargement of the very house in which Gibbon wrote his Roman history. Our rooms commanded a fine view of the lake.

A ride of twelve hours took us to Fribourg. The whole of the day it rained "pouring," but the country people whom we met on their way to and from market, did not seem to mind the rain any more than we did. The country was very fertile, we did not see one barren spot during the whole distance.

Fribourg is romantically situated on both sides of a small river, which runs between high banks, in many places almost perpendicular. There are several bridges thrown over the stream. In many places the banks are so steep, that one is obliged to descend by means of steps and ladders.

Among the bridges over the river are two suspension bridges, one of which is the longest bridge of the kind in the world. It is nine hundred and five feet long, twenty-eight wide, and is one hundred and seventy-four feet above the surface of the water. It is suspended on four cables of iron wire, each containing one thousand and fifty-six wires, the united strength of which is capable of supporting four times the weight which it will ever be likely to bear, or three

times the weight of two rows of wagons extending entirely across it. The cables enter the earth obliquely on either side of the bridge, and extend some ways under ground. The materials are almost entirely Swiss, the workmen, with the exception of one man, were natives who had never seen such a bridge before. It was completed in three years, and cost six hundred thousand francs. Its strength was proved by the following means. One hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, drawn by fifty horses, and accompanied by three hundred people, collected in as compact a body as possible, passed over, and no sensible oscillation was produced. A few days afterwards, the bishop and authorities of the town, accompanied by two thousand persons, passed over it twice in procession, with a military band keeping step, and then a slight trembling of the bridge was perceived.

On Sunday morning we attended service in the Cathedral. As soon as we entered we were aware that a change had come over the aspect of affairs, that we were no longer in papal France or Italy. Seats were arranged across the church, and as we slowly walked up the aisle, a soldier came to us and respectfully asked us to seat ourselves. I could understand nothing of the service, but it was conducted with much solemnity and decency. One priest went around with some bread, and another wearing a splendid fur mantle, with a contribution plate.

We heard some grand music, from, some say, the most magnificent organ in the world. It was played but little during the service, but after the congregation had retired, the organist played for our gratification, our hotel keeper having sent him word that there were some strangers in the church who would like to hear the organ. Now think not in the simplicity of your heart, that the organist was actuated by a pardonable wish to exhibit his own powers, or those of the instrument. Far from it. He demands as his fee for extra playing eleven francs, but where there are several persons, it makes but a small sum for each to give. For our

own part we paid our proportion very cheerfully, for never before did we hear such music, and scarcely may we ever expect to again. Outwardly it is a beautiful instrument, and the power and variety of its tones are unequalled. Several different pieces were played; one represented so perfectly a choir singing, that J. insisted upon it that there must be persons singing in the gallery, though not an individual but the organist was to be seen. All the parts were distinctly heard, from the deep tones of the bass, to the soft, clear notes of a female voice. Yes, and it seemed even as though we could hear the words, so perfect was the resemblance. Then came a tempest. I actually held my breath, and fancied that I could hear the rain beating against the windows, and the wind howling, while the thunder rolled over our heads and shook the church. Instinctively we turned towards the window, to see if there had been any change in the weather since we entered the church, as it was then bright sunshine.

Then came a heavy clap of thunder, which broke directly over our heads. We started from our seats in dismay, and saw around us the frightened looks of our company. It was sublime music. How much I wished that some of our musical friends in P——, could have heard it.

The organ was built by Mosser, a citizen of Fribourg. It has sixty-four stops, and seven thousand eight hundred pipes, some of them thirty-two feet long.

Our next stopping place was Berne. We approached the city by a road lined with trees, and through gates, guarded by two large bears, which, by the way, are the arms of the city. The streets run parallel to each other, and are quite wide and clean. Through the three principal streets runs a little stream of water, about two feet wide, walled in on both sides, and in two of the streets covered over on the top. In some of the streets there were fountains, in the basins of which the Bernese women were washing clothes, vegetables, tubs, &c. Nor were infants wanting to vary the scene. They lay in their little cradles around the fountains,

and were apparently accustomed to this out-door living, as I heard no crying from any.

Of all costumes that I have yet seen, (for each canton has its peculiar costume,) that of Berne is the most singular, and well deserves a lengthened description. The skirt is of any color one chooses, and is generally bound around the bottom with red, the waist and sleeves are white, the waist high in front. Over this is worn a black bodice, low in front, but high and narrow behind. The sleeves are of moderate size, and begin at the top of the shoulder. From the elbow to the wrists, cuffs are worn of colored cambric or calico. But the head-dress exceeds the whole. It is a cap of black lace, silk, or velvet, with a border in front of black lace, full a quarter of a yard wide. In some cases, this is plaited and starched stiff, and stands up straight from the forehead; in others it is free from all stiffness, and falls like a veil over the upper part of the face. In either case it has rather a grotesque appearance.

The houses are built on arches like those of Bologna, but far superior, the pillars being altogether of stone. The shops are fine, and many of the houses would not dishonor Paris. The greatest curiosity to us, was a clock in a small tower in one of the principal streets. As I never before saw any thing of that kind, you will pardon me for giving it considerable attention. In a niche near the face of the clock, is a large fellow dressed like a Turk, seated in a chair, and holding in one hand an hourglass, and in the other a little sceptre. Over his head is another figure, holding in his hand a club; over each of his shoulders hangs a small bell. Beneath the old Turk is a procession of small figures, among which are an elephant, a donkey, and a man on horseback. On one side of the Turk is a small "rooster," which just before the clock strikes, claps its wings and crows, the little figures then walking round, each one disappearing within the building, and re-appearing in its turn, till the whole have been round, and come back

to their usual places. While this is going on, the figure on top strikes with his club, first one bell, and then the other, till the hour is counted, moving first one leg and then the other, at each stroke. Then the crower claps his wings and crows again, and the Turk turns the hourglass in his hand, and with his little sceptre keeping time, counts the hours, his lips moving, and his mouth opening at each number. Once more a "crow" is given, and then the whole performance was ended. As it was twelve o'clock when we were there, we had a fine opportunity to see it. How complicated must be the machinery for moving all these figures. We were anxious to get inside to see it, but the man who has charge of it was not to be found.

We next turned our steps museum-ward, passing by the cathedral, a handsome stone edifice in the true Gothic style, and stopping at a fine promenade shaded with large walnut trees. At a distance one hundred feet below us, flowed the river Aar, which runs through a part of the town. To our regret we found the museum closed, so we strolled leisurely along on our homeward way.

We are now at Thun, a picturesque little village, on the lake of the same name and on the river Aar. We stop at the Hotel Bellevue, which stands in the midst of a beautiful garden. We chose an upper room, that we might see the lake and the surrounding country at our pleasure. As soon as we deposited our boxes and bundles, enlarged by collections of minerals and dried flowers, we started off for a walk. We went by a narrow path up a high hill to a little pavilion. It was a delightful walk, under large trees which shaded us from the sun, while the birds carolled blithely over our heads. We wound round and round, now up a steep path, now up long flights of steps, and then coming to an open place where we had glimpses of the scene below, till we reached the pavilion. What a scene was there spread out before us! No picture ever equalled it. The little lake with its clear blue waters, surrounded by mountains, some

bare and craggy, some green and fertile, and others far in the distance, lifting up their icy heads above the clouds; meadows, the light green of which contrasted so well with the dark green of the trees, thickly spread over them, the willows and the poplars planted by the lake side, the white houses peeping out in every direction, the meandering Aar, its sparkling waters seen, now here, now there, the picturesque village with its high, dark roofs, these all, seen under a brilliant sky, by the crimson glow of the setting sun, presented a scene fairer than ever dream pictured. Then came rich music borne on the breeze, now swelling out, now gently dying away, till the sweet sounds were no longer heard. We were enchanted, and could have staid there hours, and we thought all our labors and fatigues were amply repaid by a scene so lovely.

Yesterday we went on board the little steamer that plies on the lake, and made the usual excursion to the end of the lake, and back again in the afternoon. The boat was full of tourists, the most of which were English. In fact, the hotels are full of English people every summer; no less than fourteen families are boarding at our hotel. Their expenses are six francs a day for each person. There are five different houses connected with the Hotel Bellevue, all of which are full. The accommodations are good, the table excellent, and the waiters all speak English. Indeed, we have met with more persons who speak English, since we have been in Switzerland, than in all the rest of our travels.

But to the lake. It is about ten miles long, and is encircled by mountains, some almost perpendicular, presenting to the eye naught but bare rocks; others are covered with trees and shrubs, while others still slope gently down, their sides clothed with goodly pastures.

When we landed we took a carriage and rode several miles to the Falls of Stubbach. We passed through the village of Undersee, the funniest looking place I ever saw. The houses look as though built in the year one. They are

black, and have high roofs, projecting several feet over the sides and front. There are no chimneys, but the smoke comes out of an aperture in the side.

Adjoining this is the village of Interlachen, so called because it lies between two lakes. It consists of but one street about a mile in length, shaded with large trees. The houses are filled with English boarders. In fact, the village is called an English colony. From this place to the falls, the country was wild and grand. Our road lay through a narrow valley, beside a babbling stream, overhung with lofty mountains, cataracts every where leaping down their sides. But why should I repeat what I have said a dozen times? All these are the characteristics of mountain scenery. This cascade falls about eight or nine hundred feet, and I am almost ready to say, that it is the most beautiful fall we have yet seen. The water floats gently down in sheets of spray. It comes over the rocky side of the mountain, which is almost perpendicular. It is really astonishing to stand beneath and look up; it seems as though a cloud were falling from on high.

Two peasant girls sang very prettily for us, while we were at the falls. They had light hair, turned back from their foreheads, and braided down behind.

On our return to the boat it began to rain, as usual. Who ever spent a day among the mountains without seeing rain? After we came back to the boat, there was such a violent shower that we were obliged to betake ourselves to the cabin. It lasted, however, thanks to the changeableness of the climate, but a short time, and soon a beautiful rainbow appeared, which we hailed as the blessed sign of promise.

After dinner, we strolled out through the village, and crossed over two or three bridges to the opposite side of the lake, and wandered along its margin, beneath the drooping willows. It is a charming spot, this little village and its environs, and we should much like to stay here some time, but the traveller must take "onward" for his motto. And so

we leave Thun and its lovely lake, and hereafter they must be to us as the "things that have been."

Once more we are on the move. The trunk and bags have disappeared, and I am wanted; so in great haste I quit you.

RHEINFALL, Saturday.

MY DEAREST FRIEND :

Through richly varied landscapes, and by short and easy stages, we have reached this place. Our attention has been all absorbed by the scenes through which we have passed. True, we miss the magnificent works of art of Italy, but after all, is not nature superior to art? If the other parts of Switzerland be like what we have seen, since we entered her borders, I marvel not that her children love her. I have often thought of what one of our steerage passengers in the Burgundy said to me in Havre. "Oh," said he, "in a few days I shall see Switzerland, my beloved Switzerland, with its high mountains and green vales! Oh, I can't find words to express my joy!" And his eye kindled, and his cheek glowed as he spoke. A young physician told me that when he returned to his native land, after studying two years in Paris, his joy was so great on once more seeing that dear Switzerland, that as soon as he had passed the frontiers, he threw himself upon the ground and kissed the earth, saying with tears, "Oh, my native soil, do I see thee once more?" Thus it seems with all the Swiss; their love for home is proverbial, and surely if ever there were scenes calculated to win and to fix love, they are to be found in Switzerland. Would you seek the lofty and sublime? Survey her everlasting hills, climb her snow-capped mountains, view her fields of ice, her frozen torrents, her silent cataracts; wander through her wild ravines and mountain gorges, and look (for there you cannot go, there naught but the wild goat strays,) up her

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shelving rocks and craggy precipices. Do you long after the soft and beautiful? Roam over her bright fields, beneath her green trees, by her quiet lakes, midst her happy peasants, and say if your heart is not content with the glorious scenes spread out before you.

But to return to our journey hither. We were at Luzerne on Thursday, but it rained all the time we were there, so we saw nothing of the town nor of the lake, except a little spot that could be seen from the windows of the hotel. We intended ascending the Rhigi mountain in the afternoon, and sleeping on its summit that night, in order to get the sunrise view from that elevated spot, said to be unrivalled. But after waiting till two o'clock, we decided that it was altogether too stormy to undertake such a trip, so we gave up the attempt. It was the first time since we commenced our travels, that we were hindered by the weather from undertaking any excursion on which we had previously fixed.

We stayed that night at a small inn at Knonou, a little village, but where we had most excellent accommodations. In fact, all the inns in Switzerland are conducted on the best plan, and every thing is nice and clean. From my window at Knonou, I was amused by watching the preparations going on for our dinner. When I saw a man going towards a little stream with his rod and fishing apparatus, I began to despair, and thought that if he had no better luck than some of our amateur fishermen at home, we might have to wait a long time for our dinner. But soon he returned with a fine large trout, and I was forced to confess that either he had more skill, or that the fish were more easily caught than with us. Various were the goings to and from a store-room opposite the window, and diverse were the articles brought therefrom. Soon a faint cackling was heard, which suddenly ceased, proclaiming that there was one chicken the less in the world. Then there were wafted to my olfactory nerves, sundry smells, which declared in tones, (no, I mean odors,) not to be mistaken, that fish,

beef, and fowl, were in different stages of cooking. I, then being no longer in doubt about my dinner, joined the gentlemen below. On entering the room, how surprised and pleased was I to see it hung around with views of our own goodly city of Philadelphia. When the waiter (who I afterwards found was the master of the house himself) came in to prepare for dinner, I asked him where he got those engravings. He told me they were sent to him by a brother who had been ten years in Philadelphia. I sent for Francesco to come in, and then explained the different views, pouring into their greedy ears more information concerning that city and our own country, than they probably ever heard before. They were particularly interested in the account of the institution for the blind, and seemed as if thunderstruck when I told them there was a way invented to teach them to read. Then I told them of the deaf and dumb, and of that prodigy, Julia Brace, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, which account they often interrupted with various expressions of surprise, wonder and admiration. I talked nearly an hour, (you know I am famous for long stories), till I exhausted all my French, explained all the engravings, and whiled away the time till dinner was ready. The lecture on the arts and sciences of America being finished, I sat down to my dinner with what dear — used to call a “ferocious appetite.”

On Friday noon we reached Zurich. From Thun there the country was pleasant and interesting, but the road was bad. The hills assumed a less bold and prominent appearance, and sloped gently away, covered with pine woods, verdant pastures and extensive vineyards.

Zurich is beautifully situated on a lake of the same name. It is a large town, and has considerable business. There are some fine looking houses. We went to the church where Zuinglius, the reformer, formerly preached, but we could not get in. We visited the public library, which contains sixty thousand volumes. Here were busts of La-

vater, Pestalozzi, and Huss, and portraits of Zuinglius and his daughter, of Bullenarius, tutor to Lady Jane Grey, and of several of the reformers ; also manuscript letters in Latin from Lady Jane Grey to her tutor, written in a clear hand, and doubtless in very good Latin, though I did not take much notice of that, as I left that language behind me when I left school.

After dinner we took a walk to a part of the old ramparts, which is a fine promenade, planted with trees, and commanding an extensive view of the town and the adjoining country, of the lake and the mountains around. There we lingered an hour, watching the last movements of the declining sun, and the changing shadows flitting over "fair Zurich's waters," now lighting them up, now casting a veil over their charms. How prettily looked the little villages, studded along the banks, with their clusters of white houses, and their little spires pointing upward ! And long after the valley was cast into shade, the snow-capped summits of the distant mountains were crimsoned with the parting beams of the god of day.

For the last two days we have been in cantons, where German is altogether spoken, and such a jabbering of hard words ! I think it almost equals the Russian. The houses are the queerest looking things you can imagine. All have the gable ends towards the road, and the roof projects eight or ten feet over the front and the sides. Between the different stories, galleries run across the front, and the whole space between them is filled with windows. A portion of the house is duly set apart for the horses, cows, and pigs, while the hens and chickens are often seen peeping out of the garret windows. There is invariably a large heap of manure in front of the house, which, however much it may contribute to the health and cleanliness of the inhabitants, is not remarkably agreeable to the passers by.

Between Zurich and this place, we saw whole fields of poppies raised for the manufacture of opium. In this vicin-

ity the houses are equally unique with those we have before seen. They are plastered on the outside only between the beams, which are left bare, and painted blue, red, or brown, making a house look as if it was covered with patchwork, and as though the rain had washed down from the roofs in streaks, now touching here, now there.

And of all people to smoke, I think these German Swiss exceed all. I rather "guess" they go ahead of some of our smokers at home. Not a man do we meet without a pipe in his mouth, not such as our grandfathers used, but pipes two or three feet long. Whether any of the feminine gender smoke or not, I can't tell; I have not yet seen any.

As we neared this place, the roaring that we heard proclaimed the immediate proximity of the falls of the Rhine. Instead of stopping at Schaffhausen, as most travellers do, we came on to this little village, which is much the nearest to the falls. As soon as we selected our rooms, and ordered our dinner, we went out on an "exploring expedition." At the foot of the falls the river makes a bend; around this is a pretty walk, and from this spot we took our first sight of the falls. The view here is very fine, the falls being directly before you. The river leaps, not over a perpendicular precipice, but over a gentle slope, a distance of eighty feet. The width is between six and seven hundred feet, but at different intervals, dark rocks rise up which break the fall, so that there seem to be two or three separate falls. The waters are perfectly white with foam, and the spray rises up and dances about like fairy forms. The hills around are not very high; one rises almost perpendicularly from the river, but the sides of the others are covered with vineyards, and dotted with houses.

We crossed the river below the bend in a small boat, which sped over the clear, green waters "like a thing of life." At the base of the hill near the falls, a little gallery is built out, and there, washed by the spray, and stunned by the deafening roar, you have a grand view, if indeed the spray

does not blind your eyes, so that you cannot see. Here wrapped in an oil-cloth cloak, I stood and gazed upon the mountain of waters which rushed past me, leaping up in fantastic forms, till my brain grew almost giddy. Then we went up higher, where we had another view, and then higher still, till we reached a little pavilion at the top of the hill, and the whole lay at our very feet. Here we sat and watched the foaming water, and listened to the bass drum, sounding from the depths below, as if calling upon the water with stentorian tones to battle with the rocks, and to make them all give way for it to pass. In the bottom of one of these rocks, a grotto has been worn, and through it the water rushes and boils and breaks against the sides, as though it could brook no opposing element, and doubtless, after a few more years, the rocks will no longer impede, but they too will be carried down the rapid stream.

The keeper of the pavilion told us that many who have seen Niagara say that it is inferior to this. Our national feeling was at once roused, and we denied the statement, and said that Niagara was as superior to the falls of the Rhine, as the falls of the Rhine are superior to some petty cascade. True, Niagara has not the immense width of the Rhine, but then the falls of the Rhine want the depth, the precipitous fall, the solitary grandeur, and the steep, wood-covered, craggy banks of Niagara. However, there is one thing in which both places are alike, viz., the high price one has to pay for the different views one gets.

We lingered around the spot, taking first this view, then that, till we reached our little boat, and once more landed on this side. Here in front of the river in the third story of a large house, is a fine camera obscura. The whole scene was before us, the rushing waters and the dancing spray, and all too in motion, which is an unusual thing in a picture, though natural in a camera, and the illusion was heightened by the roar of the water.

This is a quiet little inn, and we have one of the nicest

waiters in attendance upon us. He speaks English quite well, though he told me that he had been but six months in acquiring his knowledge of the language.

Sunday eve.

I have spent the day in my own room, quiet as I could well be, with the sound of the rushing waters ever in my ears. After dinner we took a walk along the banks of the river, and looked our last upon the falls. We seated ourselves upon a little bench, and gazed upon the scene, till every feature was impressed upon our memory, never I hope to be effaced. Here seemed to be a fit temple in which to worship God, and we could say,

"Thy heaven on which 't is bliss to look
Shall be our pure and shining book ;"

while our music was the noise of the waters, not in a "still, small voice," but in their wildest notes, and our hearts went out in adoration to Him who made this world so full of beautiful and sublime scenes.

Again, good night. As always, yours.

PARIS, July 13th.

MY DEAREST F. :

Once more we are in Paris, "dear delightful Paris," and oh ! how dear it seems to us, because it looks natural, it being the only place we have seen the second time. And we feel now that our steps are really turned homeward. It is three months since we left this city, and three months have glided so rapidly away, that the past seems like a dream, a happy dream, which one would wish to dream again.

But you will naturally wish to know how we got here, so I return once more to Switzerland ; and oh ! I fear much it is the only way I shall ever return to it. We stopped Monday

night in a little village on the banks of the Rhine. We journeyed through a pleasant and a goodly land. The fields were full of grain, and the reapers were busy at their work. At noon we came once more in sight of the river, and we followed its windings and turnings till we came to the little village of which I spoke, where, though its current still flowed on, we rested for the night. The banks of the river were thickly settled with villages, some looking ancient enough. In one we saw a ruined tower, having a tree growing out of the top. The houses were the poorest of any we had seen. They had thatched roofs extending far down over the sides, which give a house such a dismal look; and then the part universally reserved for the hay and the cattle, and the great pile of manure in front, make a house look like a barn. And yet I can't help laughing to see the hens and chickens looking out from the garret windows. Comical, isn't it? Why they are thus exalted I cannot tell, unless it is to keep them from the adjoining fields.

We spent the day on Tuesday at Basle, which is finely situated on both sides of the Rhine. It is the largest town in Switzerland, and derives much of its importance from the fact that there the river begins to be navigable. Some of the houses are quite handsome. The inhabitants must have a great deal of curiosity, for before the windows in the second story, small mirrors were fastened in such a manner, that those within could see persons passing along the street, without being seen themselves. Then the ladies have a new fashion of fixing the hair; it is drawn off the forehead and braided, the braid hanging down the neck, and having affixed to the end long pieces of ribbon. On top on each side of the head, are enormous black bows, sticking up in the air like horns.

Connected with the Cathedral is the room in which the famous Council of Basle was held in the fifteenth century. It is now filled with fossil remains, lately found in the Jura mountains, the nautilus, the ammonite, as large as a coach

wheel, the pearl oyster, and some shells now only found in the Baltic sea and the Indian ocean. What changes must have taken place in the world since its creation !

Near the church on a high bank of the river is a small promenade thickly planted with chestnut trees. Here we had a commanding view of the flowing Rhine, backed by a range of mountains, among which lies the celebrated Black Forest.

We were called on Wednesday morning at four o'clock to take the steamer for Strasburg. We murmured a little at being disturbed so early, and it was some consolation to know that the next two mornings we should not have to go through the ceremony of getting up, not being allowed the privilege of lying down in the Diligence. We bade adieu to Francesco and his trusty steeds, named, by the way, George and Louisa, a strange coincidence rather, those being the names of the last two scions of the — family. We really felt quite sorry at parting with him, for we had employed him fifty-two days, and travelled with him nearly twelve hundred miles. He would not leave till he saw us and our packages safely on board the boat.

We were six hours on the river, and of all journeys that we have taken, that was the most uninteresting. I was very much disappointed, though indeed we were told that "the beautiful Rhine" did not commence till after leaving Mayence. The banks were low and marshy, bordered with common willow trees. The river running with a strong current was thick and muddy, and in fact the only thing of interest was to see the boat cut through the water.

When we stopped about three miles from Strasburg we found the Diligence for Paris left at one o'clock, so we had to hurry some to get there in season. Here we were saddened by parting with our friend and fellow-traveller Mr. D., he going to Germany, we to France. For three months we had travelled together. We met as strangers; not so did

we part. The common bonds of friendship are drawn tighter in a foreign land, when you are surrounded by those who care neither for you nor your native land. Judge then how pleasant it was for us to have one who could sympathize with us in our absence from our loved friends and our fatherland. To us Mr. D. was like a kind father, and we deeply felt our separation from him. Yet we trust, if our lives are spared, to meet in our own country, and to recall the scenes we passed through together.*

We took a carriage to Strasburg, and found the ride quite interesting, especially when we were stopped and our baggage trundled out of the carriage, and thoroughly examined, and my nicely packed engravings tossed about, as though they were of no value at all.

We regretted not being able to visit the time-honored Cathedral of Strasburg, but we could not think of stopping till the next day to see even that, so we got immediately into the Diligence. We found the Coupé unoccupied, except by one gentleman, so we took our seats there. We found our companion an intelligent Frenchman, who was eager to make inquiries about the United States.

We were fifty-two hours in the Diligence, stopping two or three hours a day for "refreshments," and occasionally getting out to walk up a very long hill. Yet I enjoyed the ride. The road was excellent, being macadamized the most of the way and paved the remainder. Shall I tell you how well I slept the two nights I was on the road? From eight o'clock each evening till broad daylight the next morning, I never woke, and that, too, when we stopped to change horses every hour! We had seven horses all the time, so there

* In revising these letters for publication, I have taken a melancholy interest in recalling this dear friend to mind. He is, alas! no longer among the living. He died, not however till after the happy anticipations in the above letter were realized. We often met, and as often reviewed the scenes of the past. How much interest would he have taken in this little work, could he but have lived.

must have been some noise in changing so many, and particularly when the work is done by a party of bawling Frenchmen. But nothing disturbed me. With my little quilted cap on my head, and leaning back on my seat, I slept as soundly as though on a comfortable bed in a quiet room. Do you wonder that I can travel without being worn out with fatigue?

The country was variable; sometimes cultivated to the highest degree, at others barren and uninteresting. We passed through many towns and villages, but none of them very remarkable. They all seemed filled with soldiers.

I asked our companion how many soldiers there are at present in France. He said about five hundred thousand, enough I should think to keep the country in subjection.

Again we were in the neighborhood of donkeys, of women in caps, of beggars in abundance, following us up every hill, and besieging the doors every time we stopped. At one time I counted eight around the Diligence.

We are now stopping at Madame Frederic's, No. 7 Rue Castiglione, very near the garden of the Tuilleries. We preferred coming here to being at a hotel, as we have more opportunity here to learn French.

At our banker's we found three letters awaiting us. They were read with eagerness, I can assure you. Notwithstanding I slept so soundly in the Diligence, I anticipate with pleasure the luxury of a bed; so good night to you.

PARIS, Wednesday, July 28th.

MY DEAR F.:

We are now at the end of the second day of the fêtes given in commemoration of "the three glorious days" of July, 1830, at which time the last French revolution took place, and Louis Philippe was seated on the throne.

Since I last wrote, we have not been out much, as some time was necessarily taken up in settling the banker's account. In addition to this J. was sick a day or two, and I have been obliged to occupy a little time in replenishing my wardrobe, which, after three months' constant "wear," to say nothing of the "tear," arising from so much packing and unpacking, got to rather a low ebb.

We spent a part of the day on Saturday in visiting the Madeleine, a beautiful church, and one that has probably seen about as many changes as almost any church in the world, at least for the number of years it has stood. It was commenced in 1764, but the events of 1789 suspended the works till 1806, when Napoleon commanded the whole edifice to be taken down, and a new one to be erected in its stead, in the form of a Roman temple, to be called "the Temple of Glory," and to be dedicated to the grand army; but after his brief reign was over, the design was once more changed. In 1816, Louis XVIII. ordered that it should be completed as a church. It is not yet finished, however, although the exterior is about completed. It stands on a raised platform, twelve feet high, in a fine position, fronting a broad street that opens on the garden of the Tuilleries. It is surrounded by a peristyle of fifty-two Corinthian columns, fluted, with flat surfaces instead of round. On the front is represented in bold relief the Judgment. The doors are of bronze, and richly sculptured, and are quite equal to any of the bas-reliefs we saw in Italy. The interior, not being finished, cannot be seen to good advantage. It is not divided into aisles, but is one open space with four chapels on each side, separated from the rest of the church by a low balustrade of white marble. The pillars are of stone, encrusted with marble, and are in many places covered with gilding, to my eye evidence of poor taste. There are four small domes, each having a circular window, through which comes all the light that is admitted within the church.

There are said to be some grand paintings, but they are at present covered over, so we could not get a peep at them.

Of course one of our first walks was to the favorite Boulevards. Under Louis XIV., the walls of Paris were taken down, the place levelled, and a street laid out planted with trees on both sides. This was called Boulevard, meaning "bulwark." The houses are handsome, and the shops and cafés are among the most beautiful in Paris. After all, it seems to us that there is no place like Paris. When we were here before, the streets seemed narrow and rather dirty, but now, compared with the streets in Italy, they look very wide, and remarkably clean.

And Paris is certainly superior in brilliancy and splendor to any city we have yet seen. No where do we see such fine rows of buildings, such palace-like looking houses, no where such gaiety and display. To walk on the Boulevards towards evening, to see the shops brilliantly illuminated, and the gaily dressed people thronging the streets, flitting about under the trees, seems more like a fairy scene, than one of every-day life. With all the crowd, there is perfect freedom from riot and disorder, and I think any respectable female might walk there alone at any hour of the evening without being molested. Police officers are in every street and at every corner, and before every café. And yet I rarely see any of them exercising their authority. It seems their very presence has a restraining power.

Once more we were in the courts of the Palais Royal, and we walked around again and again, almost lost in admiration. Our frequent exclamation was, "What would our people at home say to this?" Here was one shop radiant with gold, silver and precious stones; there another glittering with all the fineries of the wardrobe, and a little farther, one decked out with spectacles and eye-glasses, from eight francs to one thousand in value. In the shop of the tailor patronized by the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, are clothes which would cause even a well dressed man to eye with woful looks

his own habiliments. There you will see most splendid dressing and study gowns, made of the richest damask and cachemire, and I have often seen a single vest pattern marked thirty-five dollars.

One of the most prettily fitted up shops in the whole palace is occupied by a saddler. You would not imagine that the implements of his trade could look so beautiful. Look into this nicely furnished shop. See the rows of seats and the little footstools covered with crimson velvet. See the little table covered with the papers and periodicals of the day. For whom, think you, these luxuries are prepared? For "his most Christian Majesty," or some of his royal household? Ah no! for those simply who wish to have their understanding polished, or in other words, their boots blacked. Here "my gentleman shoe-black" waits upon his customers with all politeness imaginable, blandly invites them to take a seat, gently raises their feet upon a footstool, hands, with a flourish peculiarly his own, the last paper, softly asking if Monsieur would like to see the news; and while Monsieur is engaged in reading the latest accounts from Algiers, he quickly performs the duties of his office, and then reasonably demands but a few sous for his labor.

Sunday morning we attended the English church, a fine looking edifice, built in the Gothic style. We heard a very good sermon from Bishop Luscombe, an English bishop residing in Paris. In the afternoon we attempted to find the chapel where American service was held, and after wandering about for more than an hour, and making a dozen inquiries, we thought we had found it, but it proved to be an English agency office. From our using the word "service," our inquiries were misunderstood, so that we were directed to an Intelligence office for English servants; we gave up the pursuit and came home. How unlike Sunday it seemed! How little there was to designate the holy day! The shops were all open, the women attending them, dressed with even more than usual neatness and taste. Laborers were at work

even upon public buildings, omnibuses, full of people, were going hither and thither, and crowds were hastening out of the city to see the display of water-works at Versailles and St. Cloud's. All seek their amusement on Sunday. Even the English people staying at our house, went to Versailles to see the fountains play, which, by the way, only takes place once or twice a year, and then always on Sunday.

Yesterday we had the honor of dining with his Excellency Gen. Cass, our Minister at the Court of France. He is at present residing at a charming country seat in the suburbs of Versailles.

This morning we went to the Church of St. Roch, where masses were said for the souls of those who perished in the Revolution of 1830. The altar was decorated with black velvet embroidered with silver, and the steps were covered with black cloth. The priests and boys in the choir had black robes, with white mantles over them. The officiating priests were dressed in robes of black velvet, inwrought with silver. The choir was nearly filled with soldiers, the military band played, and every thing was conducted with more than usual pomp and parade. Incense filled the church with its rich odors, and there was much going to and from the high altar. Of course we could understand but little, and there was such a crowd, I could not see half the time what was going on within the choir. I stood up in my chair to get a better view, and just as I fixed my glass to my eye, a soldier in the royal livery came along, and planted his gun directly before me, saying in loud tones, "*Descendez s'il vous plait*," (get down, if you please,) but I looked at him as though I did not understand, and kept my position. He repeated his command. I then said, "English," thinking that he would let me remain on my plea of being a stranger, and not understanding what he said; but it was of no avail. Perhaps if I had said "American," I might have been left in undisputed possession of the chair; but the word English has no charm for them, so down I had to get.

We saw the Queen and the Princess Clementine, the youngest daughter of Louis Philippe, at church. They were dressed very plainly, being in mourning for the Queen of Hanover. The Queen is large, and has a pleasant face; the Princess has a slender figure, a fair complexion, and a mild, unassuming look. The King, I believe, never attends church. He has mass daily performed in the chapel in the palace, but he is rarely present.

As we found that nothing particularly interesting was to be seen to-day by way of fêtes, we went to the "Jardin des Plantes," where we spent two or three hours in wandering under the shade of the beautiful lime trees, by the beds of flowers, loading the air with their sweets, and in gazing upon the almost countless number of beautiful birds and animals there collected. I have before mentioned this garden to you, so I will say nothing more about it, except that we were much amused at seeing the crowds gathered around the large cage filled with monkeys, and they seemed to be much interested and excited by the gambols of these odd looking and odd acting creatures.

We were not able to visit the museums connected with this garden, as they were closed on account of the fêtes.

On our way home we stopped at the Foundling Hospital. Formerly there was near the door a box where children were put, like the one at Milan that I mentioned in one of my letters; but so many children thus deposited were found out afterwards to be the children of parents able to support them, and so many dead infants were placed there, to avoid the expense of burying them, that this box is not used at present, and no child can be admitted without a certificate from a commissary of police, that the parents are not able to support it.

There are at present three hundred children in the house, and all these are sick, the healthy ones being in the country. How many of those there are, I did not ask. The rooms have little cradles or cribs arranged around the sides, taste-

fully fitted up with white curtains. A sloping bed was placed before the fire, on which were laid those children who needed warmth. The poor little things were nearly all crying, and the nurses were busy feeding them and trying to soothe them; while a nun, in her neat, simple attire, stood by a large kettle, dispensing the necessary articles of nourishment. At first the scene struck me as amusing, but when I looked on the wan, wo-begone face of a sick little boy, and listened to the piteous wailings of the infants, some of them not more than a few weeks old, my heart was moved with pity, and I could not but be touched at the words over one of the doors: "My father and my mother have forsaken me, but the Lord has taken care of me."

In 1837 there were four thousand six hundred and forty-four children admitted into this hospital! I do think such institutions, however praiseworthy in themselves, deleterious in the end, since they must encourage illegitimacy; for all in Paris know that children may thus be easily disposed of without any expense to their parents.

I cannot tell you how much we enjoy rambling around in Paris, in the lawless manner we do, without being obliged to be subject to the direction of a valet de place. We are now sufficiently acquainted with the city and the language to get along without a guide, except Galignani's printed guide. So we go just where we please, and stay as long as we like.

We visited the Pantheon, formerly the Church of St. Genevieve, but now used for no worship whatever. It is a splendid looking building, both outside and in. It has a portico, sustained by twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns; the front is decorated with bas-reliefs, but the other parts of the exterior are quite plain. From the centre rises up the dome, surrounded by thirty-two pillars. The interior is plain, neat and chaste. Its form is that of the Greek cross. A colonnade, supported by handsome stone pillars, runs along on both sides, and a gallery above, lighted with semicircular win-

dows. The inside of the dome is lined with paintings. Beneath the dome are bronze tablets, on which are engraved in letters of gold the names of those who fell in the Revolution of 1830. There are no altars, no chapels; all is plain, except at the head of the cross is a statue. Beneath the church are vaults. In the first two or three it was quite light. Here were the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, in the style of old Roman tombs, though the guide hurried us so, I had no time to notice any thing. After we left these, we were obliged to use lanterns. For my life, although we were in the places of the dead, I could scarcely keep from laughing right out at the scene we presented. There were twelve or fifteen persons present, and we had a real old soldier, a true disciplinarian, to guide us. When he entered any vault, he would make us range along on both sides, and he would stand at the head of the lines, and rattle off as fast and as loud the names of those who were there buried, and if we started out of that line, he would instantly stop and say, "Gentlemen, ladies, I cannot go on if you do not keep your places." And thus we were hurried along, so that I knew nothing of whose tombs we visited, excepting that I caught the name of Lagrange, till I got out, and then I found by the guide-book that several distinguished persons were there buried.

There was a grand echo in one part of the vaults, words being repeated distinctly, and the noise made by the old soldier's cane striking upon the wall, reverberating among the arches like thunder among the hills.

We came home through the "Place Carousel," (so called from a great tournament held there in the time of Louis XIV.,) where, seeing many people standing around, and a carriage with two outriders drawn up before one of the doors of the palace, we got out and dismissed our carriage, thinking that maybe the King was going to ride out, though there seemed to be hardly style enough for a king. However, after waiting some time, we had the pleasure of seeing,

not his Majesty, but Madame Adelaide, his sister, a lady in the autumn of her charms, but still showing many traces of beauty, and having a sweet smile, that probably age will never mar.

What a fine large square this "Place" is, surrounded as it is by the Tuilleries and the Louvre, with its "Arch of Triumph" beautifully sculptured, facing the Tuilleries. When I first came to Paris, I was disappointed in these palaces, but now I think them superb. The Louvre, seen from the river, is so grand, and the whole range, compared with the small palaces of Italy, looks magnificent. And then how beautiful is the garden, stretching far down along the quay, with its pretty walks, its splendid trees, its sweet flowers, its little ponds filled with gold-fish and swans, floating so gracefully on the water, and its statuary, seen gleaming through the trees; these charms, heightened by the fine old palace of dark grey stone, abounding in sculpture, and the crowds of people flitting here and there among the trees, make a picture, which one might imagine, but not often see, at least, out of Paris.

And then, too, where is there such a noble range of buildings, as that front of the garden on Rue Rivoli? — each house a palace in itself, extending from street to street, and supported by arches and pillars, forming one of the best promenades in the world. And from Rue Rivoli, up Castiglione, are two more palace-like houses, each having a colonnade, and further up, the street widens, and in the centre of this semicircle, rises the dark column of "Place Vendome," erected by Napoleon in commemoration of his victories in the German campaign of 1805. It is of stone, covered with bronze from twelve hundred cannon taken from the Russians and Austrians. It is one hundred and thirty feet high, and the pedestal, which is twenty-one feet in height, is covered with bas-reliefs, representing the uniform, armor, and weapons of the vanquished troops.

The column is covered with a series of sculptured figures,

winding around in a spiral form, depicting particular scenes in the campaign. The whole is crowned by a bronze statue of Napoleon.

From the top of this pillar a man threw himself the other day, so now it is necessary to obtain permission from some officer of state, before you can go up.

But I have wandered far from the garden of the Tuilleries. Let us stroll slowly back, admiring the shops in Rue Castiglione, till once more we enter within the iron railing of the garden. Here we waited an hour listening to the music of the band, and watching the preparations going on for the concert and illumination to-morrow evening, and expecting to see the king come out on the balcony; but after waiting till my strength was exhausted, though not my patience (for it is wonderful what patience a desire to see a great man will beget), we walked through the garden to the "Place de la Concorde," and here, while we stop to gaze for the hundredth time upon the beauties around us, let me describe the scene to you. This "place" is octagonal, being seven hundred and fifty feet from north to south, and five hundred and twenty-five from east to west. Around the sides are eight small pavilions, each surrounded by an allegorical figure, representing one of the eight principal cities of France, viz., Lille, Strasburg, Bordeaux, Nantes, Marseilles, Brest, Rouen and Lyons. In the centre of the "place" is the obelisk of Luxor, seventy-two feet high, covered with gilded hieroglyphics. On either side of this is a splendid fountain, composed of three basins. In the lower basin are Titans and Naiads holding fishes which are spouting water. From the upper basin water is thrown up into the air, which falling over, meets that coming from below. These basins and their pedestals are gilded, and are certainly the finest fountains we have seen, unless we except the fountain of Trevi, at Rome.

Around the parapet enclosing this "place," are twenty columns of bronze, gilded, on top of which are lamps.

South of the "place," and just across the bridge, is seen the splendid building of the "Chamber of Deputies," and north, on Rue Rivoli, are two palaces, separated by a wide street, at the upper end of which stands the Madeleine. On the east is the garden of the Tuilleries, and on the west the "Champs Elysées," or Elysian Fields, an immense park studded with trees. Four roads intersect the place; the rest is paved in compartments. Towards the Champs Elysées on lofty pedestals, are two restive horses in the act of being checked by grooms; they are admirable pieces of workmanship.

Now if one wishes to see a nobler public "place" than this, or to listen to sweeter music than the lulling sound of the fountains, I really do not know where he will seek for it.

But after so long a ramble, and such a lengthened description, I am rather tired, and you must be also; so out of regard for my own strength and your patience, I stop here.

PARIS, July 30th.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

We spent almost the whole of the day yesterday in the Champs Elysées, where were most of the shows and performances, and what a scene was here presented! Beneath the lofty trees, were hundreds of booths and stands and tents, where were all sorts of amusements that you can imagine, and more too, for you, in your sober United States, can form no idea of the little gaieties and fooleries that attract a Frenchman. How many different spectacles were presented is more than I can tell. Here were feats of strength to be exhibited, there a little play to be acted, here a large woman to be seen, there a tall one, eight feet high, here knowing animals, there a small circus, and in short, I can't tell you the half. Each tent had a great picture in front, giving one a feeble idea of the attractions that were

within, and a band of music, each striving to play the loudest to attract the most visitors. On the stands were exhibited in tempting display, cakes, nuts, and fruits, and each tended by an active man or woman, who were all using their lungs to the best advantage, calling in politest terms on the messieurs and mesdames, and on the little boys and girls to come and buy.

Then there were little figures dressed up and fixed on a board, for beginners in the shooting art to fire at. These were so arranged that if hit in the right place, they would turn a graceful somerset, to the no small amusement of a number of children, among which we stood, with mouths and eyes wide open, that we might lose nothing of what was going on.

There were other figures which would not only turn upside-down when hit, but would in their turning, touch some sort of crackers, which produced quite an explosion, thus adding another noise to the already discordant ones, with which the air was filled. Then there were little rows of plaster figures to be shot at, and great were the ravages here seen. One was "minus" a head, another, one leg, a third both, to say nothing of sundry wounds in the arms, heads, and sides; some were completely prostrate, others were gracefully inclining to one side, some were on their knees, while others had no knees to fall on.

Besides these interesting sights, some were throwing a ring, so as to hang it on a hook; others, circular pieces of iron, to cover corresponding circles on a little platform, and others still were rolling a ball so as to knock down little images, nine pins, &c. For the most of these performances, you paid so much for a trial of your strength and ingenuity, and if you came off victorious, you gained a little cake, or mayhap two, and if you did not succeed, you had the consolation of knowing that you had tried.

Nor must I forget the number of men and women who had large and tastefully decorated cans fastened on their

backs, in which were various liquids denominated refreshing drinks. Two pipes at the bottom of the can passed under the arm, so that the drink could be drawn out without lowering the vessel from the back. And each one carried bright shining pewter tumblers and a napkin to wipe them out after they had been used. In the other hand another tumbler was carried, to which a little piece of copper was attached, which being struck against it produced a sound like the tinkling of a small bell, and this was constantly kept going, so that wherever I went, I heard this little tinkle, tinkle, though I was never tempted to buy the stuff it foretold to be at hand. And so we strolled about till we got quite tired, and then we hired chairs, and sat down, and looked around, wondering if ever under the sun just such another scene was presented.

After sitting awhile we took a new start, and went farther along under the trees, and here we saw still different diversions going on. A pole about one hundred feet high was erected, on the top of which hung a wreath, from which were suspended a silver spoon, a cup, a small watch, and a pipe. This pole was plentifully besmeared with soap and grease, so that it was rather a slippery task to climb it, nevertheless the first who got to the top was entitled to the greatest prize. Each man was allowed to carry up two bags of sand. With some of this he would rub the pole, till he got it so that he could climb up a little ways, then clinging round with his feet he would rub up a little higher, and so on, till his sand was exhausted, though long before that, many of them would come sliding down, to the infinite diversion of the crowds around the pole. I do not know how many tried, before the summit was reached, for I got tired of looking after an hour or two, so then we walked about a little while. Of course the more that tried, the less effort was it to climb, as the soap and grease got well rubbed off. One by one the prizes were obtained; the last one that went up, threw the wreath to the ground, and coolly seated

himself on the top of the pole, amid the loud shouts of the spectators. He remained there some time, occasionally relieving himself, by hanging round the pole with his head down and his feet up in the air, and then standing on the top, and swinging his feet and arms round, and finally, ending the performance by coming down head-first like a cat.

It was three or four hours before the last prize was won, so, as I told you before, I occasionally went away, and after a little while returned to see the progress of affairs. Sometimes I hired a chair and sat down, and then I was almost deafened by the shrill voices of men and women screaming "place a loue," (places to let), telling each gentleman and lady who passed by, that there were just two chairs left, when perhaps there were a half dozen, till I got tired of the sound, and started to go away, offering to the woman two sous, the usual price, which she indignantly refused, saying that in such a situation it was well worth five, so after a little demurring, I yielded.

We then stopped at a little theatre, erected for the occasion, where a company of soldiers were acting out some terrible battle. Great was the noise, both from the firing of guns and pistols, and the clashing of swords, and many fell "with all their blushing honors thick upon them," but none were so far gone, that they could not jump up and pull down the curtain when it refused to fall.

We also entered a circus, where the price of admission was but six sous (a sous is about one cent). Here we saw a little girl and two or three men riding, neither performance, however, being very remarkable by way of agility. There was a horse that would kneel down and "make believe" die, when ordered to, and perform many other curious tricks.

All along under the trees, little temporary cafés were erected, and the signs announced that a "merchant of wine" was within and ready to wait upon customers. A table was constantly spread, with not the most inviting look-

ing refreshments. In other places were little furnaces, where a dinner was cooked "in less than no time," and where the savory smells invited the stroller by, to come and taste the good things there prepared.

While sitting under the shade of one of the trees, whom should we see but our former fellow-traveller, Mr. T., or rather the shadow of his former self! We were right glad to meet him, but sorry to hear that he had been detained two weeks at Milan by a fever.

We came home and rested awhile before dinner, after which we went to the garden of the Tuilleries to attend the concert. Madame Frederic was so good as to procure us tickets, hundreds of which were distributed in some manner, I know not how, but without any expense. There was a great crowd, and I had to stand nearly all the time, though after about an hour and a half, I succeeded in getting a chair. A few pieces were played, and then there was a pause, as though in expectation of something or somebody. And hark! what shout is that? "Vive le Roi!" (Long live the King.) A glass door is opened, and on the balcony in front of the palace, appears the King, Louis Philippe. He has on a military coat with a red sword band, and holds in his hand his cocked hat. Instantly every head is uncovered, and shouts rend the air. Republicans as we are, we cry too, "Vive le Roi." He bowed and smiled and waved his hand as the multitudes acknowledged his presence. You have seen portraits of Louis Philippe; they are exceedingly like him. He is a large man, with a pleasant, smiling face. His hair which is tinged with grey, was brushed back from his forehead, displaying his physiognomy to the best advantage. Scarcely had I time to make these observations, when lo! another shout, "Vive la Reine," (Long live the Queen). The queen too comes, and her pleasant face is lighted up with a smile, as she gracefully curtsies in answer to the good wishes of her affectionate subjects. Her hair is quite grey, and according to the fashion of the day here,

she does not hide it under a wig, but wears it curled as though it was in its original beauty.

Again the music struck up. A tasteful orchestra had been fitted up for the band, who seemed to try their very best to please. It was grand music, but you will believe me when I say that I was more engaged in looking at the royal personages, than in listening to the music, for that can be heard here any day, but kings are not always visible. During the pieces, another form appeared on the balcony. It was the young queen of Spain, beautiful as the daughters of that fair land are reputed to be. She had a large pink shawl thrown over her shoulders, and in her dark hair a bunch of flowers, among which sparkled a diamond. Then came the Duchesses of Orleans and Nemours, each in white, with blue mantles around their shoulders, and wearing head-dresses trimmed with blue. Standing modestly back was the Duke of Orleans, the heir apparent to the throne. This completed the group, on which I gazed, quite neglecting the music. For the information of the females at home, who have no way of knowing how kings and queens dress, I have been thus particular in describing the dress of each. I forgot, though, to say, that the queen of France was dressed in white. It soon grew dark, and we prepared to leave the garden, but not till the orchestra was illuminated with its many colored lights, and pyramids of burning lamps were seen glimmering through the trees. The most perfect order was every where observed during the concert. Not a flower was trampled on, not a blade of grass injured. Would the same have been said if the like scene had occurred in our own land? I fear not. Nearly every man who carried a jack-knife in his pocket would have left the initials of his name upon the nearest tree. Reverence for public buildings and public property is not a characteristic of our republicans at home. We can never have parks and fine promenades, because the people are not brought up with a taste for such things, and know not how to prize them.

But I have wandered from my subject. We left the garden, and wended our way among crowds of people to the "Place de la Concorde," where we got a good stand to see the fireworks. In the streets around the "place," men on horseback were stationed, to see that no carriages came near, so that there should be no danger of being run over or knocked down. The palaces in Rue Rivoli were tastefully illuminated with a bright gas-light in each arch of the colonnades. But what could equal the splendor of the Champs Elysées? Thousands and tens of thousands of lights of all colors, and arranged in every variety of form, sparkled among the trees; the avenue leading to the triumphal arch shone brilliantly. When I tell you that eight hundred men were engaged for more than one hour in lighting these lamps, you can form some idea of the great number of them.

Front of the "Chamber of Deputies," the fireworks went up, and certainly never were more brilliant ones seen. They were not of as many different forms as we sometimes have at home, neither was there a half hour's interval between each one, as is often the case with us, but they were so brilliant, so dazzling, and of such rich colors, and they went up in such quick succession, that they seemed to us superior to any thing of the kind we ever saw. Serpents fought in the air in a blaze of light and amid falling stars, and then the scene around was beautiful in itself and well calculated to fix our earnest attention. The very sculpture on the front of the Chamber of Deputies stood out in bold relief, and the figures on the pavilions, around the "Place de la Concorde," seemed bathed in golden light, while the waters of the fountains sparkled and shone like threads of silver. To heighten the effect of the noise of the rockets, cannons were fired beyond the Champs Elysées. I never expected to witness such a scene; it was of itself well worth a voyage across the Atlantic. And then among the thousands and tens of thousands there assembled, such perfect order

was preserved ; there was no noise, no bawling, no drunkenness. True, as the brilliant rockets went up, the people shouted, but it was the exuberance of feeling called forth by gaiety, not by unwholesome excitement. I verily believe any respectable female might have stood there alone without harm. One feature about these fêtes particularly struck me, the interest which the parents manifested in taking their children from one object of curiosity to another. Look where you would on the night of the fireworks, you would see fathers, and even mothers, holding in their arms large boys and girls, that they might see to better advantage. And when the signal was given that the fêtes were ended, all turned cheerfully yet quietly to their homes. The crowd was intense, till we got out of the "place," then different parties took different directions, and in a few minutes the streets seemed quiet and almost deserted. Of the hundreds of thousands of people (I use this high sounding term without exaggeration), I saw during the fêtes, I saw no one drunk or quarrelling, which I greatly fear would not have been the case in our own land. And yet how much do we hear of the excitability and vehemence of the French. True, they are excitable, but then they are apparently just as much interested in the gambols of a monkey, or the movements of a puppet dance, as in the greater and more noisy events of life. And it is because they enter with so much zest into such simple and childlike amusements, that they do not resort to such artificial stimulus or excitement as is seen with us.

I can assure you I was glad to find myself in my own room after the "performance of the day" was ended, for you may well imagine, that after having stood up at least eight hours during the day, to say nothing of my various walks about, I was not a little in need of rest when night came ; and so wearied have I felt to-day, that I have been unable to go out but once or twice. In fact much of the time has been necessarily taken up with getting the passport

ready for leaving Paris, and making inquiries about the best route and the best steamers for England. We have finally decided to go by the way of Dieppe, as it is but thirteen hours' ride there, while it is twenty-eight to Boulogne or Calais.

In our walk this evening to Palais Royal, we passed down Rue Vivienne, a fine street adorned with handsome houses. In this street is the Exchange, a new and elegant building. Its form is a parallelogram, being two hundred and twelve feet by one hundred and twenty-six. It is surrounded by a portico, adorned with sixty-six Corinthian columns. We did not attempt to go inside, as we did not know the hours at which strangers were admitted.

Have I before told you that the shops are mostly tended by females? It is so long since I first wrote to you from Paris, that I have almost forgotten what I did write, so if I repeat any thing, please impute it to forgetfulness, not to a wish to burden you twice with the same subject. But to return to the women. At first I was surprised at seeing them in shops of every kind, but in a country where there is a standing army of four hundred thousand soldiers, and particularly in France, where the terrible conscriptions of Napoleon have made such ravages, how could it be otherwise than that many of the avocations and employments considered in our country as exclusively appertaining to the male sex, should here be performed by females? They seem to be industrious and quiet and polite. When not engaged in waiting upon customers, they are busy sewing, and thus they eke out their wages by doing embroidery and fancy work. They all dress very neatly, and in exquisite taste. They get a mosseline de laine dress for a franc or a franc and a half a yard, a collar for two or three francs more, and a black silk mantilla, trimmed with wide lace, which as you look at it closely, you will see is but common lace, and thus with half the expense the same class at home would be at, they look much nicer and neater. Nor is this economy in

dress confined to this class of people. I have seen ladies who daily ride in their carriages, attended by two or three servants in livery, wear bonnets and dresses of such common materials, as our ladies at home would turn up their noses at. Yet such is the knack and taste of every French woman of whatever class, that she looks well in any thing. Of course I have no way of knowing how expensively they are dressed at home or at parties, but when they appear in the streets and on the public promenades, it is always in dresses befitting the occasion. Will you think me enlarging too much on little things, if I tell you that here almost every lady is accompanied by her little lap-dog? Sometimes she carries it in her arms, sometimes it toddles along by her side, attached to her wrist by a long chain, and often I have seen it borne by the lady's gallant, who certainly must act on the proverb, "Love me, love my dog."

Though quite out of our course, we returned home across the "Place de la Concorde," and stopped for at least the fiftieth time to admire the beautiful fountains. These cost government an hundred and eighty thousand dollars! Do I not betray my Yankee origin by thus inquiring the price of every thing? But public buildings and public ornaments are on such a different scale here from what they are at home, (ah! there, in relation to ornamental works, there is no scale at all,) that I am afraid you will not form a correct idea of their elegance, unless I occasionally give you an account of the expense at which they were erected.

But I have by divers windings and turnings spun out this letter to a great length; so once more adieu.

PARIS, August 2d.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

I can scarcely believe that I am correct in thus dating my letter, for the weather is as cool here as it is with us in October. It has not been so warm since we have been in Paris this time, as it was when we were here in April. I am obliged to wear a thick dress and a shawl almost every time I go out. I believe we have not been here a day but it has rained at least once, and a gentleman told me the other day, that for the last three months it had rained on an average once a day. Still no one seems to mind the weather. Every lady goes out just the same as though it was pleasant, and for us travellers, it would never answer to "lay by" for a little rain, so we have been very busy the last two days.

On Saturday we started to go to St. Denis, and never having tried omnibus riding in Paris, and hearing every body telling how convenient it was to go in such vehicles, we thought we would go that way. But on going to the office in Rue Rivoli, we found that omnibuses did not go direct to St. Denis, but that we should find them at the gate St. Denis. Now this was at least a mile from where we were, but nothing daunted, we walked on, till we overtook an omnibus, which we stopped, and I asked the conductor if he went to the gate St. Denis. "Yes," he said, "by correspondence." So in we got, and no sooner were we seated and our seats paid for, than the omnibus stopped, and we were told to dismount, so out we jumped. Two little tickets were thrust into our hands, and we were told to get into another omnibus near by. This was "by correspondence," so by paying six sous a piece, and changing only once, we arrived at last at the gate St. Denis, and a beautiful gate or rather arch it is.

While we are waiting for the other omnibus, let us take a near survey of it. It is seventy-two feet high, and has three arches. The central one is forty-three feet high and twenty-

five wide, and the two others are each five feet wide and ten high. The whole is ornamented with rich bas-reliefs. (You may not be sufficiently acquainted with the terms of sculpture to know that "bas-reliefs," means figures standing out in slight relief from a surface. Pardon this explanation.)

After waiting "a spell," and finding no omnibus coming, we began to make inquiries, and then we found that we must walk on a little distance to reach it. So once more we started. In a few minutes the object of our search was obtained, and again we paid our six sous for our seats. But again we stopped. "Is it possible that we are at St. Denis? Why, it is the shortest two leagues we ever knew," and we began to look around for the cathedral; but we found we were there not quite so quick, for behold another omnibus waiting for us! so after taking this and riding along for some distance on a wide road bordered with trees, we reached the little town of St. Denis. We were obliged to get out at the omnibus office, though at some little distance from the church. We thought we were quite satisfied with our ride, and if that was a fair specimen of the conveniency of omnibuses, we did not care to try them again. After a short walk, we saw the white Gothic towers of the church, and soon we were treading within its consecrated walls. Oh! how I love these Gothic churches! I never tire of visiting them. I never tire of walking up and down the lofty aisles, of gazing upon the vaulted ceiling, the arched corridors, and the painted windows, through which the softened light streams richly. How much has a Romanist upon which to feast, shall I say his soul? No! his imagination. In the noblest specimens of architecture he worships, surrounded by all that is beautiful in the fine arts. The swelling tones of the organ steal upon him almost before he is aware, the waving incense loads the air with its perfume. A "dim religious light" pervades the church, that church consecrated to him as the resting place of holy relics, and in the simplicity and fervor of his heart he offers up his devotions to his God.

But to speak particularly of the Church of St. Denis. Over the doorways are fine carvings; the two towers are of unequal height, the highest one having at the top several pinnacles which incline inward, as though they were ready to fall. The interior is neat and grand. The vaulted ceiling is supported by magnificent pillars of white stone, a gallery runs around the church, of small light arches, behind which are the windows. In the choir the windows are of stained glass, and the many colored rays of light play over the fretwork of the arches with beautiful effect. All the while we were there a finely toned organ was sending forth its sweet notes, now swelling on the ear, now reverberating among the pillars, and now softly dying away.

In this church are monuments of many of the kings of France, and here their remains reposed in peace, till the revolution of 1790, when they were disinterred, and thrown into two large trenches without the church. In 1806 Napoleon gave orders for the church to be repaired, and the vaults to be restored. The monuments which had been preserved in one of the museums, were brought back to their original places. They are mostly in the vaults beneath. In the church itself the most beautiful ones are those of Louis XII. and his queen, of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, and of Francis I. and Claude, his queen. The bodies of Louis and Anne are represented on a cenotaph, surrounded by twelve arches, ornamented with arabesques, beneath which are statues of the twelve apostles, admirably done. The whole rests upon a pedestal, sculptured with bas-reliefs, representing the battles of Louis XII.

The monument of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis is ornamented with twelve columns of dark blue marble, and the same number of pilasters of white marble. The figures are given as lying on a bed, and the likenesses are said to be admirable. The tomb of Francis I. is beautiful. His statue and that of his queen, lie on a cenotaph, ornamented with bas-reliefs in delineation of the battles of Ma-

rigina and Cerisolles. An arch supported by sixteen fluted pillars rises above the cenotaph, on which are five kneeling statues, representing the king and queen, and their children the Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, and the Princess Charlotte.

Let us now go down into the vaults. Here are monuments almost innumerable. Nearly every one is surmounted by a recumbent statue, generally well executed, sometimes having the feet resting upon lions, sometimes upon large birds, and in one or two cases upon serpents. One of the statues of a female, (I forget now whose it is) is covered with a robe plaited in the most perfect manner. I have seen countless robes hanging in folds, but I never before saw one plaited and confined at the waist, and this was certainly as perfectly executed as though done in muslin instead of marble. As if this was not enough to render it inimitable, the whole robe was richly embroidered, the figures wrought as delicately as though done with a fine cambric needle, instead of a chisel.

Time would quite fail me to give you the names of all the monuments; among them are those of the earliest kings, the marble sarcophagus in which Charlemagne was interred at Aix-la-Chapelle, and in short, of all the Henrys and Philipses and Charleses, and Louises, that ever sat on the throne of France. I wished to spend several hours in examining this interesting church, but the vaults were rather damp, and the man hurried us along, as though we were as well acquainted with the monuments as he was.

Yesterday morning, or rather noon, for church did not commence till twelve o'clock, we attended service in the chapel belonging to Col. Thorn, a wealthy American residing in Paris. It is a nice little room, carpeted and furnished with chairs covered with crimson cloth, and having a pulpit and desk trimmed with crimson velvet. Here we heard our own service with no additions or variations, excepting in the prayer for the President of the United States

the Queen of Great Britain and the King of France were named, and the Gloria Patri was said at the end of each of the psalms for the day.

We came home by the "Hotel des Invalides," and once more visited the church where Napoleon rests. We saw much more of the church than we were able to see before. It is small but beautiful, and is ornamented with a profusion of bas-reliefs around the sides. The dome is large, and is splendidly painted and gilded. It is no wonder that there Napoleon wished to be buried. We were allowed merely to take a glance at his tomb, as there was a crowd waiting, and it was near the time for closing the church. The man who acted as "master of ceremonies" was one of the old soldiers connected with the "hotel." He kept every thing in military order. We all had to go up in regular file to the grate, before the tomb, and if we stopped a minute, we were told to hasten, and then marshalled down again, and thus dozens were waiting in procession for their time to come.

I was surprised to see how much ground there was about this "hotel." Besides a large park or garden, there are two or three squares where the soldiers walk, and there we saw them in great numbers, some without a leg, others without an arm, and others still seeming to have no wounds. Among them I noticed a stout looking African.

To-day we have been to Versailles. The principal railroad from Paris is to this city, celebrated as having been the seat of the French court in her most gorgeous days. It is about fifteen miles from Paris, and we were a half hour in going, though we stopped several times. We designed stopping at Sevres, where is the celebrated porcelain manufactory, and to visit the palace of St. Cloud, from which the French court derives its name; but we found on examination that our permits were for a particular day, and that to-day was not the special day.

The exterior of the palace of Versailles is not very fine,

at least that part seen from the town ; it is composed of too many kinds of architecture. In front is a large court. No one visits the palace for its furniture, for it can boast of none, the rooms being furnished only with long ottomans, covered with crimson silk. There are one hundred rooms open for exhibition, in which are more than four thousand paintings, not pictures of imaginary scenes, of saints, or madonnas, but all bearing upon the history of France, either battles, or various scenes in which her kings and generals bore a conspicuous part, or portraits of those kings, and of foreign kings and princes, at different times in alliance with the nation. This renders the palace such an interesting place to visit, and one might dwell with satisfaction on each picture, and from each derive much instruction. They furnished amusement too, from the variety of costumes they display. The robes of the kings and queens, according to these portraits, must have been rich indeed, for they abound in velvet and embroideries. Even the little princes and princesses were all clothed in velvet, and their cradles and cribs covered with velvet, and every thing about them indicating the utmost splendor.

How beautiful, how inexpressively lovely, are the faces of some of the queens ! Among the many, who would not stop to gaze on the sweet face of Blanche of Castile, the gentle loveliness of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the grace of Maria Louisa, and the lofty beauty of Maria Lezinska, queen of Louis XV ? But why enumerate ? Who has not read of the beauty of the former queens of France ? Who has not read of the pomp and splendor of their courts ? If any one needs confirmation of these things, let him visit the magnificent palace of Versailles, and tread its long galleries, and gaze on the portraits that in their robes of velvet and ermine adorn the walls.

There are two splendid halls, one having no pictures, save those on the ceiling, but having the walls lined with mirrors,

the other having in addition to pictures, busts and statues of kings, members of the royal family, distinguished generals, marshals and constables of France.

Nor must I forget the long galleries filled with statues and monuments of all the kings, many of them similar to those we saw in the church of St. Denis. Some looked so funny, I could not help laughing. One queen had on a bodice very tight around the waist, sleeves very small, and the skirt of the dress bulging out below the waist, something like the present fashion, certainly not a fine costume to be represented in marble.

Besides these rooms, others are shown formerly occupied by the monarchs and their families. Of these I shall only mention the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. There we saw the bed on which that distinguished person died. The room is almost covered with gilding. On the ceiling is a splendid painting by Paul Veronese, brought by Napoleon from Venice. Around the bed is a gilded balustrade; the spread and hangings are of rich embroidery, and the chairs are covered with the same material.

Adjoining this room is the council chamber, which is also much gilded. In it is a large centre table covered with a magnificent cloth of green velvet.

In the palace is a fine, large chapel, the ceiling richly painted and supported by beautiful pillars. All the seats are covered with crimson velvet.

But the grounds around the palace, what shall I say of them? If I say they are the most extensive, and the most magnificent of any that we have yet seen, I fear even this will not convey any adequate idea of their vastness, their splendor. Fine avenues of trees, rare flowers, fountains, and statuary, all combine to render this a most charming spot. As I told you in one of my letters, the fountains do not play often. When they do, it is at the cost of twenty or thirty thousand francs, the water having to be brought a great distance.

To the different villas erected in different parts of this park, we could not gain access, so we could not see "Le Grand Trianon," the favorite retreat of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., nor "Le Petit Trianon," connected with touching interest with the fate of Marie Antoinette.

We then returned to Paris by the rail-road. A very singular arrangement on this road is, that the passengers are all locked in the cars, so that at each stopping place no one can get out without the knowledge of the conductor. So prone are the French to commit suicide, that some have been known to throw themselves from the cars while going, to seek death in that way; and it is to prevent this, as well as to guard against being cheated out of the fare, that the precaution is taken of fastening the doors.

One more letter from Paris, and then we leave it, perhaps forever. As always, yours.

PARIS, Aug. 3.

MY DEAREST P.:

This morning we started quite early to visit some of the markets, but we had not gone far before we repented of our attempt, for it was raining quite fast, and the streets and sidewalks were wretchedly dirty; however, tucking up my dress under my arms, according to the approved fashion of French ladies, I trudged along. I don't know where the proverbial politeness of the French is; I do not see it. I have never yet seen a Frenchman who would turn from the sidewalk to let a lady pass, but however wet and dirty the streets may be, she must step from the walk if she wishes to pass by a gentleman. I have often been obliged to step into a gutter, or to jump over one, to get by gentlemen, or to allow them to get by me. Now if this is politeness, why defend me from such, say I; I never saw such things at home,

not even among the roughest backwoodsmen. Neither are the ill manners here confined to the "gentlemen;" if you meet a servant in the street, having a large or small bundle on his back, you must stand aside to let him pass, or else run the risk of having your head knocked off your shoulders. It is little things like these that make walking in Paris unpleasant, particularly where there are narrow sidewalks and dirty streets. For my part, I have got more knocks and thumps in one week in Paris, than I ever got in all my life in the streets at home. I get so provoked sometimes, that I thump back with a vengeance. Forgiving, is'nt it?

We went to the market "Des Innocens," so called, because it occupies the site of the former burying-ground of the Church of the Innocents. It is a long, low building around an open court, in the centre of which is a beautiful fountain; but precious little could we see of any thing but rain, mud, and a crowd of people, who were making all sorts of noises, each trying to excel the other in crying up their different articles, and in striving to gain our attention. Here we saw vegetables and fruit in abundance, though I think fruit is dear here, in proportion to the great quantity there is always for sale. In another part of the market, were potatoes and onions, in another fish, in another butter, eggs, and cheese, and in still another, herbs dried and fresh, and a plenty of leeches ready for application.

After walking about till J.'s boots grew spotted, and his pants around the bottom became almost tri-colored, and my shoes looked like any thing but black kid, and my stockings not much like black silk, we concluded to return home.

J. was obliged to spend some time this morning in making the final arrangements previous to leaving, and I sat down to write, thinking what a nice opportunity I should have to fill out my journal, but such a set of steel pens, no mortal

man, or woman either, ever had to do with ; so after scribbling a dozen lines, each letter having to be marked over and over again, before it would be a letter, and this operation costing me a half hour's time and labor, I gave up in despair, and went out in pursuit of more pens. Having bought a dozen, and thoroughly muddled my dress and my new shoes, I returned home, not without stopping at the corner of one of the streets, to have my shoes restored to their original color. I believe I have not before noticed, except in an incidental manner, that worthy class of citizens, the boot-blacks ; they certainly deserve a more ample description. At the corner, then, of the principal streets, you will see the worthy boot-black leaning against a post or pillar, (if there happens to be one near, if not, mayhap he is seated on the curb-stone ;) before him is a little square box, on top of which is a raised board in the shape of the sole of a shoe. Have you by chance, in crossing the street, or by a carriage passing near you, had the polish taken off of your well blacked boots ? Step up here, place your foot on the little box, and in a trice it is restored to its pristine elegance and brilliancy. Within this little box the important implements of his profession are held, and one by one in charming order, they are produced and used, till, with a smile of satisfaction on his face, the honest blacker pronounces his work "bien." If you ask him what is to pay, he will shrug his shoulders, and say, "Oh, what you please, three or four sous," and with another smile of satisfaction, he pockets the money, says "merci bien," (many thanks,) wishes you a good morning, and then looks out for another customer. If no one comes within a few minutes, he seats himself upon his box, and in a little while is fast asleep. However, he is easily aroused by a needy pair of boots or shoes coming towards him ; indeed I am not sure but that he smells such a pair whilst yet afar off, for he often opens his eyes and starts up just at the right time.

This certainly must be a lucrative trade in a city where

it seems to be the rule to rain once a day, and the streets so easily get dirty, and where each carriage in passing you combines to throw a little mud upon your perhaps best suit ; for I forgot to say that the boot-black has also a set of brushes for clothes, so that a pair of pants or a coat may be cleaned in a moment. And this reminds me of a little anecdote that I heard the other day. One of these men had a dog with a large, bushy tail, which he taught him to dip in the gutter, and when he saw a well-dressed man approaching, to run quickly by him, thereby rubbing his tail well against his pants. Then the boot-black would politely step forward, and ask if he should have the honor of brushing Monsieur's clothes, and thus he obtained a goodly share of patronage.

I wonder, by the way, what the technical term for these blackers is, perhaps it is boot merchants, as every body here is called merchant. If a man with a bag full of old clothes, or maybe with a pair of pantaloons and one vest over his arm, passes you in the street, he sings in your ears " *marchand d'habits*," (clothes merchant), or if another meets you bearing in his hand two old beavers, he will drawl out in a nasal tone, " *marchand des chapeaux*," (hat merchant.) One who sells charcoal, if it is only by a thimble-full, is no longer a "charcoal man," as with us, but a "coal merchant," while the old woman who sells cakes for a sous apiece, and sugar plums and candy at the lowest possible rates, is a "cake merchant," and she who on her stand displays five pears, four plums, six apricots, and a few green figs, is a "fruit merchant." By the way, green figs are a great article here, and I like them much, though at the first trial I could not endure the taste. They are soft, pulpy, and very sweet. The summer has been so cold they do not ripen, so they are brought green into market. The weather is as much the topic of conversation here, as it sometimes is among us at home, when embarrassed to know what to talk about. All here look gloomy when the weather is men-

tioned. They say there will be no crops, and no wine, for the grapes will not ripen. Already bread has risen, and if bread is scarce, I know not what the poor people will do, for it is really "the staff of life" to them. Poor things! I do not believe they taste meat once a week. I have seen as I passed, men and women in the poorer kind of shops eating their plain dinner. They gather around no family table, but take a large junk of black bread in one hand, and a piece of dingy looking cheese or an onion, in the other, and this constitutes their principal meal, so that if bread does rise much, they will be badly off indeed. I have seen the cab drivers on their box, make their dinner from the same materials; in short, it is all that this class of people ever seem accustomed to. Now and then a few roasted chestnuts are considered a great luxury. These are about as large as four or five of our chestnuts; and often at the corners of streets, you will see the "chestnut merchants," with their little furnaces before them ready to honor the demands of those who may be in need.

But I have wandered far from my steel pen subject. After I returned I met with no better success. I could not find out of the whole dozen, one that would make a letter, so I quickly gave up the attempt to write, and began to pack my trunks. J. returned about three, saying that all the seats in the Diligence were taken up except the Coupé, so he engaged that, and to-morrow morning we are off. So now for "merry England." Good night.

DIEPPE, Wednesday eve.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I did not expect to write to you again till we got into England, but on arriving here this evening, we found the steamer not yet in, so we were obliged to come to a hotel. While waiting for dinner, and in hourly expectation of being

called to the boat, I use the time in writing you a short letter, which is a rare thing for me, my letters being generally far removed from short. As we found Paris in the rain, so did we leave it, and dreary and dirty were the streets, as we rode through them at six o'clock in the morning, towards "Notre Dame des Victoires," the place of our departure. There, notwithstanding the rain, we found a busy scene, a half dozen Diligences being ready to set off in different directions. Hackney coaches and cabs were coming and going with passengers and baggage. Soon we were on our way. We bade farewell to the Boulevards as our vehicle lumbered along through the almost deserted streets, presenting a startling contrast to the brilliancy and splendor they display in the evening.

We then wended our way through the narrow streets of the suburbs. I believe I have never told you how these streets are lighted. Lanterns are suspended in the air in the middle of a street, by a chain passing from the second or third story of opposite houses, thus lighting well the centre of the streets, but leaving the foot passenger at the side to grope his way as he best can.

We had for our companion in the Coupé, an interesting man who spoke English very well, and who was better informed on English and American literature than any foreigner we have met. He seemed as well acquainted with Cooper and Irving and Scott, as we did, and with our country, its mountains, lakes, and rivers, its politics and history. He did not ask us, like two young Englishmen we met at Naples, how our country was governed, and what connection it had with Great Britain. When they saw our surprise at the questions, they apologized by saying that they did not meddle much with politics! I wanted to tell them that they seemed to meddle still less with history. Doubtless they were travelling for information, for they were intelligent on every other subject; but I thought if they had staid at home and studied another year, it would have profited them more than going to Italy. But I have digressed again.

We were nearly fifteen hours in the Diligence. We had quite a pleasant ride, as much so as a shower of rain every half hour could make it, through a really pleasant country, slightly hilly, well cultivated and well watered. We saw immense fields of grain, seeming to struggle to get ripe, and vineyards, not quite so thrifty looking as those we saw further south. For several miles before reaching Dieppe, we passed delightful groves, indeed I may say forests, and beautiful meadows bounded by the neat hawthorn hedge.

Before leaving the Diligence for ever, allow me to call your attention to the queer way in which the horses are harnessed. Generally we have had seven horses, first two abreast, then three, then two again. They are commonly ridden by postilions, though a man calling himself the conductor sits on top, on an elevated seat, whence he can have a view of the whole establishment. It is his place to see to the passengers and baggage, the postilion has merely the care of the horses. But I was going to tell you how oddly the horses are harnessed. One will have an entire new harness, the next a very old one, while on a third, sundry pieces of rope supply the deficiencies made by time and rough usage. One will have on a collar a foot and a half high, and his companion none at all. Some part of this motley gear is constantly breaking, so that we rarely go more than a mile or two without the postilion, with an indescribable whoop, calling on his horses to stop, and as quickly dismounting as his large, high boots will allow him to, connecting the shattered parts with rope and twine.

When we stopped at the office in Dieppe, there was such a crowd as I never before saw on a like occasion. Cards by the dozen were thrust into our hands, and it seemed to me that I heard the names of more than twenty different hotels. As I was stepping from the Diligence, a pretty little girl raised her dark eyes to my face, and in a gentle, supplicating voice, asked if I wanted a washerwoman.

At dinner this evening, the waiter was telling us how

many passengers were waiting for the steamer. We asked him if there were any Americans (we being on the lookout for Mr. T.) He said one of them talked differently from the rest, and so he thought he must be an American. I said, "Wherein was the difference?" "Ch," said he, "he did not speak so good English." He then proceeded to tell us, with much self-complacency in his powers of observation, that as soon as he saw us he knew we were Americans, and that he informed the landlord of the fact. I asked him how he knew. At first he would not answer, leaving us to infer that there was a masonic sign about our nation; at last he confessed that none of them spoke good English! So much for his testimony. I could have told him, that so far as my observation went, the reverse was the fact, it was the English that did not speak correctly; but I did not think it of sufficient consequence to continue the subject any longer. Besides, I was too tired and too sleepy, and too anxious to finish my letter. It is about ten o'clock, and as there is no certainty what time the steamer will arrive, I shall compose myself for the night, and go to sleep as unconcernedly as though I did not expect every moment to be called. And so good night to you.

BRIGHTON, Friday eve.

MY DEAR P.:

At last we are in England! No more do I hear the clatter of strange tongues; all around me a familiar language is spoken, and I can scarcely realize that I am in any other land than my own. Even now as I sit writing, the cries of children engaged in play reach my ears, and ever and anon, I catch a familiar word, such as "hurra!" and "no play!" I do not remember of seeing in any place in France, Italy or Switzerland such a gathering of children together, as I have seen here assembled in the streets. When on the continent,

we often, in visiting palaces, churches or museums, caught a word or two of our own language, and we would quickly whisper one to another, "they are English or Americans." Even so, when we first walked out here, and heard persons conversing, we would say, "hark! they must be either Englishmen or Americans," entirely forgetting that we were in England.

But you will think I have forgotten too every thing else, if I run on in this discursive manner, so I will quietly go back to our night at Dieppe. By twelve o'clock we were aroused from our sleep by the information that the boat was to start at one. We quickly arose, dressed ourselves, and went on board, and I was asleep in my berth before we left the wharf. But what a terrible rough night we had! I believe all the passengers were sick but myself. I begin to think that I am so tough that I can endure any thing. If I come home from any excursion, "tired almost to death," a half hour's rest will perfectly restore me, and then I am ready to start off again. I can get up early, and I can sit up late. I can eat any thing I like, and nothing hurts me. Am I not the right one then to be tossed about from one place to another, in all sorts of conveyances, and subject to all kinds of living? Have no fears then on my account, for I never was stronger nor healthier in my life.

But I have wandered from the steamer. I lay near a window, and I could see the waves dashing down upon us, as though they were going to overwhelm us. I scarcely ever saw it rougher when we were on the open Atlantic. As we drew near the shores of England it became rougher and rougher. The skylights were all closed, so that although it was broad daylight, we were in midnight darkness in the cabin. I never knew any thing so uncomfortable. We could not land at the pier at Brighton, but were obliged to land two miles beyond the town. There we waited some time, till a train of cars coming along, we jumped in and came to town.

Before leaving the steamer we were told that we should not be permitted to take any of our baggage ashore, but that it should be sent on after us. At Dieppe I had taken the precaution to put in my pocket (a good sized one by the way), the cameos and ornaments I had bought in Rome and other places. Judge then of my consternation when on coming out of the boat, a custom-house officer stopped me, saying, "What have you in your basket?" I answered, "My writing apparatus and my brushes." He held out his hand, saying, "May I look in?" Although a basket made of alabaster was stowed away in the bottom of it, I readily gave it up. He lifted the cover, but seeing my inkstand and pens, closed it again. Another question — "Have you any thing foreign about you?" Oh thought I, "I guess you would think so, if you could see the trinkets stowed away in my pocket." However, for once, my forethought instead of coming afterwards as usual, came at the right time, and I immediately answered, "Yes, I am a foreigner myself, and all that I have on is foreign; are you satisfied?" "Yes," said the man, "you may pass." And glad was I to get here where I could empty my pocket.

We were able to do but little in the sight-seeing line yesterday, for it was twelve o'clock before we got here; then we had to wait for our breakfast. To be sure, it was a simple one, boiled eggs and dry toast. This has been our breakfast for two months past. Are we not plain in our tastes when we are surrounded by all the luxuries one can think of? But we enjoy a frugal breakfast, at noon a slight luncheon, and then at night, after the labors of the day are over, a hearty dinner.

At one we were ordered to be at the custom-house, so there we betook ourselves. We had to inscribe our names in a book, that our turn should come in regular order. Then we had to wait an hour at least. Tedious enough it was too. In vain I tried to amuse myself in noticing the examinations going on with others' baggage. I had

passed through the ordeal too often myself, to take pleasure in seeing it inflicted upon another. We saw enough, however, to lead us to suppose that our own examination would be rigorous, and waited rather anxiously for our names to be called. Glad was I that my gewgaws were locked up in our room at the hotel. At length our turn came; and what do you think was the first question asked by the officer as he stooped to unlock my trunk? It was, "How long have you been from the States?" I said to myself, "How is it that I have so soon betrayed my nation? Have I already been guilty of speaking in improper English?" These mental queries were soon ended by the officer saying, "I knew as soon as I saw your trunks that you were from the States; they are too strong and too stout to have been made elsewhere."

Then commenced the search; it was light in comparison with our expectations, but severe enough in all conscience. Several times we were asked if we had "any thing against the government." Now we knew that if we said "No," and any thing was found in our possession subject to duty, we should have to pay a heavy fine, so we were cautious in our answers, and said that we had nothing as far as we knew; we had some books and some engravings, but nothing to be left in England, as we were on our way home. Then they said "Are the books in English?" I answered "Yes, mostly; some are in French, and two or three in Latin." They looked at my boots and my gloves, and asked if they had been worn. I said "Yes," for I had taken the precaution to wear at least once, a half dozen pairs of French boots, and a dozen pairs of gloves, (these articles being very cheap in Paris, I had laid in a supply.) At last I got out of all patience with these provoking questions, and I turned coolly away, saying, "You have the keys, you can see for yourself what there is in the trunks." J. was so much exhausted after his sickness the night before, that he could take but little part in what was going on. Besides, I had

so long been "spokeswoman" in France, that it seemed to come quite handy. Indeed you well know that I am generally not backward in speaking my mind.

On engravings we were charged duty; on dark ones one penny, and on colored ones two pence, so that we had to pay nearly four dollars. Fortunately for us they did not discover the half we had, for many of them were in the books, put away from dust and dirt. Now for the last time the fiery ordeal has been passed; henceforth we have nothing to do with passports and examinations of baggage. It will seem indeed as though we are in a strange land and amid new scenes. After we came home from the custom-house, we laid aside our travelling garb, and put on our next best, (for you must know we made our first acquaintance with England in the rain,) and sallied out to take a view of the town, and a very pretty town it is too. It lies directly on the sea, so that at this season it is a great place of resort for bathers. The streets are quite wide, and well macadamized, and the houses are really very pretty. In some streets, the houses are built in one particular style. The favorite fashion is what at home we call the "bureau style," having a projecting, semicircular front. You have one specimen of this style in your own city, the house belonging to Mr. H. in Westminster street. In all the houses of this style here there is a little balcony in front of the second story, and over this an awning. Some of the houses look as though they were paved, the outside being of small round stones, like our paving stones. Almost all the houses have neat little gardens in front. The street facing the beach, or as they call it here "the sands," is broad and has elegant houses, mostly of light grey stone. These houses are chiefly occupied by boarders. I could not but gaze upon the sea with loving eyes, for I thought that some of the waves that came breaking in upon the beach, mayhap had kissed the shore of my own native land.

You don't know what cunning little carriages they have

here ; they are perfect little barouches, only they are drawn by men instead of horses. I presume they are for those invalids who cannot bear the motion of a large carriage, and that it is quite common to use them, I inferred from meeting so many in the streets, and from seeing the number "forty" on one. I saw still smaller carriages, for children ; these were drawn by little goats.

There are some fine looking churches in Brighton, and several public gardens and squares, or not exactly "squares," as they are of all shapes. Nor must I forget the royal palace called the "Pavilion." It is a large though rather a low building in the Turkish style, I should judge from the dome and the minarets that rise from all parts of the roof. Though of singular architecture, I like it much. Here Queen Victoria sometimes spends a part of the summer months.

But most of all do I like Brighton for its magnificent sea view. The waves came in grandly yesterday. All along the beach were multitudes of little bathing wagons, like those we see at Newport. I should have been tempted to have tried a bath myself, if it had not been so very cool.

There was a great deal of riding here yesterday, people coming to the races, I suppose. The most of the horses were ridden by postilions, while the groom was mounted on the box, and two or three servants sat on a seat fixed behind called a "rumble."

We were amused in reading the signs here. We saw "Coachman to the Queen," "Chemist to her Majesty," "Wagon Carriers to her Majesty," "Tobacconist to his Majesty," meaning I presume the late king, as Prince Albert is only called "His Royal Highness." But the funniest of all was "Tailor to her Majesty." Now I have always heard that she wore "the small clothes," but I never knew before that she had to employ a tailor to make them !

After dinner we took another walk. The streets were well lighted, and many of the shops presented quite a brilliant appearance. It was a noisy scene, and we met more

drunken men in one hour, than we have seen in all our tour. The races being held here this week, may make some difference. There was quite a "row" before the theatre, so that we had hard work to get by. This did not seem like the quiet streets of France and Italy. To be sure the streets of Paris are not so very quiet, but its noise is the rattling of carriages and the busy tread of men, and the low hum of voices, and not of idle, drunken persons.

And how strange it seems here to see so few soldiers! We saw one or two parading before the "Pavilion," but how different from the hundreds one meets at about every step in Paris. The uniform here is good; scarlet jackets and dark blue pants look much finer than the coarse red pantaloons, and dark coats of the common soldiers of France.

We have spent the most of the day to-day in witnessing the horse races. Think us not vulgar in our tastes, for many of the nobility, far and near, patronize these races; nay, many of the riders of the races are noblemen. The country back of Brighton rises in gentle hills, and among these hills the races take place. The race course is two miles long, sweeping round one of the hills. On either side of the course, an enclosure is fenced off for people on foot, and back of this are places for carriages. We went early that we might get a good stand. I should think we walked two miles in going to the ground. All along we passed carts and tents full of gipsies, ragged and dirty. One little boy followed us for some distance, trying to coax a ha'penny from J., by calling him "a fine gentleman," and telling him that he was "born to be lucky, for he had a lucky eye."

On the ground were numerous tents and stands, but every thing of the kind seemed tame after the display in the Champs Elysées. The races lasted from one till six, with an interval of about three quarters of an hour between each race. I had a first-rate place, and I stood there six hours without sitting down. I dared not go away for fear of losing

my stand. You ask me how I could have had the patience to have waited there so long. I answer by saying that it was something quite new to us, and therefore interesting from its novelty; besides, these races are among the characteristic recreations of the English. Of course you cannot expect me to enter into details of these sports. The horses were beautiful specimens of their kind, long and slender, and very fleet. The riders were dressed in fanciful costumes, some in scarlet cap and jacket and white breeches, others in buff and blue; all wore top-boots. The riders seemed almost to stand up in the stirrups, in order that their weight should be no hindrance to the speed of the horse. The crowds were excited and animated, and shouted with eager glee as the racers passed. In the last race the horses leaped over three different fences.

During the intervals between the races, great trafficking was going on. The first part of the day the loudest cry was, "Cards, gentlemen, correct cards of the races," and this was echoed and re-echoed from every side, sometimes varied with a "Card, my lady," (to me), and to J., "Now your honor, buy this card." Then came the sellers of fruit, and apples and pears were cried in every tone of voice, with sundry epithets of admiration, as "Nice, mellow, ripe, quite ripe, melt in your mouths." A man with an armful of canes then passed, and he kept singing, "A penny is the price, a penny is the price," till I got heartily tired of the sound, and was thankful to see his stock diminished; when lo! he returned with a new supply, but to my great joy he changed his tune to "Two pence for these, your honors." Venders of cigars next appeared on the stage, and "Cigars, gents, and a light," was all the cry. And ginger beer too was offered in small bottles for a penny apiece, and soda water, not at all tempting in its appearance, and a drink which, though called lemonade, I felt not the slightest inclination to taste.

At last, after standing for more than six hours, and walk-

ing four miles, we reached our hotel, and I felt really but little fatigued. And so have passed our first two days in this "sea-girt isle." And pleasant as it is thus to be in our own father-land, yet this pleasure has some drawbacks, for in hearing a language spoken with which we are perfectly familiar, we hear words of profanity and vulgarity, which long have been strangers to our ears. And talk about the Americans not speaking the English language properly ! I never heard such outlandish jargon in all my life, as I have heard to-day, and that too from well-dressed persons.

While we were at our quiet dinner, (for we dined by ourselves), we heard music. Turning towards the window, we saw a young man and girl dancing on stilts. Quite a novel way of dancing, but they managed their wooden supporters with much dexterity, and it was amusing to see them, after they had finished, walk around with their little cups for pay ; being so elevated, they were on a level with the second-story windows of the houses around.

But I have time to say no more now ; so adieu.

LONDON, August 9th.

MY DEAREST FRIEND :

It is now twenty weeks since I looked my last on your dear face, and ere ten more have passed, I hope to be seated once more by your fireside, where with you and all the cherished ones I hold in my heart, we may once more enjoy the pleasures of social communion. I cannot now stop to tell you how much I long to see you all, for, as you plainly perceive, I use but little space in my letters for sentiment or compliments.

And now we are in London, that "great city." If as some say, "First impressions are every thing," then have we

occasion to be pleased with ours, for they are very favorable in this instance. Thus far we like this city much. The streets are quite wide and very clean, and the houses uniform and handsome, though rather sombre. I speak now particularly of the newer and more fashionable parts of the city. We are in one of the most airy and pleasant streets, just out of "Portland Place," at an excellent private boarding house, where are several Americans, and some very pleasant English people.

We left Brighton Saturday morning in the stage-coach, a little bit of a thing inside, not much larger than one of our hackney coaches, but calculated to accommodate quite a number of passengers outside. Two can sit with the coachman, three on an elevated seat behind; besides these, seats are arranged across the top. I, being totally unaccustomed to riding on the outside, took a seat in the interior, though several ladies were on top. But I repented of my decision before we had gone many miles, for these coaches are hung so low, that I could see but little of the country through which we passed.

In riding outside, one pays but half price. I do not know whether this is a general rule, it was so in this coach. J. rode on the outside, so that I was quite by myself; that is, there were a gentleman and an old lady inside, but neither of them spoke a half dozen words. J. was quite amused with a young lady who sat beside him. She was intelligent and sociable, and conversed with ease and fluency. But what remark do you think she made in relation to our own country? Why, that as much as she would like to see America, she would not dare visit it, as the people were such savages she should fear for her life! Only think of that! I suppose she imagines that we are all Indians.

The road was good, but not so surpassingly good as my anticipations led me to expect. We went about as fast as in the Diligence, but stopped oftener to set passengers down and to take in others, and more time was consumed in

changing horses than in the Diligence. These little things struck me, as I had so often heard that the roads and the speed in England were unrivalled. Had I come directly from home, I dare say I should have thought the roads perfect, but after travelling on the excellent roads on the continent, we have more exalted notions.

The country was pleasant and quite well cultivated, and it had a sort of home look, more than any of the countries through which we have passed. The houses had a cleaner and more comfortable aspect, and it seemed so rural to see cattle quietly grazing in the fields. We saw no walls, no fences, nothing but hedges.

Yesterday morning we started to find the church where Mr. Noel preaches, which our landlady told us was somewhere near Bedford square, and, by the way, she seemed surprised to find that we Americans were so well acquainted with the names of English clergymen; indeed in several cases we were more conversant with them than she was, for on inquiring about Mr. Melville, whose praise is in all our land, she had never heard the name.

After studying out, on our pocket map of London, the situation of Bedford square, we started off to find it. We certainly walked two miles before we came to the square, in the centre of which is a beautiful little park or garden, surrounded by handsome houses. Indeed in all our walk we passed none other; that is, they are high, plain, substantial stone houses, though all of rather a darkened hue. Many of them have shops on the lower floor, which are entered by the same door as the house.

We came to a church, and as it was getting late, we went in, without knowing whose it was. The service was already commenced; it was read in a solemn and impressive manner by a middle-aged clergyman, and the sermon was preached by a younger, and what we at home would call a foppish looking man. It was an excellent sermon, however, and entirely extemporaneous, the speaker for some time

holding his little bible in his hand ; and as he would refer to some passage in explanation, or confirmation of his text, the congregation would follow him, nearly all having bibles with them. I inquired of a lady who sat near me if she knew the clergyman's name ; she said it was Hughes. As this was our first acquaintance with an English church, you will pardon me if I speak a little more about the manner of conducting service. The church is small, but it has a gallery around three sides of it, so that it can seat a good many people. It was very full, the responses were well made, and the singing joined in heartily by all. In fact there was a printed notice at the door, requesting all the congregation to unite in the singing. What would some of our exclusive singers at home say to that ?

The clerk, who occupied a seat below the pulpit, had a real sing-song tone, and I could scarcely keep from smiling to hear him give the hymn, he drawled it out so drolly. As soon as the number of the hymn was given, the organ struck up, and the tune was played, and then the clerk read the first two lines, and that was all he read. And well that he stopped when he did, for I could not possibly have heard him read more without laughing.

We came home at noon, took a little lunch, and once more started for Mr. Noel's church. After a long walk, we succeeded in finding it, but I could not help stopping and uttering an exclamation of surprise, for it looked more like one of our old brick schoolhouses than a church. On top was a little bit of a belfry, from which came the sound of a tinkling bell, exactly like a school bell. The interior is plain and neat. The pulpit and desk are cushioned with crimson velvet. Up and down the aisles, little seats are fixed against the pews, between the doors. I soon conjectured by the thinness of the audience, that Mr. Noel was not going to preach. I have not before heard the afternoon service, and it sounded quite strangely to me, though I know not as it is always conducted on the same plan. After

the second lesson a hymn was sung, instead of a chant, but it was not from the prayer book, but from a collection prepared by Mr. Noel himself. This sounded rather "square windowy," I thought. The sermon was good, though rather dull, by an oldish man who was almost bald. He is the curate, I believe. The clerk wore a very rich black robe; a nicer looking one even than the minister's. We met him as we came out, and we asked him if Mr. Noel was to preach in the evening, and he said "Yes;" but though I felt anxious to hear him, I was quite too tired to think of going so long a distance again.

We passed, in our walk to and from church, a half dozen parks, which certainly add a great deal to the appearance of a city like London, in which some relief is needed, after seeing nothing but dark-colored houses. These parks, however, are quite exclusive, there being a notice over the gates that no one is allowed to walk in them, but those who live in the squares around them. The gates are locked all the time, each family having a right to the park, keeping a key.

In the morning as we went to church, we saw a commotion in the street, and a huddling together of men, women, and children. On looking up we saw a chimney on fire. Several police men gathered around, and two engines were quickly on the spot, though nothing in the world was to be seen but a little smoke, which is certainly no novel sight in London. Either the Londoners are very much afraid of fire, or they are ready to run in crowds at every little thing; a little of both, I suspect to be the case. The rows of houses, though so compactly built, are admirably arranged for preventing fire from progressing, for between every two houses it is required that there should be a wall at least eighteen inches thick.

As we came home at noon we met great numbers of girls, each having in her hand a pitcher or mug of beer. Almost every family seemed to be thus refreshing themselves, in addition to their Sunday dinner.

This morning on going to the banking house of Messrs. Baring, J. found two letters from you, which afforded us a vast deal of pleasure. After lunch, which we have here at one o'clock, we went to the Zoological Garden, one of our gentlemen boarders kindly giving us tickets of admission, as no one is allowed to go in without a ticket from one of the members of the society, and even then, each one is obliged to pay a shilling. On going to the garden we passed through Regent's Park, which has lately been thrown open to the public. It is a most beautiful park of over four hundred acres in extent, and is intersected by roads and walks. It is a fashionable place for promenade, and here nurses and children are seen at all hours of the day, as well as ladies and young misses, while handsome carriages, with their liveried attendants, are dashing here and there, adding variety to the scene. In the park itself there is a good deal of sameness; here you pass along a path bordered with trees, and there across a wide, open glade, covered with grass of the richest green, and in some places it would seem that you were actually in the country, as cows and sheep are grazing near, were it not that through the trees you catch glimpses of the elegant houses around the park.

The Zoological Garden is also a fashionable place of promenade. "Flowers of every hue adorn the gay parterre," trees of every clime throw their grateful shade around. Here, too, is almost every kind of animal in the known world. I should judge the collections larger than that in Paris, not more in numbers, but a greater variety of species. They are all very tame, even those we are accustomed to call the most ferocious. They would run to the bars of their cage as soon as a visitor appeared, and open their mouths for something to eat. The goats and deer ate from our hands, the different kinds of dogs set up a furious barking and yelling, not from antipathy to us, but from a desire to be fed, and the very bears jumped up on their hind legs, and raised their fore paws in a beseeching manner.

At the entrance to the garden are stands for bread and cake, an abundance of which is bought by visitors, for the mere purpose of feeding the animals. It is useless for me to give you the names of the animals we there saw, for in your own city you often have opportunities to see quite good collections.

We spent two or three hours in wandering about the vast enclosure, for it was a lovely afternoon, quite like a summer's day. There were a great many people in the garden while we were there, in fact, as I told you before, it is a fashionable place of resort. In one year one hundred and twelve thousand persons were admitted.

After dinner, which is at six o'clock, we started to go to Paternoster Row, near St. Paul's, to Wiley and Putnam's bookstore. After walking till I verily thought we should never get there, we at last found the street, though it was so late the office was closed. We walked at least seven miles, one of our boarders, well acquainted with London, says that it was nine. So you see we begin to equal the English themselves in walking. I assure you that I feel tired too, and as it is now near midnight, I think I may be excused if I retire; so a good night to you.

LONDON, Wednesday.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

To say that we have been "as busy as a bee," would be a faint comparison, and would convey no adequate idea of the use we have made of our feet, eyes and tongues, the past two days, as you will see, when I tell you where we have been and what we have seen. Yesterday morning immediately after breakfast (don't think it was soon after sunrise, we breakfast at nine,) we went to St. Paul's. We went into Portland street and got into an omnibus, and were carried

the whole distance, more than two miles, for a sixpence. Carriage hire is dear here, the charges being made by the mile. If you go in a cab one mile, you are charged one shilling sterling, about twenty-one cents our money; if more than a mile, an extra shilling is put on, and so on for each additional mile. This seems strange to us after our cheap rides on the continent.

St. Paul's is a noble edifice, a splendid church, at least as far as regards the exterior. Indeed the architecture is superb, and I think the front even more impressive than that of St. Peter's. It wants the open space though, in front of St. Peter's, for it is seen to great disadvantage, surrounded as it is by so many buildings. There is a beautiful portico in front, consisting of twelve Corinthian pillars; over this is another supported by eight columns of the composite order. On each side rises a tower, in one of which is the clock, in the other the bells. Over the centre is the magnificent dome. The east end is semicircular, and is ornamented with some fine sculpture, and at the end of the arms of the cross is a semicircular portico. The whole is surrounded by an iron railing which cost eleven thousand pounds. In front of the church, within the railing, is a statue of Queen Anne, holding in her hands the emblems of royalty. She is accompanied by figures representing Great Britain, Ireland, France and America, though like the drawings in a child's first book, one must tell you their names before you can find out what they are. So much for the exterior, and now for the interior. It is grand, and yet it does not strike the beholder with awe; perhaps it would have been better for us to have visited it before seeing the churches in Italy. The whole length of the building within the walls is five hundred feet. The nave is separated from the rest of the church by two rows of massy pillars, and from the choir by a large door of open iron work, over which is the organ. The interior of the dome is painted in fresco, so finely as perfectly to imitate sculpture. The choir is plain,

though rich; the seats are of dark oak. There are no ornaments in the church, no side chapels, no altars, to break in upon the uniformity, but there are many monuments, and the walls in several places are sculptured in bas-reliefs. Among the monuments, I noticed, as particularly interesting to me, those of Lord Nelson, John Howard, Sir William Jones, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Moore, Dr. Johnson, Marquis Cornwallis, and Bishop Middleton, all having sculptured figures, some of them very good, others very poor. Many of the officers are represented in their uniforms, which, however becoming they may have been during life, are not at all imposing in marble.

Bishop Middleton is in his robe, in the act of confirming two boys; the robe is wretchedly done. The monument to Nelson is fine. On the top stands the naval hero leaning on an anchor. Beneath, on his right, Britain is represented pointing him out to young seamen, as an example and a model to them. A lion guards the monument on the other side. On the corners of the pedestal are the words "Copenhagen, Nile, Trafalgar," and between them, figures representing the North Sea, the Nile, and the Mediterranean.

Howard stands trampling upon chains and fetters; in one hand he carries the key of a prison, and in the other a scroll, on which is written "Plan for the Improvement of Prisons and Hospitals." But I must certainly not forget one monument, which struck me so much that I copied the inscription. "Erected at public expense, to the memory of Major General, the Hon. Sir Edward Pakenham, K. B., and of Major General Samuel Gibbs, who fell gloriously on the 8th of January, 1815, whilst leading the troops to an attack of the enemy's works in front of New Orleans!" "Fell gloriously!" If this encomium is passed on them, what epithet shall be applied to Andrew Jackson, who gained the victory in which they fell? On top of the monument are the two renowned heroes in their uniforms.

Neither would I pass by in silence a monument erected to the Rev. John Spratt, which gave rise to a query in our own minds, whether it was the veritable "Jack Spratt" of poetic memory.

The monuments and the sculpture, and the whole of the interior of St. Paul's, are in a miserable state of preservation. The statues are really disfigured by the dust and dirt, and the floor, which is of marble, does not look as if it had been cleaned since it was first laid.

As we entered the church, the pealing notes of the organ met our ears. We went into the choir, where service was being performed. There were several priests and boys all in surplices. They were chanting at the end of the second lesson when we entered. The organ is powerful and of fine tone. The creed was said in such a sing-song tone, and the priests and the boys chanted the "amen," and the versicles before the prayers, in such a queer way, that really, if it had not been too sacred for mirth, I should have laughed. We started to go up to the dome, when we were stopped by a man, and told that it would cost us four shillings two pence each, nearly two dollars, to see all the different parts of the church. However, we were determined to see the view from the top of the church, so we paid seven shillings, and went up. We had not gone up a dozen stairs, before we were stopped, and another shilling demanded, and but a little farther our progress was again arrested, and we were told that if we would see the geometrical staircase and the library, still another shilling must be forthcoming. On this I got wrathful, and told the man we had paid enough already, and that we did not want to see any library or staircase, though I confess my curiosity was a little excited to know what a geometrical staircase meant. I told him we could go all over St. Peter's at Rome without paying a sixpence. He did not seem to like it, and I don't care if he didn't. I had been three months where I could not scold much if I wanted to, and I have not now found the use of my native tongue for nothing.

At length we came to the roof, and went inside of the dome. Here is another whispering gallery. We went one side, and a man stood opposite to us, and whispered something; all I heard was "a shilling and sixpence," (quite as familiar words to him as any other, I dare say,) for there were some workmen over our heads who made such a clattering, that we could not hear loud talking, to say nothing of whispering. Then this man shut one of the gallery doors, and the noise was quite startling, sounding like thunder.

After leaving this gallery, we wound around in the dark, till we came to the top of the dome, but when there, we found that the view was greatly impaired by the smoke and fog that enveloped us. We saw, indeed, enough to convince us that London is a magnificent city, at least in respect to size. We could see the Thames quite plainly, as it meandered along, and tile and copper roofs beneath us, and spires in abundance around us, and occasionally an opening where green trees brightened the prospect, but the smoke or fog or something else lay often in such thick masses, that it was impossible to penetrate it. The air was loaded with noxious vapor, that was almost intolerable to us. "What a horrid smell," I said, and I turned to another side away from the wind, but still it followed me. I could not compare it to any thing, but imagining myself to be in a coal cellar, where a quantity both of charcoal and hard coal had just been thrown, the vile dust of which filled the air, and while the odor was yet in my nose, to add to it the smell of strong coffee while boiling. You will smile at this homely comparison, nevertheless, it is as true a one as I can give you.

After waiting on that elevated spot nearly an hour, hoping the air would become clearer, we went up by almost perpendicular stairs, and by a straight ladder, till we got inside of the ball; but here as I attempted to look out, the wind blew so violently, that it took my bonnet, and even my hair,

almost off my head, so that I thought it was high time to go down.

And thus ended our visit to St. Paul's. If all sight-seeing in England is on so expensive a scale, one would soon exhaust a small fortune. But I certainly must not forget to tell you, that we went up no less than five hundred and eighty-seven stairs in reaching the top. I assure you it required no little patience in counting them, and yet counting was the easiest part.

There are some beautiful shops around St. Paul's, in which are as fine articles and as finely arranged as in Paris. We went once more into "Paternoster Row," a singular name, by the way, for a street, "Our Father Row;" but it was so named because here, in the days of Romish superstition, were manufactured beads and other articles used by adherents to that faith. It is quite a narrow street, and is mostly occupied by booksellers. At Wiley & Putnam's, one of the publishers was so kind as to give us several American newspapers, the first we have seen since leaving Marseilles; you may well imagine they were eagerly devoured by us. Near this street is the new Post-office, a spacious and elegant building, adorned with three porticoes of the Ionic order of architecture. You may have some idea of the vast deal of business done here, when I tell you that more than five hundred individuals are constantly employed in this establishment, and that a half million letters pass through it every week. Besides this central office, little branch offices are established in different parts of the city, and post-men go from them four times a day, so that if you want to send a note to any individual in the most remote part of the city, you have only to drop it into one of these little offices, and you have an answer in an hour or two.

After lunch we went to the Colosseum, a large building surmounted by a dome, and having a beautiful Doric portico in front. It was built for the purpose of exhibiting Horner's Panorama of London, which covers forty thousand feet of

canvass. It was taken from the top of St. Paul's, and the artist was employed three years upon it. He must have taken up his abode in those elevated regions while sketching it, for he certainly could not mount up all those stairs many times a week. It is a grand thing, and gives you a most complete idea of the vastness of the city. All lies before you, palaces and parks, churches, hospitals, and asylums, schools, and houses, the river, and the countless boats on its surface, and to heighten the resemblance, carriages and horses, and people in the streets.

This morning we found a real English rain when we awoke, and we began to think what we should do with ourselves, for our time was too precious to admit of our spending a whole day in our room. At breakfast we were assailed on all sides with questions. Our fellow boarders think we are so persevering in sight-seeing, that they were actually glad there was such a rain, and one and another said, "Well, Mrs. —, you certainly will not think of going out in this deluge." We took it all very coolly, and assured them it was such a grand time to see the British Museum, that we could not let the opportunity pass without improving it. A party of three Americans have been boarding here six weeks, and they told us this morning that we really had seen more of London than they had.

In sight of our door is a stand for carriages. I think the carriage arrangements here are much better than in Paris. There we often had to walk some distance before we could find a carriage, but when we did come to a stand, we found vehicles of all shapes and sizes, and in any quantities. Here there are a few carriages at a time; they are in almost every street, standing along in a line in the middle of the street. You have only to look toward a carriage driver, and instantly his fore finger is raised; if you want him, you raise yours in return, and immediately he is by your side. I like when I go by a line of carriages, just to glance at them, to see how quickly the fingers are raised.

The British Museum is a very large building, nay, I may say buildings. Some parts are quite new, indeed not yet finished, so that all the articles are not arranged for visitors to see them. The collection is very extensive and remarkably fine, and for a wonder in London, the admission is free, and no attendant is allowed to take a fee from a visitor. On the staircase are several stuffed animals, a giraffe, a musk ox, a white bear, a seal, a rhinoceros, and some others. In the first room are curiosities from the South Sea Islands, and from British North America, fishing utensils, jackets made of the intestines of the whale, musical instruments, mostly of reeds, warlike implements, clubs, cloth made of the bark of the paper mulberry, Esquimaux dresses, idols of various forms, ornaments, &c. Then comes the museum of natural history, and here is every kind of animal ever known to exist. I cannot, of course, enumerate them. Besides the larger animals, there are every species of monkeys, bats, rats, mice, squirrels, rabbits, all sorts of insects preserved in spirits, fish, and birds of every kind. And not the least interesting were the fossil remains of animals, larger than any in the known world, by the side of which the elephant is but a baby, animals, too, that were found in England, that now only exist in the hottest climates. Such are some of the changes in this changing world of ours.

Then there was a beautiful collection of shells comprising every kind, from the common clam shell to the rarest and most beautiful ever known, and a grand cabinet of minerals. One room was filled with mummies and other Egyptian antiquities, but we did not stop to examine them, as we saw so many of those in different museums on the continent.

We supposed the library was also open to the public, but we found that no one was admitted except by an order from one of the trustees. We told one of the attendants that we were strangers, and of course could not well obtain such a ticket. He asked if we were foreigners, (it seems he did not suspect by our "poor English" that we were Ameri-

cans.) On being told who we were, he told us he would show us the room called the king's library. It is a large room, three hundred feet long, and contains over sixty thousand volumes, but as we could not see any of the rare manuscripts here deposited, we did not care to stop long.

On coming out, we found that the rain had ceased, so we thought we would walk to Westminster Abbey. It was a long distance to be sure, but as the church was not open till three o'clock, we should have gained nothing by riding, so looking about on the shops and houses, and reading the signs, we walked on, sometimes getting a little out of our way. Then we unfolded our pocket map, found out the right direction, and again trudged on. At last came up a violent shower, and we were obliged to take a carriage for the remainder of the distance.

What a noble building is Westminster Abbey! Vastly superior in its architecture to St. Paul's, and then, independent of these things, it is full of so many monuments, and appeals to our feelings by so many touching associations, that it is one of the first objects in London a stranger goes to see.

It is built in the purest Gothic style, excepting that the upper part of the front towers is finished with Roman ornaments, an inconsistency which must immediately strike every beholder. All around the exterior are jutting turrets wrought in the finest Gothic style. Leading to the north arm of the cross, is a noble portico. In short, the whole exterior is magnificent, and is finished in the richest manner. And the interior is so grand, that I cannot praise it too highly. The ceiling is vaulted, and is supported by immense pillars of grey marble. Around the nave runs a gallery composed of light arches, over which is a range of windows. The choir is so separated from the nave, as greatly to impair the effect of the architecture, making the church look much shorter than it is. At the entrance to the choir are beautiful arches of open stone work, over which is the organ, which,

of course, entirely conceal the choir from view, while standing in the nave.

I come now to speak of the monuments. And first of all let us stop at that part of the church called "the Poet's corner." How many a bard has been cheered, through scenes of poverty and self-denial, by the hope of at last being laid among the gifted ones, whose ashes here repose, or whose names are here inscribed. The first monument that attracted my attention was that of Milton. It is surmounted by a bust of that prince of epic poets. On the pedestal is a bas-relief bust of Gray, and an inscription to that poet also. I designed copying the inscriptions on all these monuments, (not to burden you with them, but for my own edification,) but we were not allowed to stop long enough in any one place to do that. Let me give you the inscription on Spenser's monument. "Heare lyes (expecting the second comminge of our Saviour Christ Jesvs,) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose Divine Spirit needs noe other witnesse than the works which he left behinde. He was borne in London in the yeare 1553, and died in the yeare 1598." Quite near this is a little slab surmounted by a bust, with this simple inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson."

Within a neat little temple of white marble, is a bust, beneath which is written, "J. Dryden, natus 1632; mortuus Mais 1, 1700." In another part of the "corner" is a monument to Shakspeare, on the pedestal of which, in bas-relief, are the heads of Henry V., Richard III., and Elizabeth. On the top is a statue of the dramatist, holding in his hand a scroll. Near him are the remains of Sheridan, and monuments to Thomson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Addison, Congreve, and Handel, and in another part of the church, of Drs. Young and Watts. Why they were not put in the "corner," I cannot tell.

Among the statesmen of Great Britain, Pitt and Fox, Grattan, Canning, and Wilberforce are here remembered.

Wilberforce is represented in a sitting posture ; it is said to be a striking likeness. It is excellently well done. I was particularly struck with one monument, (I can't tell whose it was,) on which was a figure designed to signify the distress of the widow and the fatherless. A woman holds in her arms a child ; on her sharpened features poverty is written, and in her piteous expression, want and care and affliction may be plainly read. By her side lies her little bundle, in which is collected her all of this world's goods. But the best part is the robe of coarse serge thrown around her. This is so admirably done, as perfectly to imitate coarse cloth, and I actually went up close to it to see if it were not "bona fide" cloth. I inquired the sculptor's name. It may not be new to the world ; it was to me (Westmacott), but known or unknown, it will live in that work.

Another monument was most beautiful. I say "beautiful" because so expressive. It is that of Lady Nightingale. Death is represented as coming out of the tomb, holding in his hand a dart, which he is aiming at the "lovely lady." Her husband stands with his arms around her, endeavoring to shield her from the unerring aim. Horror and anguish unutterable are expressed on his face, while her's is that of a dying woman, ghastly, yet sweet.

But were I longer to dwell on these monuments, I should have to sit up all the night to finish this letter, so I will hasten into King Henry VIIth's Chapel. It is one hundred and fifteen feet long, and eighty wide, and is a perfect little church in itself, having a nave and side aisles. It is approached from the church by steps of black marble under a stately portico, within which are gates of brass, curiously wrought. The ceiling is of stone, sculptured. In the nave are stalls for the Knights of the order of the Bath, which order used to be here conferred. Each seat has a brass plate, inscribed with the name and the arms of its owner, and over his seat is his banner. Beneath these are stools for their esquires.

One of the finest tombs in this chapel is that of Henry VII. and his queen. It is surrounded by a screen of open iron work. In one of the aisles of the chapel are tombs of Queens Elizabeth and Mary, supported by ten pillars of black marble, the body of Elizabeth resting on a bier upheld by four lions, of the murdered princes, of Mary the unfortunate Queen of Scots, and of many others, far too numerous for me to mention here. I cannot refrain, however, from copying the inscription on the tomb of Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret, Queen of Scots. "She had to her great-grandfather, Edward IV., to her grandfather, Henry VII., to her uncle, Henry VIII., to her cousin-german, Edward VI., to her brother, James V. of Scotland, to her grandson, James VI., to her great grandmother and grandmother, two queens, both named Elizabeth, to her mother Margaret, queen of Scots, to her aunt, Mary the French queen, to her cousins-german Mary and Elizabeth, queens of England, to her niece and daughter-in-law, Mary Queen of Scots." Now I should think here were grand relations enough to satisfy even the cravings of an English heart. I warrant she carried her head high.

In one of the chapels, I do not remember which, is the monument of an Earl of Exeter, on top of which is his recumbent statue, and on his right hand, that of his first wife. A vacant space is on his left, reserved for his second wife, but she left in her will a strict injunction not to have her body laid there, as she would not submit to be on the left hand! Now this is what I call a real woman's spirit.

But I must not forget Edward the Confessor's chapel, which is near the choir, and contains the shrine of St. Edward, the tomb of Editha his wife, and of some others. Here too are the sword and shield of Edward I., and two coronation chairs, the most ancient of which was brought with the regalia from Scotland in 1297; the other was made for the consort of William III. They are of oak, a little gilded, but not much.

Among the curious inscriptions let me copy one more, and then I shall have done. "Here lyes the loyall Duke of Newcastle and his Dutchess, his second wife, by whome he had noe issue; her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous. The Dutchess was a wise, wittie and learned lady, which her many bookes do well testifie. She was a most virtuous, and a loveing and carefull wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home, never parted from him in his solitary confinement." Truly such a woman, so literary and yet so domestic, deserves a monument.

One of the sextons of the church "did the honors of the place," and wry were the glances he cast at me, when he saw me stop to copy any thing, and sundry were the hints he gave about not taking up too much time, all of which made no impression upon me. We did not leave till the lengthened shadows warned us to depart.

You may well suppose that when we met our fellow-boarders at the dinner table, they congratulated us on the good use we had made of the day. They all complain, because we do not go to the drawing-room after dinner and spend the evening there; but what would become of my letters and my journal if I did?

Such a long epistle as this surely needs nothing at the end; so I stop abruptly, without as much as adding "love to all inquiring friends."

LONDON, Friday.

MY DEAR F.:

I suppose you wonder that I have been so long in England without saying any thing of "our gracious lady, her Majesty Queen Victoria," but the fact is I have had nothing to say about her, for she is at present at Windsor. She is expected

however to open Parliament on Tuesday week, so we shall wait to see the show. By the way, she is never here spoken of as "the Queen," but always "her Majesty."

Yesterday morning we devoted to the Tower. We rode in an omnibus as far as the Bank. (Will you allow me to say here in a parenthesis, that this vehicle is never called by its proper name here, that being quite too long, it is always spoken of as a "bus.") The Bank of England is an immense building, though rather low, being but a story and a half high. The principal entrance is adorned with pillars. Next to it is the new Royal Exchange. It is but just begvn, and is to be an enormous edifice, at least one third larger than the one destroyed by fire in 1838.

We walked through two or three narrow, dirty streets, with low, ill-looking houses. The principal thing for sale, or "on sale," as they say here, was fish. At length we reached the Tower. This I always thought was one large building, but it is rather a village than a single house. The whole is enclosed by a high wall, having a wide ditch running around on the outside. We stopped at the gate and bought tickets for the armory and jewel room, and then we were shown into a little room, where our tickets were demanded, and we were ranged along in due order on benches, in parties of twelve, no more being allowed to go at once, I suppose because that is quite as many as one man can attend to. We waited there awhile, till two other parties had had time to get a little ahead, and then our turn came. We were marshaled by a warder who wore a scarlet cloth coat, with large hanging sleeves. It was faced with narrow blue-black velvet, within lines of gilt thread. On the back and front were wrought, the "rose, the shamrock, and the thistle," (flowers emblematical of England, Ireland, and Scotland,) and the letters "V. R." He wore a low hat of blue-black velvet, around the band of which were little bows of blue, red and white ribbon. Was'nt it a queer costume for an "Englischer?"

He was thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and he took it for granted that we knew as much as he did, for he rattled off the names, and hurried us about so, that I could hardly tell what was what. I succeeded in noting down a few things. In fact, we were always behind the others, to the apparent vexation of the warder, for he cast many angry looks towards us.

In the armory we saw suits of armor once belonging to many of England's kings and nobles. How easily these were worn, you may judge from the fact, that one suit belonging to Henry VIII., including the armor for his horse, weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds. We saw the armor of a pikeman, who was seven feet two inches high, and ten small cannon presented to Charles I. when a child, to teach him the use of artillery.

We were then hurried to the "White Tower," and went into the room where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and where he wrote his "History of the World." Adjoining this is a small, dark room, which was his bed-room. The walls of this room have been newly covered, but in one place the old wall is seen, on which was written by some of the prisoners once confined here, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" and, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

In this room is the axe with which the heads of Anne Boleyn, Jane Grey, and the Earl of Essex were cut off, and also the block on which some noblemen, whose names were not familiar to me, were beheaded. We saw some instruments of torture, fit furniture for such a room, among which was one called "the Spanish Caraval," or "Scavenger's Daughter." It had an opening for the neck, another for the arms, and still another for the legs, thus drawing the body into a very small compass. Another was called "the Spanish Collar;" it fastened around the neck, and was furnished with sharp points to pierce the flesh. It weighs fifteen pounds. Then there was a roller of iron, having a ring at

each end, in which the feet were fastened, thus not only confining them together, but making the individual drag this heavy weight with him wherever he went.

The walls of "the White Tower" are seventeen feet thick, and its foundations twenty-eight deep. In one room is a representation of Queen Elizabeth, as she went on horseback to St. Paul's, to return thanks after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It is really curious. Her dress is covered with spangles of silver, and something which looked like wax beads, meant, I suppose, for pearls. The bodice was long and tight, the sleeves large, and round her neck she wore an immense ruff, and a half dozen rich chains. Over her dress was a mantle of green velvet. The housings of the horse were of crimson velvet. It was led by a small page. The whole was an interesting relic of the past.

In other rooms in the tower we saw cannon, on which were the imperial crown, and the letter N., which were taken at the battle of Waterloo; two cannon taken from the ship *Royal George*, sunk many years ago, (these had been in the water more than fifty years,) a belt and a shield once belonging to Tippoos Saib, a scythe fixed upon wheels, used to send in among cavalry to break their ranks, some bayonets taken in the battle of Bayonne, from which, by the way, the name is derived, and balls and grape-shot, and weapons of warfare innumerable.

When the warder told the names of the cannon taken as trophies of war, he seemed to feel a pride in thus relating deeds of valor performed by his countrymen. I was on the point of asking him if he could show some taken from the Americans in contest with them, but then I should have betrayed my nation, which for certain reasons I wished concealed. These warders are what we call "cute," and they rather pride themselves on their powers of discernment, and have often been heard to boast that they could tell an American just as soon as they saw one. An English gentleman, speaking of this fact at the breakfast table yesterday

morning, defied us to go to the Tower and act ourselves, without the warder discovering who we were. I maintained that we could. We therefore asked as many questions as we chose about the objects that claimed our attention, without apparently exciting his suspicions, but if I, in my national pride, had referred to the contest with America, I should, in common parlance, "have let the cat out of the bag," for no Englishman would voluntarily speak on so sore a subject.

There is one room three hundred and forty-five feet long and sixty wide, filled with guns and muskets kept in the nicest order. When the racks are all filled, they number one hundred and fifty thousand; at present there are one hundred thousand, many having been lately sent to the troops in foreign lands. No wonder there are "Gun-makers to her Majesty." Many of these guns and muskets were arranged in various forms around the walls of the room, representing the sun, the royal arms, hydra-headed monsters, the front of an organ, and several other things.

We then visited the Jewel room, a little dungeon, in which several bishops were at one time confined. Here we sat on two seats before the royal gems, separated from them, however, by an iron grate, through which we were graciously allowed to peep. Our warder left us here to the care of a woman, but not before touching his hat, and softly saying, "remember the warder, if you please."

With a little wand in her hand, and in the choicest phrases, and the softest tones, our lady of the jewels called off their names. The first thing, of course, in beauty and splendor, is Victoria's crown. It is set with the richest gems, one of which is a sapphire, the largest in the known world, presented by some great king, I declare I have forgotten whom. The crown cost one million pounds sterling. It is only taken from this place on great state occasions. When she opens or prorogues Parliament, it is borne before her till she reads her speech. It is then put on her head,

and worn until she gets through, when it is once more consigned to its velvet cushion, and brought here with great pomp and parade.

The other jewels are valued at about one million pounds. Amongst these there is a large basin of gold used at the christening of the royal babies, the sword of mercy, the two swords of justice, the one temporal, the other spiritual, a large golden chalice, used at the coronation banquets, a plate and chalice for the communion, the golden eagle, and the spoon in which is placed the consecrating oil, five or six splendid saltcellars of gold, the spurs worn at the consecration, if a king, and the bracelets, if a queen, the golden orb, used for what purpose I know not, some foolery or other, two or three swords belonging to some of the former kings, the crown made for Anne Boleyn, and I have forgotten what else, except the model in gold of "the white tower," which cost eight thousand pounds.

As we left the Jewel room, our lady conductor kindly pointed out the part of the tower in which Mary confined her sister Elizabeth, also where Anne Boleyn and Jane Grey were imprisoned, and the place in the court where they were beheaded.*

Where next do you think we directed our steps? To the greatest of all curiosities, made not by the hand of nature but of man, the Tunnel. We passed by the Custom-house, an immense building of dark colored stone. There seemed to be a busy scene going on around the premises, for in the few minutes we stopped to observe the building, more than one hundred persons passed in and out. Indeed I was told

* I have dwelt with melancholy pleasure on this our visit to the Tower, as the first news we heard after leaving England, was, that almost all these things which I have mentioned, except the jewels, had been destroyed by fire. Such an event is not only a loss to England, but to the whole world, for it was a grand place that Tower, to acquire important historical information.

that nearly two thousand persons are kept there in constant employ.

We went along by St. Catherine's dock and the London dock, which are surrounded by large warehouses, till we came to the part of the river opposite the entrance to the Tunnel. We crossed the river in a little boat, and after paying two shillings at the tunnel office, were soon down in the bowels of the earth. We descended, I should think, more than a hundred stairs, no carriage road being yet made. We traversed the whole length of the tunnel, at least as far as it has been finished, which is within a few yards of the opposite bank of the river. It is at present eleven hundred and forty feet long, thirty-eight wide, and twenty-two feet and a half high. It is lined with stone, and the whole is finished off in the most solid manner. There are two passages, separated from each other by an archway, and in each arch there is a gas light. The passages are macadamized, and a little raised walk is paved for foot-passengers.

I do not think I ever experienced sensations so nearly approaching the awful, as I did in that terrific passage. Climbing up mountains, groping in dark caves, wandering through grottoes lit only by the glimmering torch, the feelings excited by these dwindled to nothing, compared with the effect produced on my mind by the Thames tunnel. To know that that river was rolling over our heads, and that its surface was covered by ships and steamers and boats without number, and that if the slightest accident happened, there was no escape for us; it was terrible, and I doubt much if I could find courage to go there again. To add to the gloom, the gas pipes had been broken, and the arches were but dimly lighted with little tallow candles, which threw their flickering beams with so much indistinctness, as to render every thing still more shadowy and superhuman. And then, too, to see the dusky forms gliding about, and to hear the cries of the workmen, as they called out to each

other, made the whole scene seem more like a fearful picture of the imagination, than a dread reality. This tunnel, dreadful as it is, is nevertheless a stupendous piece of workmanship, and merits all praise for the perseverance with which it has been carried on against all obstacles, which have been by no means few or far between. The work is done slowly; a large machine is used, called "a shield," within which are the workmen. They bore out a small portion of earth, screw in a clamp to keep it from caving in, then dig out a little piece more, and so on, till the whole is excavated. Thus it progresses by inches, and although it now seems so near being finished, it will probably be several years before carriages can pass, as a road to the tunnel has yet to be made, which will be no small labor, seeing that the descent is now almost perpendicular.

J. and several gentlemen, who were down at the same time with us, enveloped themselves in water-proof coats and hats, and went forward where they could see the men at work, but I felt satisfied with standing where I was, which was at the very end of the passage. I could hear the water dripping where the work was not completed, and I did not care to venture farther in such unknown regions. It was not very pleasant to be sure to be left there alone; but I walked back and forth, occupying myself with my own thoughts, not just then of the most cheerful nature. In addition to all other inconveniences, the air was so noxious, I could not breathe with ease, and it was so damp and cold, that I shivered all the while I was there, so that I was glad once more to behold the light of day.

We started on our homeward way, but instead of turning toward the city, we took the opposite direction, and had walked quite a mile before we perceived our mistake. We then were obliged to retrace our steps to the Tunnel, where we got into a "bus," and rode as far as St. Paul's.

We have been amused in our different walks, to see the novel method of advertising practised here. Men go

around with large frames on their shoulders, and sometimes on their head; on these are posted playbills, notices of places of amusement, and exhortations to buy your goods at the cheapest shops. We have several times seen a large wagon going about the streets, having on it, "reform your tailor's bill," and giving the address of the establishment where this good work might be perfected.

This morning we went to Greenwich, about five miles from here, though for my part I could not tell where London ended and Greenwich began, for it seemed to me all the time as if we were in the dense part of the city. We were told that a coach for Greenwich started from "Charing Cross," so taking our little map as a guide, we set out. We passed through Regent street, a fine wide street, adorned with stately buildings, the lower stories of which are mostly fitted up for shops. Here you will see the richest goods displayed. Laces, embroideries, and silk, are sold about as cheap here as in Paris, gloves are higher. Articles manufactured within the kingdom are quite cheap, but on those imported, the duties are so high, that a correspondingly high price is demanded for them. Thus I often see in the shop windows coffee marked two shillings and two shillings sixpence a pound (this currency). Books are exceedingly high, the same books which at home we might buy for a half dollar, here bring seven shillings. We saw a flaming advertisement in the windows of a bookseller, that an edition of Scott's novels was there sold very cheap. We inquired the price. Very cheap it was to be sure, at four shillings a volume, each separate work comprising at least two volumes!

But as usual with me, I have wandered far from my subject. At the lower end of Regent street, there is a noble semicircular range of houses; this is called "The Quadrant." In front is a colonnade, supported by handsome pillars, and lighted by windows in the roof. All the houses in this vicinity are good specimens of architecture.

Charing Cross derives its name, some say, from a cross erected on this spot (then the village of Charing) by Edward I., to the memory of Queen Eleanor. Others deny the existence of such a village, and affirm, that the cross was so named from its being erected on this spot, so frequently the resting place of the "*chere Regne*," (dear Queen,) in her numerous "*progresses*" about the metropolis. Be that as it may, the cross remained till the civil wars in the time of Charles I., when it was torn down, because considered a remnant of papal superstition. An equestrian statue in bronze of Charles I., then took its place, which by the way was the first equestrian statue ever seen in Great Britain. Not long did it remain there, for soon after the dethronement and execution of that unhappy monarch, it was sold by Parliament to a brazier, with orders to break it in pieces, but he concealed it under ground, till the Restoration, when it was brought back to its original resting place.

Near Charing Cross is an open place of triangular form, adorned with an equestrian statue of George III.

The chief object of interest in Greenwich, at least to us, is the "*Hospital for Seamen*." There are four large buildings called King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, and Queen Mary's, the first two being on the Thames, and having between them a large square, ornamented with a statue of George II. King William's and Queen Mary's buildings stand back of this square; they have each a fine dome and a portico.

Connected with the hospital is a beautiful chapel. It is one hundred and eleven feet long, and fifty-two wide. The side galleries are for the officers, the governor's seat being in the centre. These galleries are not supported by pillars, but by large beams of oak, finely carved. The organ gallery is supported by six fluted columns of beautiful white marble, the capitals being exquisitely sculptured. The door-way is also of white marble, richly carved. The door is of mahogany, and has stood fifty-two years without

hinge or nail, turning on its own pivot. It cost five hundred pounds. The organ has seventeen hundred and twenty pipes, and is considered one of the best in the kingdom. The communion table is of white marble; it rests on six cherubs. Over this table is West's great picture of the preservation of St. Paul from shipwreck. It is twenty-five feet high, and fourteen wide, and is on one piece of canvass, manufactured purposely for the painting. The pulpit and the desk are of satin wood. The floor is of black and white marble, paved in the aisles to represent the cables of a ship. The whole cost of the chapel was ninety-six thousand pounds. It really is a fine building, and every thing is as nice and neat as possible. A middle-aged seaman was our oicerone there, and he described every thing in very good language. I really enjoyed hearing him talk. We went into one of the dining halls, where tables were set for seven hundred men. In each plate were three or four potatoes and some salt. Three quarters of a pound of meat and a bowl of soup are allowed each man. One day they have beef, and the next mutton. Every morning a pint of chocolate and a half pound of bread are given to each one, and at night a pint of tea, a half pound of bread, and two ounces of butter. In addition to all this good cheer, each man has daily three pints of ale, made at the hospital.

Those who are married are served first, that they may take it to their families, who are not allowed to be with them in the hospital. At present there are twenty-seven hundred men in this establishment. They wear a blue uniform, and besides this, are allowed their shoes, stockings, linen, and a shilling a week for pocket money. Those that we saw looked cheerful and clean. Many were maimed, some were blind, and almost all showed marks of hard service.

In King Charles' building are the libraries, one for the officers, and the other for the seamen. None but pensioners are permitted to go in. So we peeped through one of

the windows and saw that the books were neatly arranged, and that around a large table in the centre were settees, the tops of which were carved to imitate a rope. One of the seamen told us that those were presented by William IV., and that they are said to be among the finest specimens of carving in wood in the kingdom.

In the upper stories of this building are the sleeping apartments. In one ward each man is permitted to furnish his own bed-room, or cabin, as he calls it. These rooms are small, but exceedingly nice and neat. Each seems to vie with the other in striving after cleanliness and tidiness. Many of these cabins were plentifully decorated with little pictures, shells, stuffed birds, cups, and glasses, brought from foreign countries, all having connected with them associations more or less interesting. In one room we saw a carving in wood, representing the victory of the *Mary Ross*. It was done with a common jack-knife by a sailor who had but one arm. He was seven years employed upon it, and it is really a fine piece of workmanship, though not by a renowned artist. Underneath this in a glass case, are the hat Nelson wore at the battle of Trafalgar, and a pair of silk stockings once belonging to him. What pride and enthusiasm all these seamen manifested in speaking of Nelson ! It seemed as though they revered him as something more than human.

King Charles' building was formerly a royal palace, and the window was pointed out to us, though which, report says, that ill-fated king made his escape, when pursued by his enemies. In this building the doors are of iron, so if a fire breaks out in one room, by shutting the doors, its spread is somewhat prevented.

We enjoyed this visit to Greenwich much. It was interesting to us to meet so many of the old English tars, who have undergone so much in their country's service.

On our return we found a note from Mr. P., an American gentleman now residing in London, enclosing two tickets

for Vauxhall gardens for this evening, at which time there was to be an unusual variety in the entertainments, in honor of the birthday of Adelaide the Queen Dowager. We are at least three miles from Vauxhall, so we went in an omnibus. When we arrived there the doors were not opened. A crowd of people was waiting around, but all were quiet and orderly, for there were several police men, who were ready to put down the least disturbance, the moment it should arise. There is no feature of London that strikes a stranger more agreeably than the admirable police arrangements. In almost every street during the day, and in quite every one in the evening, you meet these men, ever ready for the prompt performance of their duty. They wear an uniform of dark blue, always look neat and clean, and are uniformly civil and obliging. Whenever we have inquiries to make in relation to any thing that particularly strikes our attention, we address our remarks to a policeman, and we have invariably received from them civil and gentlemanly attention, without any officiousness, any extra words, but what they say is right to the point, though always uttered in the most respectful manner. We often see them settling difficulties in the streets, and leading away men and women; for with shame to my sex, be it said, a drunken, brawling woman is no rare sight in London.

But to Vauxhall. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes, the doors were opened, and we were ushered into the garden, where a blaze of light and splendor caused us to stop and gaze around. This garden is extensive, and is adorned with delightful trees and walks, which were illuminated by hundreds of small lights of various colors. Almost the first thing that we noticed was a small temple in which the musicians were stationed. Back of this was the word "Adelaide," composed of small lights, and all around were emblems of royalty, such as crowns and sceptres, each bearing the initials "A. R."

We sauntered about for more than an hour, listening to

the music, and admiring the beautiful scenes around us, now walking beneath lofty trees, then beside a murmuring waterfall, now amid the beauties of Swiss scenery, and then again through wild scenes of uncultivated nature. In the mean time a man was constantly going around the garden, imitating different birds and animals, so that at times it almost seemed that we must be listening to the songs of birds, the quacking of ducks, the cackling of hens and chickens, and the noise of peacocks, owls, calves and sheep.

After a while the band played "The taking of Jean d'Acre." It was a splendid performance, and the effect was heightened by the explosion of powder in imitation of cannon. When this was finished, a little bell was rung, and we saw the crowd rushing toward a little pavilion, so we ran too, and soon found ourselves in the pit of a small theatre. Here we were obliged to stand up all the time, and thus we could see all that was going on. Mr. Catlin exhibited his Indian scenes, among which were a council, a war-dance, a feast, a wedding, and a scalping, in which he and others, painted and dressed like Indians, performed their parts very well, and, as it seemed to us, in accordance with the customs of the aborigines of our country, but they were not well received at all, many of the different scenes being hissed. In fact, the noise and bustle, from the time we entered the garden, seemed insupportable, after the quietness and order with which such things are conducted in France. However, John Bull is rather a boisterous fellow, and he will make a bluster whenever he can.

We again sauntered around the garden, till the fireworks began; these were very brilliant and beautiful, and lasted some time. In the meantime, a Signora something, walked along a tight rope, which was extended more than three hundred feet, and then came back again, with all the ease imaginable, though amid glare and noise sufficient to shake the most steady nerves.

We left quite early, that we might secure good seats in the

first omnibus, which, notwithstanding our haste, did not leave till the last moment, greatly to the annoyance of an old Scotch gentleman, who became exceedingly impatient, though to us amusingly so. At last we started, but before we got far a cab ran into us, and that hindered us a half hour more, so that although I began this letter Friday night, it is now pretty near Saturday morning, and I must close, or I shall not get sleep enough to fit me for the "wear and tear" of another day. As always, yours.

LONDON, August 16th.

MY DEAREST F. :

You will begin to think there is to be no end of my letters from this city, but remember there are many things here worthy to be seen, and that I cannot dismiss them in too summary a manner. We have become quite English in our habits, no day passing without our walking at least eight miles, and that too in defiance of wind and weather, for I believe it has rained about every day since we have been in England, though this is by no means the rainy season. August and September are by many here considered the finest months in the year, and every one tells us we see England to the best advantage. This is not the fashionable season however for London, so we cannot have any opportunity to see the great ones, they being at their country seats or at watering places at this time of the year.

On Saturday we visited the House of Lords and the House of Commons, in both of which we were much disappointed, and I really do not think they deserve to have any words spent upon them; but I suppose you will like to know something about them, and that you may have some idea of the petty annoyances we meet with in sight-seeing, I will give you the full particulars connected with our visit.

We met a man in the street near Westminster Abbey, who asked us if we would like to visit the two Houses. On our answering in the affirmative, he led us to a door, where he gave us over to the care of a woman, who conducted us, not to either House, but to Westminster Hall, where the coronation banquet always takes place. It is two hundred and seventy feet long and seventy-two wide, and is one of the longest halls, without a pillar to support the roof, in the world. The ceiling is sustained by rafters of chestnut wood, curiously carved. Ten thousand persons can dine in this hall at once. Here Richard III. kept his Christmas festival, when twenty-eight oxen, three hundred sheep, and fowls innumerable were consumed. Each day the guests numbered ten thousand, and two thousand cooks were employed to prepare the viands. Our cicerone there demanded one shilling.

At the door we met our man, who escorted us to the door of the House of Lords, where we were consigned to the hands of another man, who at last led us into the long-talked of House, a moderate sized room with a side gallery, and benches below, covered with red cloth, for the Bishops and Lords, and a common looking throne for the Queen. Here we paid another shilling. As we came out we met our first guide; he presented a companion to us, saying, "Here is a man who will show you the House of Commons, I can't; sixpence, sir, if you please," and away he went to look out for more strangers. After walking ten steps our fourth guide opened a door, and once more we were given up to the guidance of still another man, who in his turn committed us again to female care. And all this ceremony to see the House of Commons, a little "tucked up" room, not bigger or better looking than one of our common court chambers at home! We turned round and came out, the woman after us, saying, "This is the Ministerial side, sir, and that is the Opposition side, sir; the House sits next week, sir." We bowed and passed on, but she hurried along, and said, "A sixpence, sir, if you please, sir." J. motioned as though he would give the

money to the man at the door, on which she ran up to us and cried out in a whining tone, "I takes the money, sir." La! I felt so put out at such continual imposition, that I could have scolded her right well. And then the English are constantly talking about the impositions practised upon travellers in Italy. Why really it seems to me that we saw nearly all the palaces and churches in Italy at less expense, than the little sight-seeing we have accomplished since we have been in London. It is abominable, and I regularly lose my temper every time I go out.

Yesterday we spent a quiet Sunday with Mr. K.'s family. Mr. K. was, you know, a classmate of J.'s in B—— College. In the morning we went with them to Surrey Chapel, the very chapel built by Rowland Hill, and in which he formerly preached. It is a large, plain looking chapel, of octagonal shape, with a gallery running entirely around it. It was filled to overflowing. The church service was read by the curate, after which Mr. Sherman, the minister, made a long extemporary prayer, in which it seemed to me he prayed for almost every body, and under all imaginable cases of necessity, affliction and sickness. His sermon was excellent; his eloquence, his energy, are worthy of his predecessor. Under the communion table that predecessor lies buried.

We did not go to church in the afternoon, but spent the time in quiet reading and conversation. It was truly refreshing to us, to spend such a day, after the noise and gaiety of Sabbaths on the continent. We left after an early tea, and on our way home stopped at Mr. Noel's church. We were shown into a pew in the gallery, and very soon after we got there, every seat in the house was occupied. The service was read by the same clergyman who officiated the Sunday before, Mr. Noel himself not coming in till after prayers. In his sermon we were much interested; his style and manner are gentle, pleasing and persuasive, his address, mild but energetic, his voice is sweetness itself. Though a nobleman, and the son of a peeress, he chose to be a servant of God

rather than of pleasure, and to lay his wealth and his honors at his Master's feet.

We have to-day taken a delightful excursion to Richmond and its environs. Directly after breakfast we started to walk to the steam-boat, which was advertised to leave at ten o'clock. At all the cross-walks in the fashionable streets we meet men or women, who take it upon themselves to keep the passage clean for foot-passengers. They run before you, using their broom to such purpose, that although the streets may be muddy, (and when are they otherwise in London?) you pass without detriment to your well polished boots and shoes. Each one generally expects a ha'penny for his services. In John street there is a Hindoo who sweeps the cross-walk, and he looks up so imploringly yet submissively at the passers by, and turns away with such meek sorrow when he gets nothing, that I can never pass him without giving him something. Several times I have tried to enter into conversation with him, but he never will answer me.

We passed through the Hungerford market, a solid stone building, in the upper story of which are fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, cheese, &c., and in the lower, nice looking fish, oysters, crabs and lobsters. We do not fancy the oysters here, they have a "coppery" taste. We have many spats at our boarding-house in relation to this same subject, the English maintaining that their oysters are the nicest; the Americans, with their usual national preferences, standing up for their own; and as is customary with all such controversies, each party seems to have no chance of convincing the other.

We were more than two hours in going to Richmond, though but ten miles from London, but we were obliged to pick our way through steamers, and sailboats and wherries innumerable. We did not find the sail at all tedious, for many different objects of interest attracted our attention. We passed under several of the bridges over the Thames, and so had a good opportunity of noticing how firmly and sol-

idly they were built. The banks of the river, after we got out of the city, were low, and bordered with handsome parks and villas. The meadows were covered with the richest green, and sprinkled over with venerable old trees. We passed the villa of the Duke of Northumberland, and that of the Duchess of Kent, where Victoria spent her youthful days.

As soon as we stopped at Richmond we took an omnibus for Hampton Court. I think (an Englishman "thinks" when a Yankee "guesses,") the ride was pleasant, though the "bus" was so crammed, I merely caught snatches of the country. The approach to Hampton Court was delightful, through a beautiful park called Bushy Park, belonging to the Queen Dowager. Under the trees were groups of people enjoying a rural dinner.

Hampton Court was commenced by Cardinal Wolsey, but was given to Henry VIII. in 1526. It is an immense palace, built in different styles of architecture. The rooms were crowded with visitors, the palace being thrown open to the public, and no fees are demanded. There are some superb paintings by the old Italian masters, but the most of the pictures are portraits by English artists. Independent of their own intrinsic merits, they afforded us much interest and amusement from the different styles and manners therein portrayed. One room is filled with portraits of the belles of the two Charleses. They are indeed exquisitely beautiful. Pity that so much moral depravity should have been concealed under such winning faces and forms.

The King's state-bed has hangings of purple satin, richly embroidered. The Queen's bed-curtains are of velvet. There is but little furniture however in this palace. It is mostly visited for its pictures. Quite as great a treat to us was the park. It is laid out in magnificent style, I think even superior to that at Versailles. The majestic trees, the open glades, the beautiful flowers, the lakes and canals, the deer gambolling about, all conspire to make it enchanting. It seems to me that the green of the meadows is brighter and

richer here than any where else. I could have rambled for hours in that delightful spot. What a fit place for meditation at eventide, and at early morn, when the repose of all nature leads the soul, with its freshest, purest thoughts, to God!

Nor must I forget the green-house, in which is the largest grape vine in the world. Really the stem is like the trunk of a small tree, it being thirteen inches round. In one year this vine produced two thousand two hundred and seventy-two bunches, which were all appropriated for the Queen's table. It is already loaded with purple clusters. One branch of the vine is over one hundred feet long.

In one part of the park is "the maze," or wilderness. It only covers a quarter of an acre, yet one might be kept there two or three hours. There are two paths, one at the right of the entrance, the other at the left. They wind and twist and turn about, till in attempting to follow them, you get completely bewildered, and it is by no means an easy task to find your way out. The paths are bordered by a high hawthorn hedge, so that no one can jump over, or even peep through to see how he is coming out. We got out sooner than any of the others, but we were a long time wandering about, sometimes being quite "fetched up," and then being obliged to turn around, and get into another path. The bursts of laughter resounding from every side, told how amusingly perplexing all found it.

We came back to Richmond in "a fly," an open carriage, so we had a good opportunity to view the rich country and beautiful villas. We passed a splendid house in the Gothic style, belonging to Lord Waldegrave, formerly owned by Horace Walpole. It is a perfect gem.

We walked some time around Richmond, a pretty little town. We went into the church where Thomson is buried. A tablet on the wall bears the following inscription: "In the earth below this tablet, are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems, entitled *The Seasons*, *The Castle of Indolence*, &c., who died at

Richmond, on the 22d of August, and was buried there on the 28th, O. S., 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man and so sweet a poet, should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792." Underneath is this from his Winter.

" Father of light and life ! Thou good Supreme !
Oh ! teach me what is good ; teach me thyself,
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss."

We attempted to find the house where the poet used to live, supposing, of course, every body would know so distinguished a spot. We were told in London that it was in Kewfoot Lane ; this we easily found, but not thus easily the house. In vain we asked ; no one knew " Mr. Thomson." We asked a young girl if she could tell us where " Rosedale house " was. She said " No," but that she knew where Rose cottage was, and that a Mrs. Steele lived there. We asked her if it was where Thomson formerly lived. " Oh no, I think not," said she, " for Mrs. Steele has lived there for some time." Just as we were on the point of giving up the pursuit, we found the house. We rang the bell at the gate. A maid came, and in answer to our inquiries if we could see Thomson's garden, said " her ladyship permits strangers to go in." So without knowing who " her ladyship " was, we went in.

How beautiful is this garden ! A man quite uninspired by the spirit of poesy might here be prompted to write. Every thing was as neat and orderly as possible, and the gardener told us it was just as Thomson left it. In the most rural part of the grounds are his favorite seat, (a small arbor,) and the very table on which he wrote. Over the entrance to the arbor is written,

" Here Thomson sung the seasons and their change."

Report says he was one of the laziest men that ever lived, and that although he wrote so beautifully of the charms of the early morning, he was a late riser. He used to walk about the garden with his hands in his pockets, too indolent to pick the fruit from the trees, but he would stop under them, and bite out a piece when within his reach.

Just as we were starting from Richmond, a policeman came and took away our captain. It was a long time before we could make out what all the fuss was about, but by dint of inquiries, it seemed that as the boat was coming down the river, and was passing under a bridge, it ran against a little boat, capsizing it, and thereby causing a young man in it to be drowned; so the boat was not allowed to leave Richmond to night, and we were obliged to wait an hour for another boat to come along. It was nearly sunset when we started, and we had a charming sail down the river. The air was balmy, and the scenery seemed inexpressively lovely, seen as it was by the softened light of the closing day.

Let me record the fact that it has not rained to-day, at least not where we have been; it may have been a little more pleasant in the country than in the smoky city. I must tell you how disappointed we have been to-day, in hearing that her Majesty is not to open Parliament next week, her physicians having declared that it would be decidedly disadvantageous in her present state of health; so we must take a trip to Windsor, for we cannot think of going home without seeing the "island queen." Again, adieu.

LONDON, Wednesday eve.

MY DEAR P.:

Still in London, and still spending several hours a day in seeing the lions of this great metropolis. Through the kindness of our friend, Mr. P., we were furnished with tickets for the Polytechnic Institution, a receptacle for all sorts of inventions, and where lectures are daily given on some scientific subject. It is in reality a museum, in which there is a little of every thing. I cannot begin to enumerate the "things which I saw" there. There were all kinds of machines for stamping, engraving, coining, grinding, and cutting, a printing press, throwing off daily copies of the journal of the institution, agricultural instruments, models of churches, monuments and ships, a canal with locks, to show the principles on which they are constructed, and a diving-bell, the experiments with which we could not see, as they did not take place till later in the day. We saw also tables of marble and porphyry, chessboards made of marble and rare woods in imitation of mosaic, chessmen of exquisite workmanship, boxes made by the Chinese, two tables that could play several tunes, clocks of all forms, and specimens of the most minute cutlery ever made, little scissors, knives, and a small razor. In addition to these, there was a miniature compass, and a pair of spectacles, about large enough for a sixpenny doll.

We heard a lecture on the Daguerreotype process of painting, just now coming in vogue. It was exceedingly interesting to us, but I will not bore you with any analysis of the subject.

At one o'clock we went into a darkened hall, where we saw something entirely new to us, called "Dissolving Views." The first was a sea scene, and while we were looking at it, the ship melted away, and a castle, in the midst of mountain scenery, appeared in its stead, one view not succeeding another, as in the magic lantern, but constituent parts of one

scene, instantly resolving themselves into constituent parts of another. The castle was soon converted into a church, where "adown the long aisle" was seen a procession of priests clad in white robes, while the illusion was increased by hearing singing and music at a little distance. Some of the scenes were quite familiar to us, the Castle of Chillon on Lake Geneva, the Campo Santo at Pisa, and the Palace of the Doges in Venice. This last was perfect; the light Gothic arches, the blue water, dotted with gondolas, carried us quickly back to "the city of the hundred isles."

At one time we gazed on a large ship at sea, her sails all set, and she apparently cutting her way through the waves. In a moment the scene was changed, the sea was convulsed, the ship lay on her "beam ends," and the water poured over her sides. It made me shudder to think of the wide ocean which we have yet to traverse, and that the fate of that ship might be ours also. Again we saw an East Indiaman close to land, hailing once more the welcome shore, but in a second, that gallant ship was lit up with lurid flames, and sail after sail caught and spread the devastating element.

We were much pleased with these views, because so unlike any thing we have ever before seen.

We next visited the National Gallery, a large and handsome building in Trafalgar square. In the Gallery we were highly delighted. How could it be otherwise? For there I heard names that made my heart beat quickly; Guido, Raphael, Coreggio, Da Vinci, Murillo, Titian, Tintoretto, Carracci, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Claude. These seemed dearer to me than ever, because I never expected to meet them more, except in print. Here Coreggio seemed more faultless than ever. Shall I soon forget the expression of agony on the face of Christ, as He appears with the purple robe of scorn and the crown of thorns, whilst those who oft ministered to Him, stand by with sorrowing faces? And then the sweet face of Mary in his "Holy Family," and the seraphic look of Raphael's St. Catherine, and the mild, per-

suasive, gentle face of Christ in Da Vinci's "Christ Disputing with the Doctors," and those sunny landscapes of Claude's, and the charming figures by Murillo, — oh, these were all inexpressively lovely !

But were I to describe all, it would take me half the night ; suffice it to say that there are more than two hundred pictures by the " old masters," and nearly every one of them is good. Some of Titian's and Rubens' we thought not equal to those we saw in Italy.

Besides these, there are many paintings by English artists, of whose productions we have hitherto seen but few specimens. Reynolds, Wilkie, Hogarth and West are the most celebrated. Reynolds I do not like ; Hogarth and Wilkie depict humorous scenes ; West is too well known in your own country to need a panegyric here.

You will notice that I have not my usual variety of descriptions in this letter, for I have been obliged to rest a little more the last two days than I have lately done. I am indeed quite wearied out. To-morrow we change the scene by leaving London for a few days, so look out for something new in my next letter.

WINDSOR, Saturday eve.

MY DEAR P.:

Prepare yourself now for a long letter. Lay in a good stock of patience, for before I get through, I shall encroach pretty largely upon it. Since we left London, I have been so busy that I have had no time to write to you, so I must sum up all our adventures in this one epistle.

On Thursday morning we left London for Cambridge. For the first time I mounted on the top of a coach, with which elevated position I was so much pleased, that I shall not hereafter readily relinquish it. The country through

which we passed was delightful, and I already appreciate the praises bestowed upon English scenery. It has not, to be sure, the high mountains and secluded vales of Switzerland, nor the vine-clad hills and orange and lemon groves of fair Italy, nor the sunny plains of Lombardy; but it has the charms arising from a well cultivated and well watered land. It has rural and domestic beauty well combined.

We passed through a country sufficiently hilly to prevent the scenery from being tame; the meadows were clothed with the brightest green, or yellow with the ripened grain. The cows lay in luxurious indolence under the shade of ancient trees, and the sheep browsed upon the hill-side, and the little villages had a neat and clean and thrifty look. And then the country seats and parks that we passed, so beautiful and so well laid out, with the large old trees and velvet lawns, and the pretty hawthorn hedge intersecting the fields in every direction, and the laborers at work, binding the wheat into sheaves, or raking the newly mown hay, or resting beneath the trees, taking their rural meal; the busy gleaners, scattered over a field but lately shorn of its grain; all these added beauty to the scene, and made the landscape charming in the highest degree.

Cambridge is a common looking town; the streets are narrow, and the houses not very handsome, but the beauty and the glory of the place are its Colleges. We spent two hours in rambling around them, our hearts yearning after their quiet beauties, and longing to be among the favored ones permitted to study amid these classic shades. There are seventeen different colleges, each being built of light colored stone, in Gothic style. The courts of these buildings are kept in the nicest manner; gravel walks run around them, but the centre is covered with grass, not high and waving, but closely shorn, seeming like velvet to the touch.

We visited King's College Chapel. Who has not heard of it? Yet in hearing, the half is not known; it must be seen to be appreciated. It is in the purest Gothic style,

having towers and buttresses and large painted windows. If the exterior strikes the eye, the interior at once fixes your attention. It is three hundred feet long, and is without a pillar, the roof being supported entirely by the buttresses, so that if the walls were removed, the roof would still stand firmly. And this is the more wonderful, because the roof is of solid stone, and is of immense weight and strength. The walls are adorned with handsome carvings, among which are the arms of Henry VII. The screen between the choir and the nave is of oak, beautifully carved, and having the arms of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Within the choir are seats or stalls, finely carved, and at the upper end of the choir, a magnificent window of richly stained glass.

By winding steps we ascended to the roof, where we had a good opportunity to survey the beauties around us. We could look down into all the quadrangles of the colleges, upon the neat chaste edifices, upon the river Cam, not wider, to be sure, than a mill stream, but bordered by the most beautiful trees, through which peeped many a rustic bridge, and upon the delightful walks stretching beyond.

After we left the chapel, we crossed the river by one of the bridges, and for more than an hour loitered around under those fine old trees. The sky was unclouded, the air was soft, the birds sang cheerily, and the setting sun threw a golden tint over the fair landscape. While we walked we communed with by-gone days, thinking of the old illustrious dead who oft had trod these very paths, hallowing the spot by their pious sentiments. And how well calculated is such a scene for holy contemplations, for all things speak of God. The very trees seemed to lift their lofty tops to the sky in praise of Him, the whole air was redolent with His love, and the perfect silence that reigned through these walks, rendered them more fit to be a temple for the living God.

These walks extend two or three miles from the river. Each college has its own bridge over the Cam, and its own walks. We were loath to leave so charming a spot, but at last

we were forced to retrace our steps. Then through the trees we caught many glimpses of the noble buildings, and occasionally met a stray student wearing the collegiate gown and cap, and wandering along the now desolate walks, for this is the period of "the long vacation."

We were all day yesterday on the way from Cambridge to Oxford, the distance being ninety miles. The ride was truly delightful, the country still more charming than the day before. Just after we left Cambridge, we met the gleaners going from the fields, their garments wet with the dew, and their arms loaded with grain. I thought from the abundance gleaned that there must have been a Boaz to command the reapers to let fall a few ears for the handmaidens.

We passed through many towns, having names reminding us of home; Ellington, Hingham, Northampton, and others. We also passed by many country seats. Lord Southampton's park bordered for some distance one side of the road. The village near his estate is a pretty, rustic little thing, the houses having Gothic porches. We saw, at a little distance, Stowe, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham, and Blenheim, presented to the Duke of Marlborough by the crown, after the battle of Blenheim. The country abounded with churches, mostly in the Gothic style. At one time when we were on the summit of a hill, we counted eight spires.

As we entered Oxford, we passed by the monument being erected to the martyrs. The pedestal is square, but the top is to be finished in Gothic style, having niches for the statues of Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley.

We were a little disappointed in Oxford, perhaps because we had heard it so highly lauded. The town is doubtless superior to Cambridge, but the buildings connected with the University are inferior to those of the former place, and the grounds around them are not half so pretty nor so nicely kept, the grass growing in many places wild and long. In short, every thing looks as if it was going to decay. The colleges have an antique appearance, though many of them

have lately been repaired. There are nineteen colleges and five halls; some of them have singular names — "Jesus College," "Body of Christ," "All Souls'," and "Magdalen." The oldest of them is "University College," which was commenced in 872.

We visited the principal edifices to the ruination of our pockets, being obliged at each place to give at least one shilling. We first went into the hall where the prize poems are recited, and the degrees conferred. This, the female cicerone told us, is an imposing sight. The Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor, sits in his chair of state, and wears a robe of black satin, trimmed with gold lace; the noblemen appear in purple robes, while the Dean and high officers of the University are decked in crimson array. This hall is in the form of an amphitheatre, and will seat four thousand persons. I had the honor of sitting in the chair of the "Iron Duke," a high-back chair of dark oak. Among the portraits in this hall, were those of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, taken at the time the degrees were conferred upon them. We also were shown the chair in which Prince Albert sat when he received the degree, (though of what I know not.) It was of crimson velvet in a frame of oak gilded.

We visited three chapels, of which I shall say but little. These were all in the Gothic style, and all had windows of stained glass, some five hundred years old, and some of more recent date. In "New College Chapel" we saw a crosier belonging to one of the old bishops; it is shaped like a shepherd's crook, and is inlaid with gold and silver. Behind this chapel was a fine walk, bordered with flowers. The wall surrounding it is a part of the old city wall, now overgrown with ivy.

In the quadrangle front of Magdalen College, we saw in one corner, a little pulpit, called "Friar Bacon's pulpit," from which he used to preach. At the opposite end is the house of the Provost; he has been in office fifty-one years, and is the oldest Fellow of the College in Oxford.

Of all the chapels in Oxford, Magdalen Chapel is the most beautiful. It has been lately fitted up, but in the same style as of old. The seats are of carved oak, the walls and ceiling are of stone, richly sculptured. The altar is covered with bas-reliefs, representing the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Deposition from the Cross, the Resurrection and the Ascension. Besides this, there is a magnificent painting of Christ bearing the Cross, supposed for a long time to have been by Guido, but now known to be by Morallio, a Spanish artist, whose works are very rare. I asked our cicerone if he was sure that was the name, for I never before heard it, but although he repeated his assertion, I think he must have been mistaken, and that the painter was Murillo. But be it by whom it may, it is an exquisite gem. The face is expressive of pain, yet full of meek submission, and the body bends under the weight of the heavy cross.

In a little chapel formerly used as a private oratory, is the tomb of the founder of the College, the father of Bishop Winchester. It is of alabaster, surmounted by a recumbent statue of the deceased. The arms of the family are a lily; hence the abundance of lilies in the carvings about the chapel.

Magdalen College is the largest of all the colleges, and looks much fresher and neater than the other buildings, it having been recently repaired. Back of it is a circular walk planted around with trees, the branches of which meet at the top. This is called "Addison's Walk," having been the favorite resort of that poet. The plat in the centre is but poorly cared for, the grass growing rank and high.

We visited Christ Church, built in the old Saxon style with round arches. Among the tombs there is one of a saint, a daughter of one of the Saxon kings. It is two stories high, and the steps leading to the top are quite worn, having been much used by the devotees of past ages.

We walked by St. Peter's Church, the oldest in the town, being more than eleven hundred years old. The walls were

so thick, that enough has been taken from the interior to make room for sixty more seats in the church. It has an antique appearance. In fact, every thing about the colleges at Oxford bears the appearance of age, and in some places even of decay, so that at first they suffer in comparison with the perfect neatness and finish of the buildings at Cambridge, though I think they grow upon one's affections and fancy, after a while.

From Oxford we came here partly by coach and partly by rail-road. On the rail-road we came very rapidly, I think rather quicker than our usual rate of travelling at home. When in London our friends advised us in going on the rail-road, always to take the second-class cars. At this we demurred, pleading that we never did any thing of the kind at home, but we were told in answer to all our objections, that every body practised it in this country, except the nobility and the very richest and most exclusive persons, and that furthermore the first-class carriages were so shut up, that it was impossible to see any thing from them, so we finally yielded, and to-day took the second-class, generally half or three fourths the price of the first-class. By the way, you never hear the word "cars" here; they are called carriages. A rail-road is "rail-way," and in speaking of the hours of starting, they say, the "rail goes." Depots are "stations" here. The arrangements on this road, a part of "the Great Western Rail-way," are admirable. At regular intervals men are stationed, to see that there is nothing on the track, and if all is clear at the time of the "rail" coming along, they stand with their arm extended, and thus they can be seen from some distance. If they are not at their posts, the engineer slackens his pace, and thus the most perfect care is taken to avoid accidents. The doors of the "carriages" are locked, so that no one can get in or out, without the knowledge of the conductor. All the men employed on this road wear an uniform of dark green cloth, corded with red, having on the collar of the coat the letters G. W. R.

The stopping place for Windsor is Slough, two miles from here, where we took a cab. We eagerly looked out for the Castle, and as soon as we caught sight of it we saw the broad pennon waving from the top of "the round tower," in token that her majesty was yet there. Had she left for London, we intended returning this evening.

As soon as we selected our rooms at the hotel, we started off for the Castle. It is a noble pile of buildings in the castellated Gothic style, ornamented with towers and buttresses and arched gateways. It is built of small slabs of grey stone, and is surrounded by a magnificent park, extending more than fourteen miles around. Just as we reached the front of the Castle, we were told that the Princess Royal was expected out, so we joined with the multitude eager to see the royal baby. While waiting, we gazed around, first on the castle, then on the park, longing to be walking beneath some of those old majestic trees. Directly in front of the gate of the castle, and within the park, stretches a straight road, two miles long, bordered with noble oaks. This is called "the long walk," and is usually the ride of the royal party. But the sound of wheels within one of the courts of the castle, recalled our attention, the porter with a flourish opened the gates, and out came a horseman, followed by a barouche, in which sat the nurse, holding in her arms the heir apparent to the throne, the Princess Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa. She is a cunning little thing, about nine months old, and is really quite pretty, with her fair complexion and light blue eyes. For the amusement of the women-kind at home, I will tell you how she was dressed, and let them judge how becoming such a costume would be. She wore a white cambric pelisse, having a great wide cape, and a broad black belt, and a straw bonnet, trimmed around the crown with white plaited ribbon, and quite large enough for a child four years old. And this little sprig of royalty has her carriage and horses and attendants, and takes her airing twice every day, which event is duly announced in the "London Times"

the next day. Furthermore, she is allowed the nice sum of ten thousand pounds a year for her individual expenses.

The baby has passed by; the crowds have duly bowed and paid their court to it, and once more turn to the castle gate to await the coming of the royal mother. Every eye is turned to the clock, for the queen is known to be punctual, and just at the moment, the gate once more swings back, and two horsemen issue therefrom, announcing the coming of the queen. She came in a low open carriage, drawn by two horses, and driven by "His Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe Cobourg." So totally unlike is she from all the portraits I have seen of her, that I thought I must be mistaken, and I drew back from the crowd, saying, in a tone of disappointment, "Is that her majesty?" The carriage came slowly along, so I had a good opportunity to take a full survey (everybody is allowed to stare at royalty). She has a light though not a clear complexion, bluish grey eyes, a small mouth, but full lips, and rather projecting teeth, and is excessively grave looking. To the bows and greetings of the multitude, she answered by an almost imperceptible inclination of the head, and a slight wave of the hand, which by the way is small and well shaped, but no smile appeared on her lips. Prince Albert, too, looked quite as grave, which made me think they had been having a matrimonial squabble; but doubtless they do not consider it consistent with royal dignity to laugh and look cheerful, at least in public. "His Royal Highness" is a fine looking man; and to-day was dressed entirely in black, even to a weed upon his hat, being in mourning for some of his German cousins. To the edification of —, I will tell you how her majesty was dressed. She was almost covered with a large cashmere shawl, and wore a pale pink bonnet. Her dress differed in no respect from that of any ordinary gentlewoman's, at least to my eye. Doubtless on state occasions she looks the queen.

Their carriage was followed by several gentlemen on horseback, attended by their grooms, and by two carriages,

in which were "the ladies in waiting," the Duchess of Kent, (mother to the queen,) Lord John Russell, a middle-aged man, thin and pale, and his young bride, a beautiful creature.

We also saw the royal cavalcade when it returned. The baby was held up to the admiring gaze of the spectators; the gentlemen bowing to it, and the ladies kissing their hands. The queen looked a little more pleasant, and bowed more graciously, but without smiling. I had the honor of receiving a bow from her majesty. Oh! but shan't I be proud when I get home, to tell that I have been bowed to by the Pope and the Queen of Great Britain! I hope, however, to bear these honors with all becoming meekness.

To account for the queen's gravity at the present time, "they say" she is troubled at the gloomy aspect of affairs; or, in newspaper parlance, that "the royal mind is perplexed." Besides, too, she is not well now, so that may make some difference. But what a bore it must be every time she rides out to be obliged to meet a crowd! I declare, when I think more soberly about it, I don't wonder she looked grave.

We spent the two hours, which elapsed during "the drive" of her majesty, in looking about the castle. The rooms at present occupied by the royal family are never shown to visitors. They open upon the terrace, and command fine views of the park. In the centre of the terrace, which slopes gently down, is a flower garden, well laid out, and ornamented with statues in bronze and marble, and two vases of exquisite workmanship. The terrace is quite a favorite walk with her majesty.

The state apartments of the castle we visited, walking quite leisurely through them, having sufficient time to examine the fine paintings. As this castle is the summer retreat of England's queen, perhaps you will be interested in further details concerning it.

The first room we entered was the "Vandyke room," so called because all the pictures are by that great master.

They are mostly portraits of the family of Charles I. There are five different portraits of the beautiful and unfortunate Henrietta Maria. The walls of the room are hung with crimson damask, wrought with the insignia of the orders of the Garter, St. Patrick and the Bath, interspersed with the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle.

Next comes the Queen's drawing-room, the walls lined with damask, embroidered with the arms of William IV. and Adelaide. The ceiling of this, and indeed of many of the rooms, is of stucco, embellished with cornices of oak well carved, and having in the centre a large panel surrounded by the oak, the shamrock, and the thistle. In this room are some exquisite landscapes by Zuccinelli, a name I never heard before. They come nearer those of Claude Lorraine than of any other paintings I have seen, though they want that clear, golden light which Claude sheds over all his scenes.

Adjoining this room is one called the "Queen's closet," probably a kind of cabinet. It is a small, oblong room, the ceiling decked with festoons of fruit and flowers. The hangings are of pale blue silk, having the letters A. R. over a crown. The mirrors and the pictures here are in frames of silver. Among the pictures are two sweet scenes by Claude, a head by Leonardo da Vinci, two portraits by Holbein, and several figures by Rubens, Rembrandt, and Teniers.

Then came the King's closet, the ceiling ornamented with naval emblems, the anchor and trident. The hangings are crimson damask, and are wrought with the rose, the shamrock, the thistle, and the letters W. R. Among the paintings by "the old masters," there is an excellent Madonna, and an "Ecce homo," by my favorite Carlo Dolci, and St. Catherine and St. Sebastian by Guido.

The King's council-room and drawing-room have some fine pictures. In the drawing-room is a large oriel window, from which there is a lovely view of the park. Four im-

mense mirrors adorn the walls. We saw here a chair made from the roof of Alloway kirk, (mentioned in Burns' "Tam O' Shanter,") having on the back a brass tablet, on which that poem is engraved.

The throne room is splendid. Unlike most throne rooms, it is hung with deep blue velvet, (called here garter blue,) and the throne is under a canopy of the same material. In this room George III. laid in state, for a few days previous to his burial.

Next we entered "the Waterloo chamber." It is lighted by windows in the ceiling, and the walls are covered with the portraits of sovereigns, generals, and eminent men, who were either engaged in the battle of Waterloo, or who lived at that time. Here William IV. laid in state.

Then comes the ball-room, ninety-six feet long. The walls are hung with six large pieces of Gobelin tapestry. There are five chandeliers in this room. St. George's Hall is two hundred feet long. The ceiling is of dark oak in Saxon arches, and has the arms of all the knights of the garter. The walls are plentifully sprinkled with shields, helmets, and spears. The south side of the room is almost entirely filled with windows, and opposite to them are full-length portraits of the last eleven sovereigns of England. At either end is a music gallery; and under a canopy is an oak chair of the time of Ethelbert, who reigned in the ninth century.

Next comes the guard-room. The ceiling and walls are painted to imitate stars. Around the room are pieces of ancient armor, and weapons of warfare. At the upper end is a part of the foremast of the Victory, which was perforated by a ball at the battle of Trafalgar; and on top of the mast is a colossal bust of Nelson, and on either side a beautiful piece of ordnance, inlaid with silver and gold, taken from Tippoo Saib at the battle of Seringapatam.

Then we came to the grand staircase, and "grand" it is, lighted from the top, and having balustrades of stone, well sculptured.

In all these rooms the furniture was covered, but I satisfied my woman's curiosity by peeping under the covers. The chairs and settees were in all instances of the same materials as the hangings of the rooms.

The newspapers and guide-books say the castle is open to the public every Saturday and Sunday; and so we went through all the rooms without thinking about the pay, but as we came down the stairs, lo! we were met by a female guard, who politely demanded a shilling from each one. So "open to the public," in the English dictionary, means "pay one shilling."

We then went to "the round tower," a large circular tower on a high mound, and inhabited by the governor of the castle. We mounted by about two hundred steps to the top, where we had a grand view of the park and the country around. We could trace for miles the windings of the Thames, and had a near view of the old Gothic college of Eton, on the opposite side of the river. From this elevated spot twelve different counties may be seen, and even the dome of St. Paul's in London, twenty-one miles distant. This tower is also "open to the public," and on the same conditions as the castle.

You may well suppose that after this day's work, we are some tired; and I think I may be excused from writing any more, though I have not encroached so largely on that stock of patience as I threatened to. However, do not flatter yourself that I have got through; for, as I cannot send this letter before Monday, I shall leave it open till I am able to give you an account of our Sunday at Windsor.

Sunday evening.

This morning we went to St. George's Chapel, a fine Gothic edifice connected with Windsor Castle. We were not allowed to enter till a few minutes before service commenced. As soon as the door was opened, there was such

a rush for seats, that we were hurried through the nave into the choir, without having an opportunity even to glance around. In the choir where service was performed, the seats are of dark oak, having Gothic pinnacles beautifully carved. Over them hang the banners of the knights of St. George. The organ is finished off in the same style as the stalls. The service was chanted, the psalms for the day, the creed and the liturgy; and the prayer and the lessons were read in such a tone, that one might almost say they were chanted too.

The Queen and Prince Albert were there; but so concealed in their little box in the gallery, that we caught but few glimpses of them. I do not know who was the preacher, but his sermon was truly excellent and practical.

After the sermon a long anthem was sung, in which a boy having a sweet, rich voice bore the most prominent part. The queen and the prince entered into it with great zest; keeping time with their heads, and singing with much spirit.

After service was over, we saw the queen and her royal consort ride from the chapel; though but a stone's throw to their apartments, they rarely walk. We went back to the church to view the monuments, but we could not gain admission.

After dinner we took a stroll in the beautiful park. This is one of the grandest parks in the world. One might well walk in it all day without tiring, so great is the variety of upland and lowland, of shaded dells and sunny glades, of fine old trees and velvet lawns. We sauntered slowly down "the long walk," looking in vain for the little lake "of Virginia water;" but, although we walked two or three miles, we saw nothing of it, so we turned our faces homeward. Now while I write the castle bell is ringing the hour of nine, and cheerily and richly sound the merry chimes.

While the queen resides here, Windsor is a great place of resort, particularly on Sundays. To-day no less than two

thousand persons came on the rail-road, — to say nothing of the numbers by other conveyances.

We now bid farewell to royalty's abode, and to royalty itself; expecting to see nothing more of the state that attends sovereigns, for in our own land, whither we are hastening, one is as much a sovereign as another. Were this a fitting time and place, I might enter into a long disquisition on the merits and demerits of a monarchy as opposed to a republic; but it is neither becoming the day nor the individual; for you would hardly expect one of the weaker sex to say any thing on such a subject that would prove edifying, so I bid you good night.

LONDON, Monday evening.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

We are once more in our old room here, and it really seems quite natural, and to date my letter from London too. After all, it seems to me that I have given you but poor and weak descriptions of this great city; yet I can but hope that the budget of letters sent from this place, may prove interesting to you. And now I have but little more to say before we leave London again, and this time perhaps forever. I spent all this morning, after we got back from Windsor, in packing our trunks to send to Liverpool, that we may not be troubled with them in our excursions through this kingdom. We start to-morrow on an eight weeks' tour, with only a carpet bag and small valise. I flatter myself but few ladies can travel with as little baggage as I can. No one, in coach or rail carriages, is allowed but so many pounds of baggage, and for all over the allotted quantity he is charged an extra price; so you see one saves expense as well as trouble in going with as few encumbrances as possible.

At four o'clock we walked to Hyde Park. We had purposely left this for the last thing to be seen, hoping that the queen might return to town ; and that thus, in this fashionable place of promenade, we might see some of the great characters, at present figuring on the stage of English affairs. But there is now no probability of her majesty coming to open parliament, and we can no longer delay our departure from this city.

No hackney coach is allowed to go within the enclosure of Hyde Park ; no carriages but those belonging to the nobility and the rich people are there seen, so of course, in the fashionable season, and at the usual hours of driving out, it is thronged with the "titled great." I was disappointed in the park ; it is smaller than Regent's, and I think inferior to it. Serpentine river, running through it, however, gives variety to the scene. In one respect it is superior to Regent's Park, for it has a handsome iron railing around it.

At "Hyde Park Corner," is a beautiful gate in the style of a triumphal arch ; and opposite to this, we pass under another arch, through Queen's Park, to St. James' Palace and Park. This park is very pretty, and has in the centre a little lake, in which there is a small island. The palace is large, fronting three sides of a quadrangle. Around the building is a noble colonnade. In front is an arch, modelled after the arch of Constantine in Rome.

The streets of London are lit with gas, and are therefore pleasant to walk in during any time of evening or night. We have often seen respectable looking females walking alone at late hours ; and so excellent are the police arrangements, that I should not be afraid to walk out by myself any time during the evening.

This morning we had the pleasure of seeing our friend and former fellow-traveller, Mr. T. He is on his way home. And thus has ended our last day in London. We have enjoyed exceedingly our visit here ; and among all our recollections of the past, numerous and varied as they are, few

will be more pleasant than those connected with our two weeks' sojourn in this vast metropolis. And so I bid you good bye.

CHELTEMHAM, Thursday evening.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

We go so rapidly from place to place, that I shall now not be able to write to you oftener than twice a week, so you may expect long letters each time. In fact, I begin to think that I have no faculty to condense my descriptions, so as to bring them within a small compass. However, if the letters do but please and amuse you, it matters not to me, whether they are long or short. And now to review the past. We came to Bristol Tuesday by "the Great Western rail-road," which has only been completed about six weeks. We have heard so much in our own country about the superiority of the English roads to ours, that I have been led to take particular notice of them. On the road from London to Bristol, there are two tracks, each seven feet wide; and either from nature or design the road is not so varying as those at home, that is, now on high banks, and now in deep valleys. I saw but one or two places where we were much above the level of the country.

The master-piece of workmanship on this road is a tunnel two miles long, cut through a high hill. Within the deepest recesses, it is as dark as the blackest midnight; and the noise produced by the rumbling of the cars and the engine is quite fearful. We were obliged to stop ten minutes before entering it, as a train had just passed through; and the rule is to wait that length of time, for fear of accidents. There are several other tunnels, but none except this exceeding a quarter of a mile in length. Some are cut through the solid rock.

At all the "stations" there are good, substantial stone houses, but no one is allowed to get out at any one of them, unless it be his own stopping place, and no one can enter, till those who are to stop have previously got out. When about half way, "the rail" stopped ten minutes, and we were allowed to get out for refreshments; but each one had a little ticket given him, which he was obliged to show at the door, and to give up as he came back. Now you see every thing is conducted in the most orderly and quiet manner; but this would not suit you in the United States. Your republican spirit would not submit to be trammelled by so many rules and regulations. Of course so many rules require a good many men to enforce them; hence the expenses of these roads are greater than ours at home, and of course the fare is much higher. And now for the speed. We were four hours and three quarters in going one hundred and twenty miles; but we stopped at least twenty times, so that we went about thirty miles an hour. Of course at this rate of travelling, you cannot expect me to say much about the country through which we passed, or rather flew like birds of passage. We occasionally caught glimpses of pretty villages, and scenes of rural beauty; but before we could well realize in what their beauty consisted, we were far from them. We saw Reading, a good looking town, having some romantic ruins near by.

At Bristol we staid two nights. It is not a very interesting city, though quite a busy one. The streets were almost impassable from the mud, and two or three times we saw men actually hoeing it from the sidewalks.

Bristol lies on the Avon, ten miles from the Severn. A number of vessels were on the river, and the wharves bore the appearance of bustle and activity. Many of the streets are narrow, and the houses irregular, and but few of them handsome.

On College Green stands the old cathedral, a fine specimen of Gothic style; and near it are the ruins of the arch-

bishop's palace, torn down by a mob in 1830, I think. There are some other quaint looking churches, and some handsome modern ones. Many shops are nice looking, and their windows manifest a good deal of taste in the way of displaying goods to the best advantage.

I should say the handsomest edifice in all Bristol is the "station" house. It is really magnificent, being built of light stone in the castellated Gothic style. Wednesday morning we went to Bath. Though but eighteen miles from Bristol, we passed through seven or eight tunnels, some a half mile long. The country between Bath and Bristol is hilly, and abounds with landscapes of much beauty. We passed by several villages, in which were large manufactories, at least so we judged from the thick clouds of smoke that rose from the chimnies and darkened the air.

Bath is a large city, and a very pretty one too. Some of the streets to be sure are narrow and dirty, and have common looking houses; but others are wide and clean, and have rows of handsome houses of light colored stone. There are several squares and parks which greatly add to the beauty of the place. We visited the old cathedral; but I have described so many churches, that I shall say nothing of this, nor of the handsome modern churches with which Bath is adorned.

We passed by a hospital, supported by voluntary contributions, and designed to accommodate the poor, whose complaints require the healing of the waters. The "pump-room," where people go to drink the water, is in a large building of dark stone, having a handsome portico and colonnade in front. The room is large, and is tastefully fitted up, having several pieces of sculpture; among which is the statue of Beau Nash, once the master of ceremonies at Bath. At either end of the room, there is a music gallery, where a band performs every day during the fashionable season. The water is pumped up into a large marble vase, and dealt out by a gentlemanly attendant for a few pennies a

glass. We drank some of it ; it is of a greenish hue, quite warm, and to the taste seems but slightly impregnated with mineral properties.

Back of the " pump-room " is a large reservoir, filled with the water to the depth of four and a half feet. It is regularly cleared out three times a week. Around this reservoir are small basins for public bathing, and little rooms for private use. Every thing about the establishment is in the nicest order. Adjoining each bath is a room, in which are a sofa-bed, chairs, and table. We took a bath, and pronounced it quite a luxury. The temperature of the water is about 115°. While I was trying the bath, I gave my shoes, stockings, and dress into the hands of an old woman, who had the care of the apartments appropriated for ladies' use, and she succeeded in ridding them of the thick coat of mud in which they were enveloped.

After we returned to our hotel in Bristol, we ordered dinner at eight o'clock, and then started for Clifton, two miles distant. We expected to meet a " bus," and so get a chance to ride ; but none coming along, we walked the whole distance. We followed the course of the Avon till the banks grew higher and higher, and the view of the country around was entirely impeded. So then we mounted a steep hill, and found ourselves in the very centre of the town.

The Avon is a little dirty looking river, at least so it seemed to us then, perhaps on account of the tide being low. High banks enclose it, which serve to give it, what novel-readers call a romantic appearance. On one side they are wooded, and on the other bare and rocky. A magnificent suspension bridge is being built over the river.

Clifton is a pretty little town, the houses are so regular and handsome. They stand back from the river, so that the view of the water is entirely hidden from those in the streets. We saw little carriages here, and at Bath too, like those in Brighton. Clifton is another fashionable watering-place, on account of its hot springs, called here " hot wells." We

did not go into the pump-room. Finding that we had plenty of time before dinner, we sauntered slowly back. There have been some fine specimens of petrifications found in this neighborhood, and along the banks of the river, we passed by several stands, on which many of them were exhibited for sale.

This morning we went quite early to the station to go to Wrington, near Barley Wood, the former residence of Hannah More. The ticket office was not opened till a few minutes before the time of starting; and when we applied for our tickets, we found that we had come to the wrong station. We hurried off as fast as possible to the right one; but arrived just in season to hear the admonitory whistle, and to see the train moving off. As the next "rail" did not go till eleven, we were forced to give up our projected excursion thither; so slowly and sadly we returned to our hotel, and thinking we had seen quite enough of Bristol, we packed up our few things, and started off in the coach for Gloucester.

Just as we left the city the bells of the churches struck up a merry peal, chiming a real tune, and a very rich one too. Two or three times they were struck in quick succession to imitate the firing of cannon. We inquired and found the cause of the rejoicing was, that it was Prince Albert's birthday.

The ride to Gloucester was delightful, the country beautiful, and the air delicious. To get from the smoke and fog of Bristol, and to breathe the fresh air of a clear, sunny day was exhilarating. To be mounted on a coach, going rapidly, it is true, but still slowly enough to enable one to see the country, was quite a pleasant contrast to being shut up in a car, and skimming over the road like a bird.

How smiling all nature was to-day! The meadows were of a luxuriant green, or a rich yellow. We see no Indian corn here, which at first seemed strange to us, so much of it do we have in our own land. Wheat is called corn here;

two or three times, when riding, I have suddenly turned my head at hearing some of the passengers talk of a large field of corn, thinking that I was indeed going to see corn; but I have now become accustomed to the term, and so think nothing of it.

In our ride we caught glimpses of the Severn, as it rolled its waters along within a few miles of us. About ten miles from Bristol we passed a man who was walking for a wager. He was clothed in light colored buckskin, and was walking backwards when we saw him. His face was much flushed, and his whole appearance showed that he was exerting himself to the utmost. He had engaged to walk fifty miles a day for six days in succession, twenty-five miles forward and twenty-five backward, and for this praiseworthy achievement he is to have fifty pounds. This is the fourth day of his trial. He accomplished one mile in eleven minutes when walking forward, and one in seventeen when backward. It seems to me, notwithstanding the proverbial gravity and sobriety of the English, compared with the vivacity and pleasure-seeking disposition of the French, that, after all, they are as eager for amusements and novelties as their neighbors across the channel. In every town through which we have passed, there either have been, or are soon to be, horse races or boat races, or cricket matches, or ball playing, or something or other, it does not seem to matter what.

At Gloucester we stopped two hours, and spent the most of that time in visiting the cathedral. It is a majestic pile, partaking largely both of the old Saxon and Gothic styles. The tower is beautiful; little turrets of delicate fretwork rising up at each corner, seeming far too fragile for such an elevation. The nave is in the Saxon style, with round arches and immense pillars; the ceiling is vaulted though plain, but the choir is perfectly Gothic. It has a splendid window, the highest, if not the largest in England. Behind the choir is a beautiful chapel, erected by Henry VII. The ceiling is exquisitely done. At the upper end of the chapel is a large

Gothic window, beneath which was formerly an altar. It was pulled down and the walls defaced in the time of Cromwell, and the marks of the ravages are yet visible.

The cathedral is rich in monuments and inscriptions. The first that I noticed was a monument of one of the Cunningham family (I think it was). Under the coat of arms was written, "over, fork over." I eagerly asked what that meant. Our guide around the church, an intelligent and modest old man, soon explained it to us. When Charles the Pretender was pursued in Scotland, he at one time fled to a meadow where he was concealed in a load of hay by this very man, who from that time took for his motto, "over, fork over."

There is a beautiful monument in the Gothic style erected to the memory of Richard Raikes, brother to Robert, who by the way was a native of this town, as was also the celebrated Whitefield. Here too is the tomb of Robert of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror. As he was a crusader, his statue on top of his tomb represents him with his legs crossed, which, with his singular dress, makes a queer looking figure.

We saw too the tomb of a man who had had twenty-one children, and of another who was father to nine sons and six daughters. In front, the father is painted, with his children kneeling around him, his sons arranged in dutiful order on one side, and his daughters on the other, the last in the oddest looking costume imaginable. On top were the appropriate words, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Poor man! he had a house full of vanities, and not all female vanities either!

There is also a monument in honor of —— (I have forgotten the name) of Massachusetts, an American consul who died here.

Workmen were engaged in fixing up staging around the church, preparatory to the great musical festival which takes place here once in three years. This prevented us from seeing the church to good advantage.

However good a taste it is in religion to convert a Romish into a Protestant church, it is a poor one in architecture, for the impressive effect is totally lost by a high screen being between the nave and choir. It is thus deprived of its perfect proportions, so that it seems much shorter than it really is.

Adjoining the church are extensive cloisters, running around a quadrangle, into which they open by small Gothic windows in beautiful little arches.

We passed by two ancient looking churches, one had a high tower which leaned a little, whether from design or old age we know not.

We left Gloucester at seven, and came here by "rail." The country was fine, and the sunset beautiful, presenting a scene almost as beautiful as any in Italy's fair clime.

We are at "The Plough." The streets through which we walked this evening were well lit, and the shops presented a very handsome appearance. In my novel reading days I heard much of this fashionable watering-place, though I then hardly imagined I should ever visit it, but strange things come to pass now-a-days.

Friday morning.

I open this, while waiting for breakfast, to finish my account of this city. We rose quite early this morning, and walked for an hour and a half, delighted with all we saw. This is a beautiful town. The houses are regular and handsome, not abounding in architectural ornaments, but plain, neat and chaste. Most of them stand a little back from the street, having small gardens in front. Nearly all have little verandahs or balconies, and some have quite pretty porticoes. There are some beautiful public gardens too, and streets lined with trees, forming fashionable promenades. In short, the whole town is beautiful. I never saw one that would equal it, either on the continent or in our own country.

But it is time for me to be moving, so in haste I leave you.

BIRMINGHAM, Saturday evening.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Once more I have a little time, which I gladly devote to you, so I hasten to tell you about the things which we have seen. After closing my letter yesterday morning, we started off by coach for Stratford. The country was charming, but so much like what I have previously described, that it is unnecessary for me to enter into particulars. The environs of Cheltenham were beautiful; houses surrounded by gardens and parks lined the road. I think the houses of the higher class of people in England excel in beauty and finish those of the same class with us, or even on the continent, and the grounds around them are perfect. But the houses of the middle and lower classes in our country are far superior to those of the same classes here. I see nowhere such neat, thrifty and pretty farm-houses as I do at home. In the most of the villages through which we have passed, the houses have been the most ordinary looking affairs, generally of brick or stone, and without any external beauty or perfections; of course I can't tell how they look inside.

As I just now said, I can say nothing more about the country from Cheltenham to Stratford, than that it was charming in the highest degree. Husbandmen were busy in the fields, and the gleaners were not idle, but were gathering up the fragments, that nothing should be wasted.

We passed through Evesham, a small town, near which a famous battle was fought in 1265, between Prince Edward I. and the Earl of Leicester. We also passed through several villages, and through toll-gates innumerable. I cannot speak too highly of the roads in England. I feel perfectly safe on top of a coach, for we never meet with those jolts and jars to throw us off our seats as at home. And nothing can exceed the carefulness of the coachmen; they put the drag on every time they go down a little hill, and

never leave their horses without asking some one on top to "please to take the ribands."

Stratford is a small town on the river Avon. It cannot boast of much beauty, but all its interest is derived from having been the birthplace of Shakespeare. We went immediately to see the house where he was born. It is in one of the principal streets, and is a homely, plain, old-fashioned house. A sign over the door informs the passer-by that "the immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." We entered with no common feelings, and as we went up the dark, narrow staircase, so still was every thing, it seemed that we were going to a funeral. The room where the bard was born, is in the second story, and is low and plain. In the room were some high-backed chairs, and an old cabinet, though the woman who did the honors of the house candidly said that they could not be identified with the time of Shakespeare. Around the walls hung several old portraits of his family, and a good likeness of the poet himself. The walls, window-seats, every part of the room, even to the rafters, were covered with the names of those who had at different times visited the spot, among which we saw quite as many Americans as Englishmen. Of course, Jonathan-like, we added our own. Some person wrote on a piece of paper and left it here : —

"Stranger, tread not these hallowed rooms with scorn,
Within this room great Shakespeare was born ;
With reverence due bow to his sacred worth,
Great nature wrought a wonder when she gave him birth."

Underneath which was written in another hand,

"Poor fool ! we could not contemplate with scorn,
A worm that crawls where Avon's bard was born ;
In Stratford, (even in these degenerate times,)
All is respectable — except thy rhymes."

Among the Americans whose names have been recorded in a book kept in the house, are Washington Irving, N. P.

Willis, Daniel Webster, and two sons of President Van Buren. Irving wrote,

"Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see,
That where he died, in vain to find we try ;
Useless the search, for all immortal he,
And those who are immortal, never die."

I could not but think as I sat in that humble room, and as I walked the streets of Stratford, how little Shakespeare imagined that the time would ever come when travellers from a far distant land should visit the place where he was born, and regard it as one of the greatest objects of interest in England.

We then went to the church where the poet lies buried. It is approached from the road by an avenue of lime trees, the branches meeting overhead and forming a beautiful arbor. Shakespeare's monument consists of a white marble slab, placed against the wall, and surmounted by his bust. The inscription reads thus : —

"Stay, passenger ! why goest thou by so fast ?
Read, if thou canst, whome envious death hath plast,
Within this monument, Shakespeare with whome
Quick nature dide, whose name doth deck y tomb
Far more than cost ; Sith all y hath writt,
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.

OBITU ANNO DOMINI, 1616. ÆTATUS 53."

On the floor beneath this monument, is a small slab of marble bearing the inscription, "Here lies interred the body of Anne Hathaway, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th of August, 1625, being the age of 67 years." Then follows a string of Latin words, which I had neither time nor patience nor ability to translate. By her side repose a son and daughter.

Surely here rest those whose names are to memory dear. Back of the church flows the Avon, here a pretty stream. From the opposite bank stretch fields, where the cattle and the sheep browsed quietly on the green herbage. All was

quiet and lovely, and most fitting is it that Avon's waters should flow by the spot where Avon's bard reposes.

Just back of the inn where we stopped, was a bowling green, the site of the house where Shakespeare lived after his return from London. It was called "Hill Place," and was afterwards bought by a clergyman, who took the liberty of pulling down the house, which so exasperated the Stratfordites, that he was obliged to leave the town. In the centre of the green was a large mulberry tree, in its infancy a shoot from one planted by the dramatist's own hand.

From Stratford we went to Leamington, a distance of ten miles. We enjoyed the ride very much, going as we did at that pleasant time when the sun was sinking to rest. We improved the twilight hour in looking about the little town. It is on the Leam, a small but pretty stream, fringed with overhanging trees and shrubs. Bath street is the finest street in the town; indeed I know of no street in the cities we have visited, which in the chasteness and elegance of the houses will compare with it. The "Pump room" is really beautiful, being adorned with a handsome portico, and Regent's Hotel is a magnificent building, so neat and so perfect in its proportions. As at Cheltenham, there were numbers of pretty little gardens.

And now I come to the records of this day, one of the busiest of the many busy ones we have lately known.

Immediately after breakfast we took the coach for Kenilworth. Though eight o'clock, one would have judged from the appearance of things that it was much earlier, for the shops were closed, and the curtains of the houses still drawn, as though the inmates were buried in sleep. The principal persons stirring in the streets were nursery maids having little children in their arms, and by their side, taking them out to breathe the morning air. This is a feature of nursery discipline that I much like. Go out when you will, you constantly meet babies and children. They seem to live out of doors. How different from what it is at home,

where young children are not allowed to breathe the fresh air. The day we were at Windsor, I saw a servant in the park with three children, the youngest of which was but nine months old, and they were there at least three hours, and that too towards the close of the day, when it was quite chilly and damp. What would our anxious mothers say to such things? Children in England are dressed with much taste. Their dresses are very short, and their little legs are bare almost to the ankle. At first it looked queerly to us, but now I like the fashion.

After looking awhile at the children, we began to stare at the signs over the doors, a common occupation, by the way, with people from the country, and we were highly amused at the manner in which they were worded, so different from what we see at home. Let me give you an instance. Over a chemist's shop kept by a Mr. Baker, the sign reads thus: "Chemist, Baker, Druggist," thus having the calling or profession at either end, and the name in the middle.

In all the towns through which we pass we see something "to the Queen." Good lady! she seems well provided for. I have seen her hatter, saddler, engraver, gunmaker, shoemaker, fruiterer, rusk-maker, confectioner, embroiderer, chemists, and I can't tell what else.

But to the coach. The distance to Kenilworth was five miles, and at that early hour of the morning we found the air quite chilly, like one of our sharp mornings in October, so that we were glad to dismount from the coach at the village of Kenilworth, and walk to the castle almost a mile beyond. Our walk led us through a green lane, bordered by the hawthorn growing in luxuriant wildness, and trees and bushes apparently untouched by the hand of man. As we wound around the hill we caught glimpses of the grey old castle, which made us quicken our steps, so that soon we stood within the shade of its ruins. And how majestic, how age-worn those ruins are! I don't know how I got the impression, but I thought there was a suit of rooms still re-

maining, therefore to my surprise I found the whole edifice a mass of ruins, nothing but the walls standing.

To our great joy we were not troubled with a cicerone, but were left to wander about at our own pleasure, and for two hours we rambled and scrambled around, now climbing to the top of some old tower, and then seating ourselves on large pieces of stone and gazing on the fair landscape before us.

There are at present four distinct and detached buildings, though they were formerly connected together, so as to form one grand whole, but never could Kenilworth, even in the days of her glory, when proud Leicester here held his court, and entertained in a sumptuous manner the maiden queen, when beauty and grace were here assembled, and the walls re-echoed the sound of music and mirth, never could the noble pile seem half so interesting to me, as it did to-day when I stood beside its venerable remains. The walls are covered with the mantling ivy, which seems to cling the closer, as all else forsakes them. As we wandered around, we heard naught but the echo of our own footsteps, and the sound of our own voices, excepting when we frightened the rooks from their resting places. How solemnly still seemed those time-honored ruins! I looked upon them as I would upon an old, revered friend, whom I saw daily wasting away before me.

We could make out none of the particular rooms, though we knew which was the great hall from the large Gothic window; but no floor, nor ceiling now remains to this room. The grounds were formerly in much better order than at present. A beautiful lake once lay before the castle; now it is no more to be seen, having been drained by that destroyer of all things beautiful, Oliver Cromwell, who had no taste for any thing, save his own affected, Puritanic plainness.

In one of the towers, now fitted up as a dwelling-house for the keeper of the castle, we saw the fire-place which once

stood in "Leicester Building." It is of marble, richly sculptured, encased in a frame of oak also carved. The room was wainscoted with oak, taken from some room in the castle.

On our return to the village, we found to our dismay that no coach came along till one o'clock. Now we could not wait till that hour, without disarranging all our plans for the day. We tried to hire a horse and carriage at the inn; it was in vain, they were not "licensed to let horses." There remained no alternative but to walk; so, notwithstanding our previous ramble, we started on quite cheerily, and actually walked the five miles without stopping, except to get a glass of lemonade. Am I not growing smart, or, as the English would say, "clever"? It was quite warm; but the road was shady, so we found the walk very pleasant. We passed by several seats; one belonging to Lord Leigh, having one hundred acres of woodland. Besides this, he owns four other large estates.

After taking lunch at Leamington, we went to Warwick, two miles farther, where we stopped two or three hours. Here we had another rich treat, in visiting Warwick Castle, which ranks in size next to that at Windsor. It is surrounded by a thick wall, and the gate at the entrance is of immense strength. From the gateway we went to the castle through a winding passage, cut out of the solid rock, and overgrown with moss and ivy. We entered a large hall paved with red and white marble, arranged in diamond form. The walls are of oak, and the ceiling is painted to imitate the same kind of wood. Around the walls hang many pieces of armor, helmets, shields, bucklers, spears, and coats of mail. The frames of the chairs, sofas, and tables, are of oak, beautifully carved. The walls of this hall are ten feet thick.

The drawing-room is wainscoted with cedar. The chairs are covered with figured velvet, which our garrulous guide told us cost five hundred pounds. Then came the gilt-room;

the walls of which are paneled in gilt, and the ceiling carved and gilded. Here are some beautiful cabinets of turtle-shell, inlaid with brass, and a mosaic table, composed of large pieces of lapis lazuli, amethyst, topaz, and other precious stones.

In the next room was Queen Anne's state-bed, presented by George III. It is covered with white damask, wrought with colored silks, and has curtains of crimson velvet embroidered with gold. The walls are hung with tapestry representing the royal garden at Versailles, and is a curious piece of workmanship. It is two hundred and thirty-seven years old.

Lady Warwick's boudoir is quite plain looking, the walls being lined with drab velvet, and the chaire covered with satin of the same color.

We then went into a little room called the "compass-room," cut out of the thickness of the wall of the castle. Here were a beautifully painted window, and two vases of Derbyshire spar, and one of cut crystal, which were made at Birmingham.

From this we went into the chapel, a neat, plain room; then through a narrow hall to the dining-room, having the ceiling and walls gilded, and so came to the breakfast-room, a snug, comfortable apartment. In all these rooms, there are fine paintings, mostly portraits; but we were so hurried along, that we could give but little attention to them.

We rambled for some time around the park. It is seven miles in extent, and is adorned by a little river, which in one part is made to fall over a dam, producing quite a cascade. In the park are some noble cedars; one over three hundred years old, and measuring twenty-seven feet round. In the garden, which bears the marks of sad neglect, is a conservatory, in which is the celebrated Warwick vase, (or vass as it is pronounced here,) the history of which I do not know, except that it was found in Adrian's villa near Rome. It is a magnificent affair, of white marble, sculptured in alto-

relievo. It is seven feet across at the top, and will hold one hundred and sixty-three gallons.

In the porter's lodge is the armor once worn by Guy, Earl of Warwick. He seems to have been an extraordinary sort of a personage. His shield, helmet, sword, and spear, weigh one hundred and seventy pounds; and the spear is nine feet ten inches long, he having stood in his shoes eight feet eleven inches. There is a wonderful story about his having killed a "dun cow," a rib of which is here seen, which looks as though it belonged to an elephant. In the centre of the room is a great iron pot, called "Sir Guy's porridge pot." It is now used as a punch bowl; and at Lord Warwick's coming of age, it was filled full three times with punch, which was given out to the common people. It requires eighteen gallons of rum, eighteen of water, and one hundred pounds of sugar to fill it. And thus ended our visit to Warwick Castle.

We walked around in the village, waiting for the Birmingham coach to come along. We stopped and admired the outside of the old church, and passed under a noble Gothic gateway. The streets were filled with stalls covered with fruit, vegetables, and meat in abundance, to-day being market day. Large spaces were covered with crockery ware; and we passed by numerous coops filled with hens and chickens, and pens full of pigs, both large and small.

About five o'clock the coach came along, and we were once more elevated to our favorite seats. It so soon grew dark, we could see but little of the country. We passed two gipsy carts, the occupants of which were busily engaged in various occupations. One woman was cooking over a fire made on the ground, another was ironing on the grass, children were scattered about, two donkeys were quietly grazing at a little distance, the bushes were covered with clothes, and altogether it was quite a picturesque scene.

As we neared this place, we were struck by the change

in the air ; it was thick with a mixture of smoke and fog, intolerable both to the eyes and the nose.

We stopped at the "King's Head," and after taking a light supper walked out. At any other time, I should not have thought that I could have gone out after so fatiguing a day, but I was anxious to witness the bustle of a large manufacturing town on Saturday evening. We were warned at the inn to leave our watches and purses at home, as it is not always safe in the evening to have such articles about. We found the streets full ; the shops displaying their choicest and cheapest goods, and the sidewalks thronged with both buyers and sellers. We went into the market-house, a large, handsome building, well lighted with gas. The stands were arranged in rows through the room. Here were displayed, not only all kinds of provisions, but all sorts of necessaries ; hats, clothes, and shoes, both new and old ; baskets, crockery, toys, cutlery, in short any thing and every thing. Salesmen were exerting their utmost eloquence to induce their customers to make large purchases. Everybody bought something ; the men and boys had on long aprons, well filled with provisions for the coming week. They looked pale and sallow, and were far from being clean and tidy. The women all had care-worn faces.

We then walked up and down the principal street. This was thronged with boys and girls selling matches, toys, pocket-books, pencils, fruit, &c. Here too were beggars and blind people asking alms. One blind couple were led by a dog, the woman carrying a lantern, not to help them, but to aid the vision of other people, who otherwise might pass them by without notice. The man sung in a dolorous tone, something doubtless quite pathetic ; but I only could catch the words, "Neither of us cannot see." Then came a whole family of beggars ; the father telling his pitiful story, and the wife and children responding in a sing-song tone at proper intervals. Soon we were attracted by a crowd, in the midst of which was a man wearing a white apron, who was com-

plainly in a loud tone of the small wages paid to those that worked in the manufacturies.

While we stood listening to him, another man wearing an apron came along. He told us that the speaker had been at work in a cotton factory, but that he had lately been thrown out of employment, and that there were hundreds of work-people around, actually suffering on account of the lowness of wages, and the high prices of provisions. Well, I told him that when the nobility would give up some of their wealth to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and the thousands of pounds now spent on needless show and luxuries be turned into other channels, I would then listen with sympathy to the cries of hard times.

But I have quite tired myself out in writing this long letter after so exciting a day. Exhausted nature calls loudly for her "sweet restorer," and I most gladly obey the call. Again good night.

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday morning.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Quite contrary to my usual custom, I am writing in the morning. J. is at the banker's waiting for our letters, the steamer having just arrived. Does it not seem that we are almost at home now we are here? yet it must be several weeks longer before we even begin to think of leaving the old country, so much is there yet to be seen. We shall stay as long as the weather continues comfortable.

I closed my last letter at Birmingham, on Saturday evening. We did not leave till Monday afternoon; but I had no time to write any more, though I did not send my letter off till I got here. On Sunday we attended the chapel where John Angell James preaches. It is built of brick, but has a handsome stone portico. The interior is quite plain, though

behind the pulpit there is a row of noble pillars. Over the pulpit is a gallery, which was filled with charity children, dressed in uniform; the girls wearing the most old womanish caps I ever saw. In every church where we have been, there has been a gallery filled with charity children.

Mr. James was not in town, so we were disappointed in not hearing him, though we heard a very good sermon by a Mr. Ford.

I found the air so close and oppressive, that I was obliged to keep perfectly quiet the rest of the day. On Monday we spent three or four hours in looking around the town, and we were really quite happily disappointed in it. I had an idea the streets were narrow and dirty, and the houses dark and high; on the contrary, we found the streets quite wide and very clean, and the houses but of moderate height; and being built of red brick, they have a lighter and less sombre appearance than those built of stone. The churches are fine looking buildings; "the College," a free grammar-school, is a handsome edifice, in the Gothic style, of light colored stone; and the Town Hall is really quite magnificent, being built in the form of a Roman temple, and surrounded by an elegant portico. Just below the market is a statue of Lord Nelson, done by Westmacott.

In another respect we were happily disappointed; for we found the air much clearer and purer than we anticipated, owing I suppose to its being Monday, the smoke having had an opportunity the day before to take itself off.

We visited "Coll's collection of plated, silver, and japan articles." In the show-rooms we saw every thing handsome, appertaining to such an establishment; candlesticks, candelabras, lamps, tables inlaid with silver and pearl, dressing boxes, some prized at fifty guineas, beautiful screens and baskets, razors, scissors, pencils, gold chains, and ornaments of all kinds; casts, medals, and a fac-simile in bronze of the great "Warwick vass," made at this establishment, and employing the sculptor eight years.

In the work-rooms there were but few men, the overseer telling us that the hands always would keep "blue Monday." We saw many different things going on there ; but I cannot enter into farther details.

We were nearly six hours in coming from Birmingham by railway here, a distance of ninety-six miles. We came very slowly, or rather we stopped so often, and so long at each place, that it was exceedingly tedious. Besides the carriages were uncomfortable ; they were narrower and much more shut up than those on the Great Western road, and the air was very close. Altogether it was the most unpleasant ride I ever took, always excepting our journey from Avignon to Marseilles. The track on this road is but four feet and a half wide ; so I suppose the engine could not run so quick as on a wider track, at least not with the same degree of safety.

The country through which we passed was thickly dotted with towns and villages, manufacturing places apparently from the high chimneys every where sending up their dense columns of smoke, darkening and polluting the air. Oh ! I would not live in the manufacturing district of England for any sum of money ; the smell of coal-smoke is to me intolerable.

As we entered this place, we passed through a tunnel a mile and a half long, running under a part of the town. We came to the Wellington Hotel.

Yesterday we walked around the town viewing the wonders ; and yet perhaps when I tell you what we saw, you will say there were not many "wonders." Some of the streets are quite handsome, others are directly the opposite. Many of the houses are of brick, the remainder are of stone ; for you never see a wooden house in this country. The Town Hall is a handsome building, adorned with Corinthian pillars, and surmounted by a dome, on top of which is a statue, representing Britannia. Back of this are the new Exchange Buildings, forming three sides of a square. They

are of dark stone, and have a fine colonnade running around them. In the centre of the square is a bronze statue of Lord Nelson. Victory stands behind him, holding in her hand a wreath of laurel ; and Death is near him, looking out from a shroud, and having one bony hand laid upon him. Around are emblems of the navy, sails, anchors, and cables. On the pedestal are seated in attitudes of grief several figures with chains around them.

The square had a busy look ; merchants were walking about discoursing of matters and things in relation to their several callings. Laborers were there too, waiting to be hired. In one of the buildings is an immense reading-room, occupying the whole of one side of the square.

The Custom House is also a magnificent building ; consisting of a centre and two wings, and having a noble Ionic portico. One part is used as the Post Office.

We walked for some time along the wharves. A canal is built up from the river, and it was thronged with vessels of all kinds, and from all countries. Along the borders of the canal, there are vast warehouses of dark brick, and a covered way on the very margin of the water, to protect from the weather the cargoes of ships there unladen. We crossed the canal by a little bridge ; and walked on a short distance till we came to the Mersey, a wide, rapid, and muddy looking river. Steamers and boats were flying about in every direction. When we came back to the canal, we were obliged to wait some time, as a ship was passing through the bridge, which was opened in the middle, one half swinging round on one side, and the other, on the other, both parts resting on the wharf. We came home through many different streets, some of them dirty and miserable looking in the extreme, others quite clean. One thing I have seen here that I never saw before, wretched looking women and children half clad, going about the streets, and scraping up manure with their bare hands, and putting it into dirty baskets, and even into their aprons. Although I have seen

many miserable, wretched looking people, although I have seen many dark and dreary abodes, yet I never before saw so many distressing objects, never before such cheerless dwellings.

The houses are high, with deep basements, and in these basements, the most of the poor people live ; their dwelling-places damp, dreary, and almost entirely under ground. Last evening as we took our accustomed walk, we saw many pale, desolate looking women and children sitting on the steps leading to their subterranean abodes, breathing for a few minutes the fresh air ; and polluted as that air seemed to us, and almost insupportable, doubtless it was pure to them, and like heaven's rich blessing, after being confined in their damp cells all the day. I do not believe there is a country in the world, where extreme wealth and abject poverty go hand in hand as in England ; for while the nobles revel in almost boundless wealth, the poor grovel in soul-destroying, mind-enervating poverty. And yet how much do we hear of merry, happy England !

And although much is said of the danger of travelling in Italy and France, for fear of robbers and assassins, yet I never felt half the fear in the narrow, dark streets of Naples and Rome, as I have in the large towns in England. Not that by any means I dread the assassin's dagger here, for I do not suppose murder is often committed in such public places, but I actually think there are more pickpockets in England than in any country on the continent. Perhaps I speak too boldly on these subjects, but I give you my impressions, and you can take them for what they are worth.

Last evening in our wanderings we lost our way, and we inquired of a policeman how we should get into Dale street. He pointed to two different streets, saying that they would both lead into it, but he told us that they were bad streets, and advised us to go home by a more circuitous and frequented route, he himself kindly showing us the way. We never ask directions from any one but a policeman, for fear

of being misled, and from them we always get civil and obliging answers.

Ah welcome sight ! J. has come in with a long letter, and I must leave off talking with you, and for a while listen to the news from my own dear home, and then we shall once be on the move, and so good bye.

KESWICK, Sept. 6th.

MY DEAREST P. :

You will think we have almost taken a leap here, yet listen, and you shall have all the details of our journey hither. We went to Lancaster from Liverpool by railway. We passed by a number of manufacturing villages, and through a coal district, so that the air, for nearly the whole distance, was actually black with dust and smoke. The country, I should judge from the snatches I got of it, was fine. Lancaster is a small town on the river Lune, at a little distance from its mouth. It has some shipping, good wharves, and a noble range of warehouses along them. The houses are mostly built of dark grey stone, some of them are quite handsome, but generally they are common and dirty looking.

The principal object of attraction is the castle, erected in the reign of Edward III. in the fourteenth century. It is on a hill commanding a good view of the town, and is well built and strong, though it bears the marks of being much more modern than it is said to be. It must have undergone thorough repairs lately. At present it is used as a county jail.

From Lancaster we went by coach to Ambleside. To give you some idea of the rapidity and ease with which we go over these fine English roads, I will just say, that at that time we went thirty-four miles in less than four hours. This ride was more picturesque and varied than any we had before taken, the last part a little too much varied, for there came

up a violent shower, and we being on the outside of the coach, did not find that so very pleasant. The country all the way was hilly, and in some parts quite barren, in others, green and fertile. We passed through several villages, the largest of which was Kendal; none of them were pretty. In fact no where have I seen the handsome villages and cottages, that I expected to see. As I said in one of my former letters, the houses of the nobility are fine, but in the cottages I am much disappointed, for I have always heard an English cottage spoken of as the perfection of rural architecture. The porters' lodges at the entrance to gentlemen's seats, are the prettiest specimens of cottages that I have seen in this country, but they are built by wealthy persons, so are no index to the architectural taste of the common people.

For ten miles before reaching Ambleside our road was along the margin of lake Windermere, and then the country was really enchanting. The lake was not very wide, and on the opposite side mountains arose, casting their shadows over the water, while we wound along through varied scenes, now through a wild and uncultivated tract, the thick trees and underwood scarcely allowing us a glimpse of the lake, and then through lawns and meadows green and bright, and the lake dotted with its little islands lying in full view before us. The clouds and the rain made the distant hills appear more shadowy and indistinct, and thus grandeur was added to the scene. It seemed more like Switzerland than England.

Ambleside is a little way from the lake, though within walking distance of it, and we anticipated taking many long walks amid its charming environs, but unfortunately for us it rained incessantly all the time we were there, and I dared not venture out, as I was suffering under a severe cold; I spent the time diligently in writing, however, so that it by no means seemed long to me. J. ventured out on the lake in despite of the rain, and came home highly delighted with the sail. Afterwards in loitering

around, he was suddenly stopped in his rambles, by seeing several signs bearing the startling announcement that "spring guns and man traps" were concealed in the grounds around the lake, so for fear of being caught as a trespasser, he hurried home.

On Friday, the sun set clearly behind the hills, brightening their tops with a golden lustre, and I stood at my window enjoying the fair prospect, and hoping that so charming a sunset would be followed by a fair day; but alas for hopes, the next day proved even more unpleasant, the rain actually pouring down in torrents, till about four o'clock when it suddenly ceased, so we started off, not knowing exactly where we should stop, whether at Grasmere, or at Wylau at the foot of Helvellyn, but at both places the inns seemed so uninviting, we concluded to come on to this village.

The ride was full of interest to us, the scenery was so wild and grand. Near Ambleside the country was romantic and picturesque, and as we wound around among hills and ravines and glens, I sighed with regret that I had not been able to see more of them. But why repine? He, in whose hands are the clouds and the winds, knows far better than we do, how to order the elements for our good.

About a mile and a half from Ambleside, is Rydal, a small lake embosomed among the hills. At the delightful hour of twilight, the clear lake reflected on its glassy surface the last rays of the setting sun as they shone on the mountain tops. Near Rydal, is Wordsworth's seat, a large stone house, having the grounds around it prettily laid out. A mile farther on, is Coleridge's cottage, a small stone house, with ivy creeping around the windows. It is not very charming now, though it must have been in his time, if it is the same cottage to which he alludes in some of his poems. Soon we reached Grasmere, a larger lake than Rydal, also surrounded by hills. It is dotted with islands, in one of which the herons build their nests, the only spot about here where they ever build. From Grasmere here the country

was yet more picturesque and wild. Our road wound among hills and dales, now by a murmuring rivulet, now by a placid lake, and then by little rushing torrents, that were making their way quickly down the mountain side. All these reminded me of Switzerland. We passed by Helvellyn, a mountain rising three thousand feet above the level of the sea. I turned many "a longing, lingering look" toward it, being anxious to ascend it, that I might say with Scott,

"I climed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,"

but we could not think of stopping at so poor looking an inn, and besides there was no church near, so that it would not have been pleasant for us to have staid there on Sunday. After leaving Helvellyn it became too dark to see much, except the dusky forms of the mountains as they rose all around us, and the gleaming of the waters of Thurlmere, as we passed along its margin. Occasionally we heard the murmuring of rivulets and cascades.

For the first time in our journey, I felt a little afraid of our coachman. At every inn he took something to drink, so that before we got here I did not know but he would lose all control over himself, still he seemed careful and watchful, putting on the drag at every hill, but there we were, J. and I alone, no other passengers, and in a strange and wild country at a late hour, and what would have become of us if the horses got restive, and the coachman not able to manage them? I assure you I began to breathe freely when we entered this village, a quiet little spot situated between Derwent and Bassenthwaite lakes.

Yesterday morning we attended service in a neat little Gothic church. Prayers were read with more feeling and solemnity than we are accustomed to witness among the English clergy. There was no sermon, but the communion was administered. When we first went in the minister was catechizing the children. In reading the creed he turned

his face toward the east. There were but few pews in the church, the most of the congregation sitting on benches.

After church, we rambled along the lake side. We climbed up Castlerig, a high hill, and sat down where we had a delightful view of the lake. All nature proclaimed a Sabbath; earth, air, water were as still as when creation's light first dawned upon the world. The lake was unruffled and as clear as a mirror. Its placid surface was dotted with wooded islands, every tree and shrub reflected in the water. All around us mountains raised their lofty peaks, while between them lay many a smiling vale. It was a beautiful scene, well suited to the day. We had just gone from worshipping God in His sanctuary, here was a still more beautiful temple in which we could adore Him. And oh! how full everything was of His praise! The little birds seemed to warble sweeter notes, and all nature wore a smiling aspect as if in gratitude to Him, who had set apart this day for His more immediate worship and service.

At our feet, at a little distance from the lake, clustered the houses of Keswick, and farther on, o'ertopped by lofty hills, lay the beautiful sheet of "Bassenthwaite water." After we left Castlerig we walked along to the end of the lake, admiring the scenery, which grew grander as we went on. The hills became higher and more sterile, the woods were wilder and more overgrown with underbrush, a little brook went gurgling by, and two or three cascades came jumping down the mountain side, leaping from rock to rock, fearless and free.

In the evening J. went again to church, but I spent the quiet hour in my own room. It was a cheerful room, with a bright fire burning in the grate, and as I sat in a large chair before it, and looked at the red coals, my mind insensibly wandered to you, and I fancied to myself how you were all looking, and what you were all doing. Need I say I longed to be in your midst? In one month we shall probably be on the sea, and then if we safely pass through

the dangers of a voyage at that inclement season of the year, we shall soon be with you.

We have spent the most of this day in walking around the charming environs of this village. About two miles from here is what is called "The Druids' Temple." It consists of large stones, or I might call them rocks, placed around in a ring; on one side within the enclosure are several other stones, supposed to have been used as altars for the sacrifices. This temple is in a wild place lying in a little hollow, with lofty hills rising up around it.

After we left it we started to go to Bassenthwaite water, and we walked till I was too tired to go another step, then finding that we should pass by the lake to-morrow we turned our steps towards home. We passed (at a little distance from the road) Greta Hall, the residence of Southey. The large stone house is almost hidden from sight by the numerous trees around it. It is a delightful spot. Indeed all around these lakes are beautiful seats. The weather to-day has been warm and pleasant, though there was some frost last night. For two or three days it has been as cold as it is with us in November, so that we have been obliged to have a fire to sit by.

I came home from walking with a violent headache, so that I was forced to seek rest in sleep, and although this evening there were fireworks on the lake, I could not summon resolution to go out to see them.

And now it is time that this long letter were brought to a close, so I leave you.

NEWCASTLE, Wednesday eve.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

We left Keswick quite early yesterday morning. I am happy to bear testimony to the quiet and comfortable inn at that place, and then too the charges were so moderate.

Though we were there three nights and two days, and had a parlor and a fire in it, our bill was but fourteen shillings, (understand me, when I speak of money I always mean the money here, unless I say "our money," and if you will just bear in mind that English money is one third more than ours, you will readily know the value of the sums I mention; thus, three shillings here is four with you, and so on. Pray pardon this interruption and explanation, but I did not know but that in the hurry of reading my wordy epistles, you might not have this fact in your recollection, and so not give full justice to the high prices set upon every thing in this country.) As we had our breakfast yesterday morning in a hurry, our kind landlady would not make any mention of it in her bill. I sent my best respects to her, and told her I would do myself the pleasure of recommending her house. Will you allow me again to go a little off my track, to say a few words in relation to the inns in this country?

They are mostly kept by women; if indeed there is an host, he keeps in the background, the cares and labors seeming to devolve entirely upon the females of the house. Indeed at some inns where we have stopped, I have not seen a man servant, our chambermaid attending on us at table, and always answering our bell. This of course applies to the small inns in country towns.

And now I will come back to our journey from Keswick to Carlisle. We found a ride of six hours on top of a coach in a raw, windy morning, not so very pleasant, but wrapped in our thick cloaks, we braved the wind and cold, preferring to see the country to taking a seat inside, where we might have been a little more comfortable.

We passed by Bassenthwaite water, a most beautiful lake, about four miles long and one broad. It is encircled by mountains, the loftiest of which is Skiddaw, the highest mountain in England. For nearly a mile our road lay along the side of the lake, and through the o'erhanging trees we caught many glimpses of the water, as it sparkled in the early rays of the sun.

The remainder of the ride was not remarkably interesting. The country was hilly and not much cultivated. We rode through Cockermouth, a small town at the entrance of the Cocker into the Derwent. The principal street was quite wide, but the houses were poor looking. On an artificial mount outside the town were the ruins of an ancient castle, originally the residence of the Lords of Allerdale.

In going through a little village we saw over a shop door the sign of "Betty Martin." Query, is it the "High Betty Martin" of nursery memory.

At an inn where we stopped, J. saw one of the old school clergymen. He was sitting at a little table, as jolly as could be with his mug of ale before him, and his pipe in his mouth. We saw the church in which he preaches. Truly he must be an edifying parish priest.

We passed through Wigton, a small village, but yesterday in all the bustle of a market-day. In the principal streets were shambles, on which were displayed, as usual on such occasions, not only provisions, but all kinds of clothing needful for the body. Generally market days are held twice a week in these small villages, at which time the country people come in with their produce, and the whole neighborhood turns out, either as buyers or sellers.

Carlisle is quite a large town, but a miserably smoky place. I declare I get out of all patience with such nasty air. It stuffs my throat and my lungs, and keeps my head full of aches and pains all the time. And this is not all. I cannot come in from walking without finding two or three "beauty spots" on my face, and if by chance I leave a letter or my journal on my table near an open window, in a few minutes the fair page is covered with fine specks. And this dust and dirt are so saturated with moisture that they stick to you like a plaster. Now don't think I am jesting, or that I needlessly complain of these little annoyances, I am giving you the plain, unvarnished truth.

The principal object of interest to us in Carlisle was the

old castle. Within the enclosure of its wall are several different buildings, mostly used as barracks. In one of the towers there is a very deep well, dug to supply the garrison with water. Underneath this tower are the dungeons, in one of which William Armstrong the freebooter was confined. In a prison in the tower Fergus Mac Ivor was once held in durance vile, and in an ancient tower now not standing, Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned. On the top of that tower was the flag-staff, but by its constant motion, as it was swayed by the wind, the foundations were undermined, so that it was necessary to take down the tower. One of the workmen found within a part of the walls, the skeleton of a woman who in some manner had there been fastened up. A part of her dress which was of silk, is now in the town, belonging to the wife of the man who made the discovery. This marvellous story we had from the soldier who guided us around the castle. From the battlements we had as good a view of the country around, as the almost impenetrable state of the atmosphere would permit.

In the town is a fine old cathedral, and though our hearts yearned after this noble monument of other days, yet we did not think it expedient to stop to visit it. It is said there was formerly a subterranean passage from the church to the castle.

The court house and jail are very handsome buildings in the castellated style, and are quite ornamental to the place. At the inn where we stopped we had a luncheon of bread and butter and an apple-tart, for which we were charged the comfortable sum of three shillings sixpence.

From Carlisle here, a distance of sixty miles, we came by railroad. I should think the country might be fine between the two places, but I could see but little of it, being hurried along so fast, and then too the air was so thick, we could have seen nothing, if we had gone ever so slowly. We however made out to see some majestic ruins, and

handsome villas, and to get several views of the Tyne, a pretty river.

At the different stations on the road are beautiful houses, all in the Gothic style, though no two I believe are alike. Since leaving Keswick, we have seen men and boys wearing large plaids over their shoulders. And as for understanding any thing we hear, we might as well be in Germany as here, for every body around us speaks such a peculiar lingo, that it is difficult to find out what is meant. Yesterday morning we had a sociable old gentleman on the top of the coach with us, (quite different from the generality of the English, who never vouchsafe to give you a word of information.) He sat next to me, and kept pointing out different objects of interest to us, yet I could not understand one word in twenty that he said, so I answered at cross purposes, saying "Yes," when I judged from the expression of his face that I ought to have said "No;" and finally, to put an end to my embarrassment I feigned sleep, for I did not like to tell him that it was useless to expend so much breath on me, as I could not understand what he said.

And now I come to the adventures of this day. You cannot guess where we have been, neither shall I leave you long in suspense, for if I do, some of your will be peeping farther down the page to find out for yourselves. So to the point at once; it was down into a coal pit, nearly five hundred feet below the surface of the earth! Perhaps it was not so romantic or fatiguing a journey as climbing up Vesuvius, not so classical as visiting the disinterred cities of Pompeii and Heroulaneum, but certainly as hazardous, and indeed requiring more courage than either.

But I must begin, prosy like, at the commencement, or else I shall never get through. We sent to the office of the coal company, to get a permit to visit the mines. This being obtained, we found we had to go at least two miles, and by so circuitous a way, that our landlord said he could not direct us, so we took a cab. No sooner were we out of the

precincts of the city, than we had to pay one shilling for toll, and when we stopped, three for the carriage, so we dismissed the man, choosing to walk back, as we had the whole day before us.

Arriving at the colliery and presenting our order, a new difficulty arose, for the overseer told us that it would be impossible for us to go down in the clothes we had on. Now our habiliments were none of the best, but they were the very best we had with us, and as it would be nearly a month before we could have our trunks, it behooved us to take good care of them. To give up going down was not to be mentioned, to spoil our clothes was equally disagreeable, so we stood looking at each other, not knowing what to do, till at last the overseer relieved our anxiety by offering to lend J. some clothes. "But then the lady," (me you know), "what could she do?" "Oh," I told him, "any old dress will do for me." So he invited us into his house, and called his wife to my assistance, but when I saw her, a bouncing, fat woman, I groaned aloud, for I saw no prospect of any of her clothes fitting me. However, after a little consultation, J. disappeared at one door, and I at another. Shall I describe my appearance! Ah! I almost fear that "words of utterance" will fail me, as a lady said when attempting; to describe Niagara. The old lady brought out a dark calico dress, which sat as loosely as possible upon me. Then she insisted on my putting on one of her clean caps, with a wide, stiff, double border, which projected at least six inches from my face; and as though this was not enough to render me irresistible, she gave me a black silk bonnet, the front quite a half yard deep, and which stuck right up in the air after the fashion of the old "sky scrapers," thus bringing my face with its cap border in full view. Now, however little this costume might have become me, I thought it still less becoming to find fault with it before the nice old lady, who in the kindness of her heart brought out her best attire for the stranger, so I made no remark on my appearance,

except just saying that older and more common clothes would answer, and stealing one look in the glass at my cap border, I went down stairs. But when I saw J., my feelings could no longer be restrained, and I laughed long and loud, and the overseer and his wife heartily joined me. No description can do justice to his appearance. The overseer is a large portly man, and as J. is not among the great of the earth, he looked as comical as possible. He wore a short jacket (which was any thing but short on him) and pants of blue broadcloth, which did not begin to fit him. On his head he wore a little cap, and altogether his whole appearance was such, that I could not refrain from laughing every time I looked at him. But you may be assured that as we neared the opening to the mines, and saw the square bucket ascend, and knew that in that little thing we must descend into the inner regions of the earth, personal appearance was the last object of thought. For a moment I drew back, and said "I cannot go," but my invincible curiosity and perseverance led me on, and with a quick, though trembling step, I took my place in the bucket beside J., and opposite the overseer. The signal was given, and we began to move, quicker and quicker; darker and still darker it grew, closer and still more oppressive was the air, and I felt sick and faint, but will you believe me, even then the thought of our ludicrous appearance came to my mind, and I laughed out. In a moment we were down. The bucket was filled with coals, and was again creaking up. And what a sight did we have to repay us for our trouble! The low arched passages were faintly lit with here and there a glimmering taper, while the dark forms and dingy faces of the miners added gloominess to the scene.

My eyes soon became accustomed to the strange light, and then I began to take pleasure in looking about me, and in gleaning all the information I could from the overseer, or "reviewer," as he is here called, though I found it somewhat difficult to understand him.

The substance of my information is as follows. This mine extends more than three quarters of a mile in length, going directly under the Tyne. The coal lies in layers about two feet deep, and is very thick. One hundred and forty men and boys are here employed, and each one has daily his allotted portion of work, say twelve or fifteen feet. He digs under the layer, puts in a little powder, and blows it up. Boys then take it in their carts, carry it to the opening of the pit, where it is put in the bucket and drawn up. Quite as singular a feature as any in this subterranean place, was the horses. Fifteen are constantly kept there. Their legs are tied together, and they are then put into the bucket and lowered down to the mines, and are never taken back again, unless some accident overtakes them. In one part of the mine are their stalls, and by means of a pipe, fresh water is conveyed down for their use. The air was not at all bad; a large fire is kept burning night and day, to counteract the effect of the dampness, and there are large openings in the surface of the earth, so that the noxious vapors are carried off.

Every thing went on in perfect order while we were there; each one was busy with his work, though I thought at first the miners looked at me rather steadily, but whether in admiration of my cap or of my courage, I could not tell, for I suppose many of them never before saw a female there, indeed only five or six have ever been down, and but few men, excepting those connected with the mines; and the overseer told me that several gentlemen in going down, had been quite overcome with fear, so you see I may pride myself in having more courage than some of the stronger sex.

But I have got away from my coal subject. The work goes on night and day, the men being changed three times, and the boys twice in twenty-four hours. The boys seemed happy, for they sang and whistled very cheerily, as they drove their horses along. From twenty-five to thirty thou-

sand chaldrons of coal are produced every year from this mine, the duty is fourteen or fifteen shillings a chaldron.

After staying down an hour, we once more took our places in the bucket, without any trepidation on my part, though I knew the slightest disarrangement in the machinery would be fatal to us. Around the entrance to the mine are good houses for the miners, and for the rent, with the use of as much coal as they can burn, they have to pay but a shilling a month.

When we got to the reviewer's house we found water and every convenience for becoming ourselves again, and after we had undergone our metamorphosis, the good wife brought out some crackers and wine which she pressed us to partake. Neither she nor her husband would take any remuneration for their trouble, so we sat a half hour with them trying by the agreeableness of our conversation to make all the returns we could for their kindness. Worthy people! I wish I could have given them some more tangible proof of my gratitude.

We had a comfortable walk back to town, and instead of coming directly to our rooms, walked about the different streets, so that we might see all that was worthy of regard. The old and lower part of the town is as dirty and ugly looking as possible. The houses look as though built "in the year one." And so many narrow alleys and lanes I never saw before in any one town. In this part of the town is the castle built in the time of William I. It is an antique looking affair. Not far from this is the Church of St. Nicholas, the spire of which is very curious, being finished off in the shape of an imperial crown.

The higher and newer streets are very handsome; they are quite wide, and are lined with fine houses, many of which are adorned with Ionic pillars. Indeed some of the houses would not discredit London. Grey street, in which our hotel (the Turk's Head) stands, is an elegant street; at the upper end of it there is a large monument erected to

Lord Grey, crowned with a statue of that nobleman. The theatre opposite to us is adorned with a noble portico.

Newcastle is a place of considerable business. There is a good deal of shipping here, and a brisk trade always in coal. In one year eight hundred thousand chaldrons were exported. There are two bridges over the Tyne, one of nine arches, and the other a suspension bridge.

And now dear —, I wish you once more good night, and may you sleep as well after this long letter, as I doubtless shall, for I have slept most soundly and refreshingly ever since I left the fleay district in Italy. Indeed, I have nothing to ask for, I enjoy good health, have a good appetite, and am happy and cheerful all the day, and need only to see your dear faces once more to make me almost wild with joy.

“Fly swiftly round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.”

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MELROSE, Sept. 10.

MY DEAREST F.:

Behold us now in Scotia's land, the land rich in historic and poetic lore, the land of Scott and Burns and Wilson, and a host of other worthies.

We left Newcastle yesterday afternoon, and arrived here late last evening, the distance being seventy miles. Judge how pleasant the ride was to us, when I tell you that we rode on the outside of the coach, in a pouring rain nearly all the time. The inside was full, so there was no alternative but to brave as well as possible “the peltings of the pitiless storm.” The country was tame and rather uninteresting, our way often lying over barren heaths, though occasionally we saw a fertile spot. Thirty miles from Newcastle we passed through Otterburn, a pretty little village, with a grand old castle, now used as a jail. We stopped at O. to dine, though not

more than fifteen or twenty minutes were allowed us for dinner. And you know how much the English talk about Americans eating so rapidly. A mile beyond this village the celebrated battle of Chevy Chace took place.

After toiling up a long, steep hill called Carter Fell, a part of the range of Cheviot hills, we came into Scotland. It was however so dark, we could see nothing of the country, except by the light of the coach lamps. By these we were enabled to see that we were passing through picturesque scenes, our road often being through woods, the branches of the trees meeting over our heads. We regretted that the ride must be taken at night, particularly when we rode through the village of Jedburgh, and saw the ruins of an old abbey; however we had to come at night or not at all.

We came in the mail coach, consequently had a guard mounted behind, whose duty it is to blow a horn before coming to a posthouse, that a change of horses may be all ready, and to keep cows, children, and other hindrances out of the road, so in addition to the coachman we had him to fee. It is bad enough to have to pay a coachman every twenty or thirty miles, but when a guard is added it is doubly vexatious. However, as it is the custom of the country, it will do no good to complain.

We have had quite enough to excite our enthusiasm to-day, as you will easily imagine when you hear our adventures related. Immediately after breakfast, we started for Abbotsford, about four miles from here. The country was pleasant, though not so very beautiful as I expected to find it. There was however a variety of hill and dale, enlivened by the meanderings of the Tweed. So very secluded is Abbotsford, that we did not see it till we were directly before it. After we entered the grounds, we rode a little distance through woods growing in wild luxuriance, then passing through an arched gateway, we found ourselves in the circular gravel walk in front of the house. It is a much handsomer building than I expected to see.

It is two stories high, and is built of light grey stone in the castellated order. The roof is turreted, and even the chimnies are finished off in Gothic style. There is an air of perfect neatness and chasteness about it, and the interior fully justifies the expectations awakened by the exterior, for there proofs are seen of Sir Walter's taste both in the collection and arrangement of the articles.

We entered through a portico, adorned with the petrified horns of stags, into a hall considered by some the finest room in the house. The walls are paneled with carved oak from the palace of Dunfermline. Around the cornices are painted the coats of arms of those who kept the borders or marches. On the walls are hung various pieces of ancient armor, and implements of warfare. There is a beautiful fireplace, the arch of which was copied from one in Melrose Abbey. Among the interesting relics here seen, are the keys of the tolbooth, (the old prison of Edinburgh,) and the pulpit from which Erskine preached.

From the hall we passed through a narrow passage, arched in imitation of one of the aisles in Melrose Abbey, to the armory. This is filled with coats of mail, warlike instruments, and other objects of interest, all once belonging to celebrated personages. I can recollect now but few things; the gun of Rob Roy, having his initials upon it, the slipper of Tippoo Saib, a sword presented to Sir Walter by the Celtic Society, Sir Walter's own pistols, and many other things which I regret that I did not note down at the time.

We visited the breakfast, dining, and drawing-rooms; all having antique looking furniture, and windows of stained glass. In the drawing-room there is a set of ebony chairs, presented by George IV.; and in the library, a splendid cabinet of the like materials, from the same monarch. The dining-room has a ceiling of black oak richly carved. It contains a good collection of paintings; amongst which are portraits of Nell Gwynne, and of Sir Walter's great grandfather, who never trimmed his beard after the execution of Charles I.

Among other curiosities, we saw a chair made from the wood of the barn, in which Wallace was betrayed into the hands of his enemies. And now we come to the library, a splendid room, with a ceiling of carved oak. There are about twenty thousand volumes neatly arranged in cases. Over the fireplace is a full-length portrait of the present Sir Walter, now in India. Adjoining the library is the study, to me the most interesting room of all. I felt like one who visits the favorite room of a dear friend, now no more, and sees his books, his chair, and table just as he left them, every thing, indeed, having the impress of that friend's hand. Such were my sensations, as I stood within the little room where Walter Scott wrote the most of his works, and as I gazed around, I could scarcely repress the rising tears. There was his table, and on it his inkstand and pen; and before it his large arm-chair, and a little footstool covered with some kind of a skin. In cases around the room were his favorite authors. A light staircase leads to a gallery that runs around the room, communicating with his dressing-room; so that he could pass at once into his study in the morning, without risk of meeting any of the visitors with which his house was generally thronged. A double window served to shut out all noise; and there, in that quiet, secluded retreat, the poet and the novelist gave the full rein to his imagination.

In a small closet out of the study are the clothes Sir Walter last wore. The coat is of dark green cloth, and the vest and pantaloons of black and white plaid, and over them hung a broad brimmed white hat. Near by were his boots, with his hatchet and hammer, which last he always wore buckled around his waist whenever he went into the woods. Need I say how interesting such relics were to us? We could have lingered for hours in the library and study, but the housekeeper's impatient gestures plainly said, "I wish you would hurry," and so we left Abbotsford, doubtless forever.

After we came back here, we stopped a few minutes, and then went to Dryburgh Abbey, four miles off in another direction. We had grand views of the surrounding country, as we ascended a steep hill. At a little distance from the road, we saw a colossal statue, or "statute" as our driver persisted in calling it, of Wallace, erected by the Earl of Buchan. We intended paying it a visit, but the rain coming on prevented us. We were obliged to leave our carriage on the banks of the Tweed, and to be ferried over that stream, as the pretty little suspension bridge had been blown down. We had a quiet walk of three quarters of a mile, and then we reached the abbey. It is in the grounds of the Earl of Buchan, and is an interesting relic of days gone by. Trees have sprung up within the once hallowed enclosure, and even o'ertop the mouldering roof; ivy and moss cover the decaying walls. A portion of a staircase still remains; and by it we clambered up to a part of the roof, where we walked upon sod as though we were on the very earth.

In one of the aisles lie Sir Walter Scott and his lady. No stone tells their last resting-place; no sod even covers their remains. And yet they need no monument. Among these lonely ruins, overgrown with the creeping ivy, where the Tweed flows quietly by the remains of former days, is a fit sepulchre for Walter Scott.

The room called the Chapter House still remains entire. It contains a great number of busts in plaster of eminent individuals, both of ancient and modern times. This abbey must have been an extensive building in its day, for it is quite a walk to get around it.

Again we were ferried across the Tweed, here a wide, rapid river. It winds beautifully through the country; its pretty, rural banks forming one of the most pleasing features of the landscape.

Although it rained fast when we got back, we were once more tempted out; and this time to see the far-famed Melrose Abbey, now a complete, though majestic ruin. The choir,

part of the walls of the tower, a portion of the nave, and nearly the whole of the side aisles are yet standing. At the upper end of the choir is a beautiful Gothic window. The pillars which formerly supported the roof have richly sculptured capitals, and the cornices of the ceiling are covered with ancient carvings. The aisles are narrow with elegant arches. Grass has sprung up within "the court of the house of the Lord," though there are not as many trees around as at Dryburgh. I cannot imagine any thing more touching than these ruins, though we saw them under great disadvantages, for the rain was pouring down all the time we were there, and as we were without shelter, and had to walk through the long grass, our enthusiasm was rather dampened, still we lingered and rambled about, going even across the churchyard to get a good view of the whole building. Scott says, —

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go, visit it by pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild but to flout the ruins grey:"

but as there is no moon just now, we were obliged to "visit it" by daylight; but as the day was not very "lightsome," "the ruins grey" were not gilded, but had a dark and sombre hue, which well became them. Within the abbey many distinguished persons have been buried; among whom are Alexander II., James the Earl of Douglass, who fell at the battle of Chevy Chace, and several other members of the Douglass family. Here also, it is said, the heart of Robert Bruce was deposited. In the nave are some fragments of pillars, and there Sir Walter used to sit, when he came to "fair Melrose."

And now that I have given you the records of the past two days, may I not be allowed to retire once more out of sight? As always yours.

EDINBURGH, September 13th.

DEAR P. :

At length we are in the metropolis of Scotland, and a fine city it is too, I can assure you. We arrived here Saturday noon, having had a pleasant though cool ride from Melrose. The first part of the way, the country was delightful, the road winding through the valley of the Tweed. We had a fine view of Abbotsford, as it lifted its turreted head above the dark woods that surround it. A few miles from Melrose, we passed through the village of Galashiels, a neat little place, celebrated for its manufactories of woollen goods, particularly shawls, a plenty of which of all colors was hung out to dry. The remainder of the ride, we did not find so pleasant. The country was hilly, and not very fertile. It grew however more beautiful and better cultivated as we neared this city. We passed some handsome estates, amongst which was Lord Melville's seat, where George IV. stopped when in Scotland. We are at Mrs. Elder's, No. 5, Albany street, a quiet boarding place, where we already feel quite at home.

Yesterday morning we went to the Presbyterian place of worship with Miss E. expecting to hear Dr. Muis, a celebrated preacher, but he did not "hold forth." Not being very well, having taken cold in our rambles about Melrose, I spent the most of the day in my own room. J. went in the afternoon to hear Dr. Chalmers, but as usual was disappointed, the Dr. not preaching.

To-day we began the duties of sight-seeing, and began too at an hour unusual with me, for we started two hours before breakfast, going to the hill, or mountain I should say, named Arthur's Seat. It rises eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, overtops all the surrounding hills, and of course commands a good view, not only of the city, but of the adjacent country. A little below the summit is a ridge of bold and precipitous rocks, called Salisbury Crags. Not knowing the path to Arthur's Seat, we went up by the crags,

thus making the walk doubly long and fatiguing, for from the crags we had actually to climb to reach the seat, whereas if we had gone the right way, we should have found a good path leading to the very top.

From this spot so elevated, we had a grand view, although the air was rather thick and smoky, however we saw enough to compensate us for our labor. Need I say that Edinburgh is situated on the Frith of Forth, and that it is divided into two parts, the old and the new town? Every child that has ever studied geography knows this; I merely put it down here that my after remarks may be better understood. The old town is situated on the side of a hill, and is separated by a ravine from the new, and there never could be a more striking contrast between two cities than between these two divisions of this one town. The houses of the old town are high and ancient looking, those of the new of moderate height, modern, chaste, and elegant. But of this more anon. From Arthur's Seat, the two are too closely blended together to allow these peculiarities to be noticed, and the whole presents a fine view. The clusters of houses are varied by handsome spires stretching up from all parts of the city. In front lies the Frith studded with rocky islets, and having high ranges of hills on either side, while farther on the waters expand into the broad sea. Behind, the country is varied with hill and dale and rocks and woods, and skirted by the bold range of Pentland Hills. Below is Calton Hill, adorned with monuments and statues, amongst which is a huge monument to Nelson, in the form of a tower; also monuments to Stewart and Playfair, the national monument, erected in honor of the victory of Waterloo, intended to be a copy of the Parthenon, but unfortunately the builders began without counting the cost, and after getting up twelve beautiful pillars, were unable to go any farther, so that it has remained, and may yet remain for some time, "in statu quo," and a monument to Burns, in the form of a circular temple, within which is the statue of the poet by Flaxman.

At the foot of Arthur's Seat is Holyrood Castle, of which I shall presently have more to say. The walk up this hill was a favorite one with Sir Walter Scott, and he speaks of it in the highest terms of praise, in the Heart of Mid Lothian.

As we came down, we passed the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, the place of meeting of Jeannie Deans and Robertson. We returned after a long walk with a more than usually sharp appetite for breakfast, after which with undaunted strength and energy we started off again. Allow me here to throw in a few desultory remarks in relation to this, the metropolis of Scotland. The new town is one of the finest places imaginable. The streets are wide and remarkably clean, the houses of simple and in some respects of almost stern architecture. In this part the nobility and higher classes of people live, and so much of the time do they stay from this, their city abode, that most of the streets are quite grass-grown.

There is nothing in Edinburgh that strikes a stranger more impressively than the high bridges thrown over some of the streets, often passing directly over the roofs of houses.

This might with truth be called "the monumental city," for besides all the monuments on Calton Hill, the whole town is sprinkled over with statues and monuments. In St. Andrew's square, near our house, is an enormous affair in the monumental line, erected to Lord Melville. It is a fluted pillar one hundred and thirty-six feet in height, and surmounted by a statue of that nobleman fourteen feet high. Near this is the statue of George IV., and in front of the Royal Bank there is an equestrian statue of the Earl of Hopetoun, and yet I do not know that I can call it "equestrian," as the figure is not on the horse, but standing beside it. The horse is in an attitude I have never before seen in marble, his head is bent down and one foot is raised, as if in the act of pawing the ground. It is a magnificent piece of art, and I never fail to stop and admire it every time I go

by. In our rambles we have passed still other statues, but these are all I can particularize just now.

Let us come now to the old town, and cross one of the bridges thrown over the hollow which separates the two towns, and pause a moment to look down upon the busy people passing beneath us. We have now entered High street, the principal street of the old town. Many of the houses are eight stories high, and some ten. From this street there are numberless narrow lanes leading down the hill; these are called "closes."

This morning we found the streets full of people, the most of them dirty looking, and many of them without shoes or stockings. We passed St. Giles' Church, a fine looking edifice with a spire, like the one I noticed in Newcastle, having the top in the shape of a crown. In the interior, this beautiful church is divided into three distinct parts, so that the impressive effect of its architecture is wholly lost.

Opposite is the Exchange. Here we applied for tickets to see the Regalia or crown jewels at the castle. In the room where we went, there were two small closets, the doors barred and locked on the outside. I thought they were places of deposit for books and records, but hearing some one coughing in one of them, I soon found out they were depositories for live stock, in the shape of those taken up for violating the laws; for presently an officer came, and opening one of the doors led off a young girl, and afterwards from the other closet a man, and a little while after, the girl was brought back again and once more committed to her place of confinement.

After we got our order we started for the castle, but upon looking at our ticket, we found that it was not to admit us till two o'clock, and as it was then but twelve, we had ample time to look about us, not caring to go home to spend the interval that awaited us. We returned to St. Giles, and once more walked around that venerable church. Directly back of it, are the Parliament House, and buildings contain-

ing public offices, all handsome edifices, and in the square between them and the church, there is an equestrian statue of Charles II.

We proceeded down High street, the lower part of which is called Canongate, to Holyrood Palace, a large edifice built around a court ninety-four feet square, around which runs a colonnade. The front of the palace is flanked by castellated towers. The rooms, excepting those formerly occupied by the unfortunate Mary Stuart, are exceedingly common-place, having the most ordinary furniture imaginable. The picture gallery is one hundred and fifty feet long, but I could scarcely restrain my mirth on seeing the pictures. They purport to be portraits of all the kings of Scotland; how faithful the representations may be, I cannot tell, but as works of art they are miserable daubs. The fact seems to be, as far as one can find out, that once on a time there were in this palace, fine portraits, and as records of the past glory of Scotland, valuable ones too, but they were so much injured in the times of Cromwell, that it was necessary to copy them. They now look about alike, excepting that every other one had his face turned to the right, and the alternate ones to the left. Indeed, as somebody has said, I know not who, "They appear to be mostly by the same hand, painted either from the imagination, or from porters hired to sit for the occasion."

A suite of apartments was then shown, occupied by Charles X. of France, also the throne-room fitted up in 1822 for George IV. who here held his court. The throne and chair of state are well enough, but the hangings are in poor taste.

Then we came to Queen Mary's rooms, furnished in an antique style, and exactly as they were in the time of that hapless sovereign. There stands her bed, covered with faded red damask, and a chair is shown, as well as several other pieces of work, embroidered by her own hands. In a little room just out of the bed-chamber, Rizzio was murdered by

Lords Darnley and Ruthven, who entered the outer room by a private passage from the chapel. They attacked the unfortunate secretary, who was at supper with the queen, and dragged him to the door of her bed-chamber, where he fell pierced with fifty-six wounds. The blood-stains yet remain, though more than two centuries have rolled away since the foul murder was committed. You have doubtless heard the story of the travelling pedlar, who visited this palace, and on hearing this melancholy story, and seeing in the dark stains, confirmation sure of its truth, instantly threw himself on his hands and knees, and taking a bottle from his pocket, began diligently to scrub the floor, saying that he had a wash warranted to efface the worst stains and spots. Now this produced much consternation in the mind of the worthy housekeeper, who instantly commanded him to desist from his operations, striving in vain to make him comprehend that a part of her occupation would be gone, if the stains were removed.

But to return. This part of the chamber, associated in Mary's mind with the assassination of her favorite and devoted servant, was by her orders partitioned off, so that it now forms a little room by itself. So deeply interesting is every thing connected with the sad history of the beautiful Mary, that we felt a melancholy pleasure in visiting her rooms, and in gazing upon the very articles she oft had used. The walls are covered with tapestry embroidered in small pieces, and sewed together very skilfully, the employment of her leisure hours and those of her attendants.

In spite of the touching associations connected with this ancient palace, I was obliged to hold my handkerchief to my mouth all the time we were there, to keep from laughing right out, at the pompous manner and studied sentences of our female cicerone. It was as good as a book to see her, and to listen to her descriptions of the different objects to which she called our attention.

We then went into the chapel or abbey as it is generally

called. It is now in ruins, but a majestic ruin it is, and a sad relic of days gone by. One of the side aisles yet remains, but the pillars of the other were overthrown when the roof fell in. It must have been a noble specimen of architecture in its day, the pillars are large, and a series of light Gothic arches runs around the wall. Now all is discolored by time and the dampness of the air, and the glory and beauty of the abbey are fast passing away.

Many of the Scottish kings and nobles are here buried, among which is Lord Darnley. Some say that Rizzio was buried near the entrance, but it is not certainly known.

In walking back up High street, we made out, after diligent search, to find the house in which John Knox once lived. It is now rapidly going to decay. Beneath the window from which he preached, there is a rude statue of the bold divine. The whole of this part of the town was full of interest to us, as it is so often mentioned by Scott.

The castle stands at the head of High street, on a lofty hill. It is literally founded on a rock, and is of immense strength. We only visited the part in which the regalia or crown jewels are kept, consisting of the crown, the sword and the sceptre. The crown is set with precious stones, the sword was presented to James IV. by Pope Julian II., and the sceptre is of silver thickly gilded. Besides these, there is a gold collar of the order of the Garter, presented by Elizabeth to James VI., also the badge of the order, some small medals of gold set in diamonds, and an elegant sapphire ring, the coronation ring of Charles I. These jewels are greatly inferior to those at the Tower in London, but as emblems of the former freedom of Scotland, and as deeply connected with her history, they are interesting.

We came home through Prince's street, a handsome street, bordered on one side by a public garden. At one end of the street is the Royal Institute, built in the Grecian style, and surrounded by an elegant portico. Near this is to be erected a noble monument to Walter Scott.

The most of the houses here are built with a deep basement, and in these basements are many of the shops. The sidewalk is protected from the area in front of the shops by an iron railing; hence the most of them are at such distances from the footwalk, as to prevent my blind eyes from seeing to good advantage the gewgaws and furbelows, the toys and trinkets, the books and pictures displayed in the windows.

I can assure you that I was pretty nearly exhausted when I got home after such long rambles. I am not accustomed to go out before breakfast, and I have not been able this evening to take my usual walk.

Rev. Mr. F. to whom we had a letter from Mr. C., called on us this afternoon. We are to go with him tomorrow to visit places to which we might not easily get access, except through the aid of a well known citizen.

Having now nothing more to say, I shall wait till another time when I can again have something new to tell; and so good bye to you.

EDINBRO', Wednesday eve.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I know not how to go to bed, till I have given you the events of this day, interesting as it has been to us, but on looking at the date of this, I find that the history of another day is still unrecorded, so I have a double task, and to accomplish it in a systematic and proper manner I will begin at once at the right place, and "first and foremost" tell you where we went yesterday, and what we did. At two o'clock we went with Mr. F. to the University, a large and handsome building, the front adorned with a Doric portico. At either end of the court is another portico, and a covered walk runs around the whole court, elevated a few feet from the ground. The library is a magnificent room, one hun-

dred and eighty-seven feet long, and has an arched ceiling from fifty to fifty-eight feet high, carved and painted white, and supported by square, fluted pillars. There is a small, but good collection of paintings here.

We then went to the Royal Infirmary, or hospital, one of the most distinguished places in Edinburgh, as here many of the celebrated Scottish physicians have commenced practising.

We also went into St. Peter's chapel, where Mr. F. preaches. The Presbyterian, being the established church of Scotland, its meeting-houses are here called churches, and the Episcopal churches take the name of chapels, quite reversing the order of things in England, where all places of worship used by the different denominations of Christians are known only as chapels. St Peter's is a neat little room in the lower story of a large house. We went down a narrow close, and visited St. Paul's chapel, erected in 1687. It is the oldest chapel in Edinburgh, and was formerly patronized by the nobility.

Behold us now in the Parliament House. In the large hall called the "outer house" the Scottish Parliament met before the union. It is now used for the courts, and when they are in session presents an animated scene. It is a fine hall, and has an arched ceiling of oak well carved and gilded. The windows are Gothic, the one at the end of the hall is of painted glass.

Adjoining this hall are four small rooms in which sit the Judges and Lords ordinary. There are fifteen judges, five of them sit in separate rooms, and five together in deciding cases. From their decision, there is an appeal to the other five, and from them to the House of Lords. In one of these rooms, Walter Scott was once a clerk.

Adjoining Parliament House is the Advocates' Library, the largest and best library in Scotland, containing about one hundred and seventy thousand volumes. In the principal room is a good collection of Spanish books, and a Bible

written on parchment, and also one of the first Bibles ever printed.

We returned home with Mr. F. and dined there. His house is situated in George's square, a pretty retired square, where the streets are quite grass-grown. Near by, lived Walter Scott when a boy, and the following story is related of him as occurring at that time. There were several boys who were very fond of running their heads through the iron railing, near the house, but his head was so large it never would go through. It is also said that when he first began to plead, some one said of him, "They say he is a poet, but he has no utterance," meaning eloquence.

Mr. F. told me one fact in relation to this distinguished man, that I never before heard, that he died insane, and that for three weeks before his death, he had no consciousness of any thing whatever. He had overtasked the powers of his mind and his body too, till both gave way under such repeated trials, and he died while yet not an old man.

This morning we went by coach to Rosslyn, six miles from Edinbro', as they call this town. There was nothing particularly interesting in the ride, the country was hilly, though quite fertile. Reapers were busy at their work, and in one field we counted no less than eighty persons, mostly women.

We first visited Rosslyn chapel, a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. It was built in 1446, and in 1688 was partially destroyed, but was soon after repaired. It is now however somewhat in ruins. It was designed to have been built in the form of a cross, but the head of the cross only was completed. The side aisles are much lower than the nave, and are separated from it by large pillars. One of the pillars is very beautiful. It is fluted, and then has rows of sculptured figures twisted around it. This is called "the 'Prentice's Pillar" from the following circumstance. The master-builder of the chapel had the designs of the pillar from Rome, but after beginning it he distrusted his

ability to finish it, and so went to Rome to see the one from which the model was taken. In the meantime one of his apprentices finished the pillar after the original manner, which so enraged his master on his return, that he gave him a blow with his mallet and instantly killed him.

The arches of the aisles are sculptured in bas-reliefs, in illustration of scriptural scenes, which are brought together in rather ludicrous juxtaposition. Thus, there are the proud Pharisee, the Publican with his hand upon his breast, the Lord of the vineyard, and the Devil looking out of an alligator's mouth and grinning at them all.

There was formerly a private subterranean passage from the chapel to the castle, now closed up.

The castle, like the chapel, is in ruins. The lower stories are very ancient, but the upper part is of modern date. The walls of the guard-room at the entrance, are six feet thick, and are pierced with many loopholes, from which arrows were sent out on an invading foe. There are two ranges of dungeons, one for state prisoners, and the other for prisoners of war, the last really comfortable rooms.

We then went to Hawthornden, a mile and a half from the castle, a delightful walk along the banks of the winding Esk. Here were wildness and picturesqueness personified. The stream in many places ran between high banks covered with trees, and often over quite steep rocks, forming mimic cascades. The whole scene was wild and grand and romantic, but I have described so much scenery, that I am quite at a loss for words, and should really be glad to get hold of a dictionary that had in it some other words expressive of admiration, than "elegant," "sublime," "beautiful," "magnificent," "charming," "fine," "noble."

At Hawthornden, there is a small house upon a steep bank overhanging the Esk. The country in its immediate neighborhood is delightful. Through the thick woods upon the banks of the river, you catch many glimpses of the bright waters of the dancing stream, and a little rustic bridge

thrown across it still higher up, serves to heighten the beauty of the scene.

This house was the habitation of the poet Drummond, and there is an inscription on the walls, that it was repaired by him in 1688. It is a well authenticated fact that Ben Jonson, ("O rare Ben Jonson!") walked from London to visit Drummond, and here lived with him several weeks. Just behind the house there is an excavation in which there is a seat, called Drummond's Seat, where he used to write all his poetry, and a nice quiet place it is. The moss hangs over the roof, trees are all around, and there is naught to disturb the stillness, save the slight rippling of the waters of the Esk.

Beneath the house are several caverns, the entrance to which was formerly by a deep well. One of them has little boxes cut in the wall, supposed by some to have been the places where papers were concealed in those times of sedition, heresy and crime, but they looked to us more like having been made for wine bottles.

Near the house is a large sycamore tree, thirty-one feet round, called Drummond's tree. We walked through the park, down a handsome avenue, till we came to the road, and then went two miles farther to Lasswade, a pretty little village on the Esk, and so named, because a young girl or lass used to wade across the stream, carrying on her back those who could afford to travel by so expensive a way, or who did not like to wade across themselves, there being then no bridge. The scenes about this village are exquisitely beautiful. The Esk winds through a thickly wooded glen, while rich pastures and fertile meads are seen beyond.

When we got to Lasswade, we found that no coach left till six o'clock, so we had to walk two miles farther to Dalkeith, from which there is a rail-road here. At Dalkeith are coal mines, (you may be well assured we did not stop to visit them), and the road was first built merely for conveying the coal to Edinburgh, but now passenger cars are put on,

though no steam is used. I came home most thoroughly tired out, though well pleased with our day's journey, having walked at least eight miles while absent; but after a good dinner (we dine at six) I felt so wonderfully refreshed, that I ventured out again.

We walked along Prince's Street, and I was much struck with the sight presented by the old town. As long ago as I studied Morse's Geography, I learnt that in Edinburgh there were houses fourteen stories high, and I have made it a matter of interest every time I walked in the old town, to count the stories of the highest houses. I have not yet found any having more than eleven, eight and ten are about the ordinary number. This evening every story being lit, the houses presented a fine scene, the highest lights looking like stars in the sky.

At Edinburgh, as in all large towns, there are many appointments "to the Queen." It seems that in olden times, when any particular tradesmen were patronized by the royal family, they were exempted from taxes, though this is far from being the case now. In addition to the trades and occupations I have already mentioned, I have seen "music sellers," "house painters and decorators," and last and queerest of all, "brass founders and gas fitters to her Majesty."

One new thing we have seen here, porters in every street having leather straps around their waists, ever ready to carry luggage, and I have seen one take a large trunk, fasten a rope around it, and then with this rope over his head, walk some distance. How thick and hard their heads must be.

I should judge that the people of this goodly town are apt to gather in crowds at any little thing, more so than in any city we have visited. The other day I saw an immense crowd filling up the street, and moving along with measured step and slow, and I, of course, had some little curiosity myself to know what was going on. After a little inter-

val of suspense, I found they were following a woman, who had had a fit in the street. This morning we saw another crowd around some "rail carriages," exhibited in one of the streets.

One sign in Edinburgh perplexed me not a little, having the word "flesher" on it, and what it could mean I could not at first tell. At length after guessing and thinking, and looking at the articles displayed for sale in the shops bearing the peculiar sign, I discovered that it meant butcher.

I have been surprised to-day to hear how great are the taxes in this town, and indeed I have heard something quite new to me in the way of taxes, that here, and I suppose it is the same throughout Great Britain, they are taxed for the blessed light of heaven; that is, each house is taxed for light in proportion to the number of windows it has. Mrs. E. where we are, pays seven pounds fourteen shillings a year for this one tax. So it is quite an object to build houses with as few windows as possible. Mrs. E. pays seventy pounds a year for rent, and her taxes amount to thirty more. Is it not an expensive country to live in?

We have now, as the tourists say, "done up" Edinburgh, and to-morrow we start for the Highlands. So now adieu.

BALLOCK, Friday eve.

MY DEAREST F.:

We left Edinbro' yesterday morning in an omnibus for Leith, the seaport for the metropolis. Quite a long pier is built out for ships and steamers, and each one of us had to pay two pence as toll before going on it to reach our boat. Thus Great Britain taxes foreigners to pay for her public works and public improvements.

We had a pleasant sail to Sterling, though indeed I do not think it was so very pleasant, as it rained so fast at one

time that I was obliged to go below. I found the scenery pleasant, however, if the weather was not. Whilst in the Frith we were among lofty hills, but when we got into the river Forth, the land became level, though the horizon was bounded by high hills. I never saw so winding a river as the Forth. We were in the neighborhood of Stirling an hour, and yet we seemed in all that time to advance but little.

There is nothing particularly interesting at Stirling except its castle. The streets are dirty, and the houses old and ill looking. The castle is situated on a high hill, and of itself is ordinary, but connected as it is with many of the most stirring scenes Scotland ever witnessed, it is interesting. From the eminence on which it stands, there is a splendid view. On the north are the hills called the Ochiel, in the plains below the castle the Forth bends and turns so beautifully, that you can scarcely imagine it to be but one river. Around, the country is rich, varied with meadows and woods and groves, and dotted with handsome country seats. Below lies the ancient town of Stirling, while on the west is the vale of Menteith, bounded by the shadowy hills of the Highlands. I do not know when I have seen a grander sight.

The troops stationed at Stirling had on the far-famed Highland costume. It consists of a red short coat, below which is a "kirtle," composed of plaid plaited in folds, and reaching half way to the knee. The stockings are red and white plaid, and are tied at the top with red ribbon; the rest of the leg to the kirtle is quite bare. Rather cool for such a climate as this.

And now we are once more seated on top of a coach, and in this, our favorite way of travelling, go to Callender, sixteen miles from Stirling. Our road at first was through a plain, the greatest part of which was once a morass, now turned into fruitful fields. Then we came into a hilly country, and the distant range of the Grampian hills seemed

nearer and nearer, till their shadowy outlines assumed more distinct and substantial forms. Some parts of the way the scenery was exceedingly grand, our road passing through woods, between the trees of which we saw the quickly flowing Teith. We passed the little village of Doune, in which in a thick copse are the ruins of an old castle, said to have been once inhabited by Queen Margaret and the gentle Mary Stuart.

We have rarely had a more interesting day during our travels than this day ; there has been almost too much of interest to be brought into the short space of ten hours. We left Callender this morning quite early, and rode ten miles in what is here called a "drosky," a sort of double buggy. The ride was interesting in the extreme, the country wild and grand. We soon reached a little stream which runs out of Loch Venachar. It was here that Fitz James and Roderick Dhu fought.

Loch Venachar is four miles in length, and we rode along its margin for some time. It was a delicious morning, that "morning among the hills." From the little cottages scattered through the country, the blue smoke curled up, and from the numerous mountain peaks, the grey mists rose gradually, and the lake lay quiet and placid, its clear waters dimpled by the sunbeams. It was a lovely picture. Across the lake, steep mountains ascended from its very margin, while on our side the hills rose up more gently, leaving between them and the lake a road sufficiently wide for our carriage.

At the north end of Venachar is Lanrickmead, the mustering place of Clan Alpine. A half mile farther on is Loch Achray. Between the two lakes lies the little village of Duncraggan, the houses of which

"Peep like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green."

Loch Achray is a small, but pretty lake. We rode along its margin, which was fringed with the willow and birch

and numerous other trees and shrubs. I never saw a more beautiful reflection than that of the surrounding mountains in this lake, every rock and plant being distinctly seen.

After leaving Loch Achray we came into the mountain pass, called the Trosachs, meaning "bristly territory," extending about a mile in length. I cannot better describe this wild pass, than in the words of him who has caused this part of the country, hitherto supposed to be beyond the reach of mortals, to be well known, and visited every year by thousands.

"High on the south huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw,
Crag, knolls and mounds confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world,
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summits hoar,
While on the north through middle air
Benan heaved high his forehead bare."

The "ruined side and summit hoar," however, are not now "feathered o'er" by "a wildering forest," as most of the trees are gone, but in other respects the description is true to nature. It is indeed a wild pass, and as we rode through thick trees and bushes, I often heard beneath them the gurgling of water, though I could scarcely see whence the sound proceeded, and as I looked up to the mountains that towered above us, I almost shuddered, and I glanced quickly around to see that no foe was lurking near us. It was in the midst of this pass that Fitz James lost his "gallant grey," when he uttered that simple and touching lament,

"I little thought when first thy rein,
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed;
Woe worth the chase! woe worth the day!
That cost thy life, my gallant grey!"

Soon after we got through the Trosachs, we came sud-

denly upon Loch Katrine, not as when it first appeared to the knight,

“ Where gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled ; ”

but soft and still, the sunbeams scarcely reaching the water, merely lighting up the mountain tops, leaving the vales in deep shadow. The boatmen not having arrived, we walked about, drinking in the calm beauty of the scene. Oh! for the poet's power, of “ words that burn,” to describe the glories of that fair sight. I shall never forget it.

Soon a large boat rowed by five men, and carrying nearly thirty persons, was slowly moving o'er the still waters, just breaking the surface into small ripples, the music of which well suited a scene “ so lovely sure as this.”

Loch Katrine is ten miles long, and of irregular width, the widest part being about two miles across. It is encircled by lofty mountains, some bare and jagged and rocky, and others green and bright, though the whole scenery is of a wild cast. All along the borders of the lake there are but two or three houses, which circumstance adds greatly to the wildness and loneliness of the scene. Near the eastern shore is a small island covered with trees, called “ The Lady's Island,” and here Ellen first appeared to the stranger knight as,

“ From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel, guider of its way,
A little skiff slid to the bay.”

On the opposite side is “ the cave of the goblin,” indicated by a gash in the mountain side. There are many echoes among these mountains, each hill taking up the cry as though “ it loved to prolong ” the not “ gentle ” sound made by our boatmen.

I can say no more of this lake; if you want a good description of it, read Scott's “ Lady of the Lake.” One of

our boatmen repeated a great part of this inimitable poem for the benefit of those who did not, like me, have a sixpenny copy to refer to.

From Loch Katrine to Loch Lomond, is a mountain pass five miles in length. Can you believe it, when I tell you that after my melancholy associations with horseback riding, I dared to mount a highland pony as bravely as any body, and to trot off through the wild mountain pass, up hill and down, and fording streams, having a man only to guide my pony when we reached a very bad place? Only think how courageous I am growing. And you would have smiled to have seen our party. There were about twenty persons that were mounted either on horses or ponies, besides several gentlemen and one or two ladies who walked. I should have preferred walking myself, but I was afraid of getting heated, as I had on a thick travelling dress. I fancy it was rather a picturesque sight, to see us winding around through that mountain defile, two or three brave ones cantering on ahead, then here and there a group keeping closely together, while a little way back came some solitary individual trying in vain, heels, whip, and voice, to make his steed go faster than a slow walk. Then the men who had the care of the horses and ponies came straggling along, their tartan plaids thrown over their shoulders, now conversing together in their guttural Gaelic, now springing forward to lead a horse or pony over a rocky place. Have I said any thing before to you about those plaids, which every inhabitant of this northern region wears, men women and children? If I have not, let me say a little about them. They are thick and long, of different colors, and are carried in mild and pleasant weather over one shoulder, and across the back, and then brought round under the arm. Clothed with these, the shepherd goes forth to watch his flocks, the workman to his daily labor, the child to his school or play, and the man of business to his buying and selling and getting gain. The women and children here go barefoot the most of the time,

often carrying their shoes and stockings in a little bundle, or or else slung over their shoulders.

But I must hurry on, for I have much yet to say, and but little time to say it in, and so I come back to my pony ride through the mountain pass.

I really took much pleasure in that ride, and I take to myself great credit for venturing to make my pony go through the rocky beds of little streams, without even feeling afraid. The mountains around us were rugged and bare, and in a little hollow among them lay Loch Arklet, a pretty little lake. I had a little more time to look about me than many of our party, for to tell you the truth, I had much difficulty in making my pony go out of a walk.

I coaxed, threatened, and scolded, but to no purpose; at last I told its owner that it did not understand English, but he insisted upon it that it did. Any way "go along" and "get up," produced not the slightest impression. I then tried French, not knowing but that it might have come from "the banks of Seine" with the "gallant grey," but with no better success. I resorted to Scotch, and screamed out with as broad an accent as I could summon to my aid, "gang alang wi ye," but still plod, plod, went the beast. I might have ventured Latin, but unfortunately I could not think of the right word, and I was about giving up in despair, when suddenly I caught a sound from some one behind me, and instantly re-echoed it, shouting out "gie up," and the magical words produced the desired effect.

Near the end of the pass, we saw the ruins of Inversnaid Fort, erected in 1713, to check the Mac Gregors. Here Gen. Wolfe once resided. Near the fort are a few green mounds, where sleep the brave ones who perished here.

Then we came in sight of Loch Lomond, and a fairer scene has seldom greeted mortal eyes. In unrivalled loveliness lay the lake, protected by its guardian mountains. We descended by a steep and stony path. Most of the

party dismounted, but summoning a guide to my aid, I kept my seat, and safely reached the margin of the lake without even a groan. On our way down we passed a cascade, which jumps by several leaps from a mountain top into the lake. Wordsworth in his "Highland Girl" makes mention of it.

We went on board a small steamboat, and sailed for more than three hours on the lake. I need not say we enjoyed it much. How could it be otherwise? With the sun sailing in unclouded majesty over our heads, with the bright waters and beautiful islands of Loch Lomond around us, could we fail being pleased?

This lake is twenty-three miles long. At the northern extremity it is surrounded by high mountains, rocky and stern, but at its southern, the scenery becomes softer, the hills slope gradually away, the banks are more fertile, and abound with villas and parks. It is a glorious scene to sail on that beautiful lake, to look around on the mountains lifting their lofty summits to the skies, to see reflected in the clear waters, the trees and shrubs of the fair islands. All this far surpasses my feeble powers of description, already overtasked, and therefore I leave the subject, saying only in addition, that for all this pleasure and delight, we had to pay but sixpence each, so we left the boat with unmingled satisfaction.

We did not choose to go to Glasgow this evening, as in so doing we should have no chance to see the scenery of the Clyde, so we are to stop here to night. Ballock is a little village at the southern extremity of Loch Lomond, where the river Leven runs out of it. While waiting for our dinner we walked along the banks of the river, and saw the light play over the lake, as the sun faded away behind the hills. How grand and still all nature seemed, as though God had proclaimed an universal Sabbath, and beasts and birds hushed themselves, that they might not mar the beauty and quiet of the scene.

And now the evening wanes apace, and tired and sleepy,
I close this letter.

GLASGOW, Sept. 20.

MY DEAR P. :

You may well imagine with what eagerness on arriving here, we went to the post-office, having directed our banker at Liverpool to send hither our letters which would come by the last steamer. Knowing that she was in, we awaited with beating hearts the answer to our question of "any letter?" To our great joy a large package was handed to us, on opening which we found six letters, five from home, and one from Mr. D., informing us that he should sail for the United States in the packet ship New York the seventh of October, and wishing us to be his companions. We immediately wrote back to him, giving the time when we should in all probability be in Liverpool, and requesting him to meet us there. How pleasant it will be to have him again with us.

And now to return to Ballock, or rather to leave it, which we did on Saturday morning in an omnibus for Dumbarton, situated on the Leven, at its juncture with the Clyde. The principal object of note is its castle, built on high hills, overlooking both rivers. The hills are conical, and on them, and between them, the castle or rather the fortifications are built. The highest of the two peaks is called Wallace's seat, because previous to his being sent to England, he was confined there.

At Dumbarton we took a steamer for this place. It is quite a bad passage at the juncture of the two rivers, and twice we got aground. When we first entered upon the Clyde it was exceedingly broad, more like a lake than a river. It was sheltered by high mountains, but as we came farther along, the mountains gradually diminished, the river

became narrower, the banks lower and more verdant, beautiful meadows took the place of barren fields, and all along the river side were beautiful country seats, with charming parks.

We like this place very much thus far. The streets are generally clean and regular, and lined with handsome houses. The public buildings are in very good taste. The Royal Exchange is a splendid edifice. Its front is adorned by a colonnade, having a double row of fluted Corinthian pillars. In one part of the building there is a reading-room one hundred feet long. Back of the Exchange is the Royal Bank built in the Grecian style of architecture. All around the Exchange, the houses are built in a handsome and uniform manner.

St. George's square is surrounded by noble buildings. In the centre of the square there is a monument to Scott, in the form of a Doric column, eighty feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of the "magician of the north," the figure half enveloped in a tartan plaid. At a little distance is a bronze statue of Sir John Moore, by Flaxman, and at one of the corners of the square, a stately figure representing Watt.

There is a very pretty arcade leading from Argyle into Buchanan street. It is narrow, is lit from the top, and is lined with handsome shops.

On Saturday evening the streets were crowded. I sat at my window in the Argyle House, and looked out upon the busy people hurrying to and fro, till I almost fancied I was at home amongst the crowds which throng our streets on some great day.

Yesterday morning we went to hear the celebrated Dr. Wardlaw, who preached on the duties of a king, not a remarkably interesting subject to us republicans, nor a very edifying one to the congregation at large, seeing that there was not one person present who had any thing to do with king-making. Over the pulpit was a great sounding board,

reminding me of some of our old-fashioned meeting-houses. In a little box beneath the pulpit, sat a man whose principal office it seemed to be, was to set the tunes. He hung out a little yellow sign, on which was painted the name of the tune he wished sung. And such singing I never before heard! No one had the slightest regard for time, each seeming ambitious to outstrip and outsing the other. Every man, woman, and child in the congregation I believe sang, even your humble correspondent. To be sure I did not know the tunes, but I fancied that it could not make the slightest difference, as one discord more would hardly be noticed.

At the door of the church stood a man by an enormous plate to receive contributions, which consisted of all pieces of money from a half-penny to a sovereign and bank notes. There was the same custom at Surrey Chapel, London, and at the church we attended in Edinburgh.

This morning we took a walk in the old part of the town, the houses of which are indeed old and decaying. There is a fine ancient Cathedral, looking as though it could not stand many years longer. Around it is the churchyard, and back of it, on a high hill, a new cemetery, in which is a monument to John Knox. Near the Cathedral is the Infirmary, a large and quite a handsome building.

It seems to me that never in all my life, have I seen so many miserable, dirty, and wretched looking beings, as I have seen in this town. Talk about the swarms of beggars on the continent, they look clean, nice, and well, compared with these. Yet here there is no begging, for that is not allowed, for if any one is caught asking alms, he is hurried at once to the poor-house, which is indeed "poor" in every sense of the word. Many women and children have matches, pins, needles, tapes, thread, &c., to sell, and under the plea of bargaining, contrive to tell you many a pitiful story. Here poor people look as though they were in the very last stages of poverty and wretchedness. Such rags, such tattered

garments, I never before conceived of, and almost all were without shoe or stocking, though the weather is quite cool. I witnessed a little scene this morning, to me truly painful. A dirty looking woman, without any nose, was trying to sell a pair of old shoes to a companion, equally dirty and poverty stricken. As she named her price, a sixpence, the poor purchaser looked up at her with such a beseeching, woe-begone face, and repeated "a sixpence!" in such a tone, as though to buy the shoes would take the last penny she had in the world, that I was on the point of telling her if she would go to my room with me, I would give her a pair I was just casting off, but I finally passed on, leaving them to conclude their own bargains.

I cannot but think that there is something radically wrong and defective in a government where there is so much misery in the lower classes. Sometimes I feel inclined to blame Victoria, and think if she would give up some of her state and costly luxuries and useless expenses, the condition of the poor might be somewhat ameliorated; but after all she is but a puppet in the hands of her ministers, and a monarchical government soon loses its hold upon the minds of the people, when its pomp and parade are diminished. Yet surely something might be devised among so many wise statesmen, to better the condition of the lower classes. For my own part, I can only say, that whatever may be the inherent evils of a democracy, I prefer them to the glaring defects of a monarchical system of government. But perhaps you will think that I am meddling with what does not concern me, and that it would be more appropriate for my sex to stay at home and darn their husbands' and fathers' stockings and leave the government of the country to wiser heads, so I will have the grace to forbear inflicting upon you any more of my crude sentiments on these subjects; so good bye to you and to them.

LONDONDERRY, Wednesday morn.

MY DEAREST :

We are now in Ireland, "poor, oppressed, down-trodden Ireland," as she is pathetically called, though as yet I have seen no more to warrant me in coming to such a conclusion, than I have in other parts of Great Britain.

We left Glasgow Monday afternoon in the Londonderry steamer. We had a great many steerage passengers, and it was really touching to see some of them come on board, wringing the hand of a dear friend, and faltering out "God's blessing upon you," as the last parting kiss was imprinted. No one was allowed to come on board without presenting his ticket, not even a husband permitted to see his wife and child safely on board, unless he was going himself. One young woman came into the boat, followed by a man carrying her child. He was rudely thrust back, however, no attention being paid to his assertion that he did not wish to go off, only to deposit the child with its mother. During the altercation, some of the hands began to raise the plank, then the woman screamed out, "Oh, give me my child," and it was roughly handed to her with an oath, the poor woman receiving the little one with tears and caresses. Multitudes stood on the shore as we left, the women crying, and making a "desperate fuss," and wiping their eyes and noses with their aprons, shawls, cloaks, any thing except handkerchiefs, which I suspect to be a rare commodity with them.

These steerage passengers are mostly Irish, who go over to Scotland to work during the harvest. That being over, they return once more to the Emerald Isle. The captain told J. that last week he took over at one trip more than thirteen hundred.

We went down the river to Dumbarton, and after leaving that place, the banks again grew hilly, the river expanding till it became a frith. At Greenock, the port for Glasgow,

there is a handsome Custom-house, one of the noblest buildings in Scotland.

We dined on board. The captain asked a blessing, and gave thanks after eating, though immediately afterward called for his whiskey punch, inviting us to partake with him, which honor we politely declined; and I must confess I should have felt a little safer in crossing the sea at night, had I seen him decline also, though I saw nothing in him afterward that would lead one to imagine that he was at all under the effect of liquor. The Scotch are particularly observant of the custom of asking a blessing at table, our landladies in London and Edinburgh, (both Scotchwomen,) always performing this duty themselves, though there were several gentlemen at the table.

But to return to our steamboat. We had quite a favorable passage across to Ireland, the sea being not very rough. I slept soundly till about four o'clock in the morning, when we were called to go ashore at Port Rush, ten miles from Giant's Causeway. As soon as we reached the inn, we threw ourselves on a bed and slept till seven o'clock. After breakfast we set out for the Giant's Causeway, in what is here called "a jaunting car," and a queer looking vehicle it is too. It is square and small, the wheels being entirely under the body, and has two seats, facing the sides of the road. Below the seat, is a little board for the feet. This "concern" will carry but four persons, the space between the two seats being for the luggage. If the car is full, the driver mounts a high seat, if not he takes one of the side seats. I have been thus particular in describing to you this carriage, because it is the one universally used in this part of Ireland.

Port Rush is on a small promontory, so that it has the sea on three sides of it. Our road to the Causeway was along the coast, and we had the sea in full view, broken only by a few rocks, and a rocky island at a little distance from the shore. The country was hilly and rather barren, though

we saw some good fields of wheat, oats and potatoes. A young fellow ran for several miles by the side of the car, entreating us to take him as a guide, but our innkeeper told us not to take any one we met, but to wait till we got there, and then our driver would select one for us. But when we were about half way, we met the very one he had intended to choose for us, so he got in or rather on, and rode with us, the other fellow still running by our side.

We passed the ruins of an old castle by name Dunluce, and stopped to visit it. It stands on a rock overhanging the sea, and it must have been of amazing strength, for even now its walls firmly stand, though more than two centuries have rolled away since it has been inhabited, and no one knows when it was erected. The foundations, washed as they are by the restless waves, are now beginning to give way, and every year adds, though almost insensibly, to the ravages made by the invading foe. So long and so furiously has the sea beaten upon the rock, that it has worn quite a cavern through it. From these ruins are some commanding views of the sea, and as you look along the coast, you will see many arches and caverns hollowed out by the constant surging of the waves, till the broad headlands which rise above the Causeway bound the view. In front there is no limit to the vision, but as far as the eye can reach, is "the sea, the deep green sea." I stood for some time and listened to its beatings against "the rock-bound coast," for I almost fancied its hoarse tones brought me tidings from my fatherland.

At this place our runner left us, saying that if we would give him a trifle, he would go back and bother us no more! A considerate youth truly!

We passed the river Bush, a stream famous for trout and salmon, on the banks of which was a little village, whose white-washed houses looked neat and pretty. A little farther on was a fort to protect this part of the coast, and a little way beyond, we came to a village where we left our car,

and accompanied by our guide, and some half dozen ragged men and boys, who had minerals to sell, we went to the beach, where we took a boat and visited a cave, seemingly cut out of the solid rock, to which there is no entrance, except by the sea. We rowed in a little distance, that we might form some idea of the scene. Indeed no one can penetrate far from the opening without torches. This cavern is six hundred and sixty feet long, and ninety high, and is one of the grandest things of the kind I ever saw. The solid sides look well able to defy the never quiet sea. The lower part of the rocks is of the most beautiful tints, red, purple and green. Around their base float many colored weeds, their bright hues reflected in the clear waters below. How sublime and grand is the scene! I could almost fancy this cave to be a temple made by God that the sea might sound His praise. I pity the man who can visit such scenes like this, and not see the hand of God; who cannot say,

“ Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, wou'd raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend,
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells;
And still between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody,
Nature's voice might seem to say,
' Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers, that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard, but witness mine.' ”

After leaving the cave we sailed along the coast till J. grew sick, and so we were forced to land. Then we visited the Giant's Causeway, and here began our wonder, for in all the differing forms that nature wears, I never saw any

thing to equal this. Tradition says that this causeway or pavement was laid by a giant, who in olden times attempted in this way to make a path across the sea, but after laying down all these stones, and finding that the farther he went out into the sea, the deeper it became, he gave up in despair. Basaltic rocks of which this causeway is a part, extend for three miles along the coast, now rising up into bold headlands, now into pillars, resembling in size and shape the pipes of an organ. The "pavement" is formed by large stones of different shapes, so firmly imbedded, and yet each so separate, that not even water can penetrate between them. Some have three sides, others vary from six to nine, those with nine sides being the most rare, those with six the most common. The key-stone has six sides, in which there is not the variation of an eighth of an inch, and they are finished off as smoothly as though cut by a chisel, and indeed I doubt if any human hand or instrument could have arranged so symmetrically these hundreds of stones. No one could have done it, save the Great Architect, the Master Workman of the universe. His hand alone could have framed these wonders. And as I looked on this, creation's marvel, my mind was lost in awe at the vast power of Him who spoke such objects into being.

These stones and pillars are of different heights, some being even thirty or forty feet high. Some have convex tops, others concave, but we found it easy to walk over all. Some of the pillars are more than five feet in circumference.

It is wonderful, I repeat, to see this multitude of stones of different forms so well arranged that the blade of a knife cannot penetrate them, and the more we gaze upon such a phenomenon, the more are we lost in amazement at the object for which such a wonder was created, and after all our conjectures, we can only suppose it was a new proof of the power of Him with whom "all things are possible."

In one place these pillars are so arranged as to form a chair, two or three rising up for the back, one at each side

for the arms, one lower for the seat, and one lower yet, serving as a footstool. Here, it is said, if any unmarried lady will seat herself a while, and wish for a lover, that she will be married before a twelvemonth has passed. Ah! if this were generally known throughout the world, what a flocking of single sisters would there be to the Giant's Causeway!

In an opening among these stones, is a good spring of water, named the Giant's Well, and a miniature bay formed by the sea coming up between some rocks, is called his basin, where, it is said, he washed his face and hands every morning and evening.

Can I say more about this wonder of the world? Much there is that might be said, but my limited powers leave me no more descriptive words, and so I turn away from the Giant's Causeway.

As we returned to the village, we were still followed by the men and boys, all eager to sell their specimens of stones, and coming down wonderfully in their prices from two shillings a box to a sixpence. Just before we got to our car, we met a man in a cart, who stopped directly in the middle of the road, saying, "I ax yer honors' pardon, but I'll stop the baste, till ye are by," which certainly was polite in him, only he stopped at just the place, where we were obliged to step out of the path ankle deep in mud to get by.

Instead of going back to Port Rush we went to Coleraine, to take the Londonderry coach. The country was more fertile, and its features more softened, though still many barren spots were seen. At Coleraine, finding the coach did not go till nine, we were forced to take a car, which being entirely without cover, was by no means a pleasant vehicle for a thirty miles' ride, particularly as there was a prospect of rain, but we could not think of hurrying through the country by night, so we decided for the car.

After a miserable dinner (and by the way the first poor dinner we have had since arriving in England) we started for this place, every where about here called "Derry."

The road was excellent, and what was surprising to us after riding in the sister isles, there was no toll. The country was barren. Peat bogs actually darkened the ground. Before every house we passed, there was a large pile of peat, laid up for the winter's fuel. The houses were of stone, most of them plastered over; they were low with thatched roofs, and had small windows, through which and the open doors, we saw that the floor was of stone or earth. Some were neater than others, though few looked much worse than the common cottages of an English village. The people were poorly clothed, yet all seemed industriously engaged in the fields or in the peat bogs.

For an hour before dark we were in sight of the river Foyle, whose meanderings through the fields gave beauty to the scene.

Soon after leaving Coleraine, some part of the harness gave way, and the horse became restive. J. jumped off, calling me to do the same, but I was so afraid of disarranging my minerals, of which I had a choice collection in my lap, that I stopped to gather up all my duds before I sprang from my seat. I was well laughed at for so deliberately tucking my boxes of stones under my arms before I would jump, but the car was so low, I knew I could not fall far even if I was thrown from it.

These jaunting cars are bad things for travellers, as they allow you to see but one side of the road at a time, which made me hazard the following conundrum: "Why is a jaunting car like prejudice?" I give you till I get home to find it out.

We have spent this morning in looking about this place, a small town on the Foyle, here quite a wide river. There is little shipping here. The old town is surrounded by a wall so wide at the top, that carriages might pass if they could but get up there. It forms a fine promenade, and from it we obtained first-rate views of the town and its environs. A lofty pillar is here erected to Rev. George

Walker, who assisted in defending the town, in the memorable siege of Derry, in 1688.

Quite as much of the present town of Derry is built without the walls as within. In the old town, there are a cathedral, a venerable specimen of the true Gothic style, and a large castle, now used as a prison, the place of execution being a little balcony in front of some of the windows of the second story. The houses are ordinary looking, mostly built of brick.

But it is time for us to start for Dublin, and I must leave you in a hurry, scarcely having time sufficient to say farewell.

DUBLIN, Saturday eve.

DEAR P. :

Our journey here occupied us two days. We might have come through in shorter time, had we chosen to hurry on, but we did not wish to be out during the night, for we have so little time for our journey in Ireland, that we like to see as much of the country as possible. On the whole the journey here was pleasant, though fatiguing. Yesterday we rode on the top of the coach for fifteen hours, getting off only for a half hour in all that time. I was excessively fatigued when I arrived here, so much so that I could scarcely sit up long enough to have my room made ready for me. The weather too was cold, uncomfortably so; for with my thick travelling dress, blanket shawl and cloak, I could not keep warm. I would gladly have taken an inside seat, even at the risk of losing sight of the country, had there been any room for me, a gentleman with his family occupying the whole of the interior. Now be not surprised at the idea of a gentleman having an inside seat, while a lady is exposed to the cold and the rain on the outside. I know that in our country such a thing would be looked upon as

rude and impolite in the extreme, not so here, for I presume it never happened a gentleman even offering to give up his seat to a lady; it is not the custom. Each one hires his seat on starting, and pays for it, and then there is no changing during the route.

We found the country varying in its aspect, sometimes fertile and cultivated to the highest degree, and then barren and wild in the extreme. The meadows were of a green so bright as to merit well the name of emerald. We passed through several towns and villages, but there was nothing in any of them to call forth any description. The houses all along the roadside were of the most ordinary kind, for in all my journeyings about I never saw so many ill looking hovels. In every country, though you may see some uncomfortable dwellings, you may always occasionally see some pretty house to relieve the monotony. Not so here, for all are alike ugly and uncomfortable, and as for the inhabitants they are on a level with their places of abode, for such a set of tatterdemalions, I should hope, is but rarely seen. I really think they must sleep in their clothes, for I do not see how they can disencumber themselves of their rags at night, or once get them on again after they are off. Often, as our coach passed by some wretched hovel, a troop of dirty children would run to the door, their bodies but partially enveloped in an apron or a coarse towel. Window tax must bring in but little profit in this part of the country, many of the inhabitants contriving dexterously to get rid of it, by having no windows at all in their dwellings. And yet after all, I must do them the justice to say that they appeared happy and cheerful. True, we had numbers of beggars around the coach whenever we stopped, and they had pitiful stories to relate, not to us however, seeming to imagine that outside passengers had no alms to bestow.

At Steine, (I do not know as I spell the word aright,) about twenty-five miles from here, is a splendid seat belonging to the Marquis of Cunningham. The grounds are ex-

tensive and beautifully laid out, abounding in grand old woods, shady groves, and quiet dells. In the centre of a smooth lawn stands a large square castle, and within sight of it there is a pretty little cascade. The river Nye runs through the park. It is one of the most magnificent private country seats I have seen in Great Britain. About the castle, the scenery is exquisitely lovely. The Nye runs through rich fields, and the hills around are covered with patches of green and gold.

We passed several other fine estates, but inferior in beauty to the one I have just mentioned.

I cannot speak too highly of the roads in Ireland, they are excellent, and in all the distance from Derry here, we saw but three toll-gates. Our coachman yesterday was changed only three times, so we were called upon quite often for fees. Then too we had a guard, he came the whole distance with us, and demanded a fee proportionally large for the length of time he was on duty.

And now you are ready to ask me what I think of Dublin, and I shall give you a candid answer, whether it confirm or destroy your preconceived opinions. I will not say but there are times when it may be seen to good advantage, but that time is not now, for every thing bears a sombre hue, and the streets are almost impassable on account of the thick black mud, that lies in deep layers even on the sidewalks. The public buildings are on a magnificent scale, but the most of the private houses are of brick of a dingy color, some however are of stone, quite good looking, but plain.

The river Anna Liffey runs through the town. It is a pretty, placid stream, enclosed by strong walls, and spanned by several handsome bridges, among which is one of iron, composed of but one arch. The streets along the river, are straight and quite wide. Indeed many of the streets are very regular, so that we have had no difficulty in finding our way about. Sackville street is the widest and handsomest street in the city. In the centre of it is a tall pillar

erected to Lord Nelson, surmounted by a statue of the naval hero.

And now for some of the public buildings. The Bank of Ireland, the Parliament House before the union, is one of the handsomest buildings in all Great Britain, and is adorned by a magnificent portico. Opposite is Trinity College, a large, plain, but commanding edifice. Then we come to the "Four Courts," and what epithet shall I apply to this? — for my vocabulary is about drained. It is adorned with large pillars, and has a noble dome, surrounded by a range of light columns. Further down the river we see another large building, also surmounted by a dome. Its situation at the lower part of the city, and the quantity of the shipping around it, tell us that it is the Custom-house. The Post-office is embellished by an Ionic portico.

We finished our walks by a stroll to Phenix Park, in the upper part of the city. It is a beautiful spot, every thing about it seeming most natural and rural looking. Here, on a large common, are multitudes of deer and cattle quietly feeding, there is a little clump of trees, whose tall shadows lie over the grass, here a closely shorn lawn, and there a thick copse, and to add to this charming scene, children were gamboling on the green-sward, and boys were climbing up the trees, and carriages and jaunting cars were darting here and there over the roads which traverse the park in every direction.

In returning home, we passed the Barracks, consisting of several large stone houses, enclosed within a solid wall. Soldiers seemed almost as plenty here as in France.

Sunday eve.

We attended service this morning at the Cathedral, quite a long walk from our house, being on the other side of the river. We picked our way through the mud, stepping as daintily as though walking on eggs, for fear of slipping down, for the thick slime on the side-walks actually made it

dangerous for our clothes, if not for our limbs. And such a nasty, ragged set of people, as we met, I would defy the whole world to produce. About every other woman that we encountered was a beggar and in rags. In the short space of one minute we were accosted by no less than eight, all beseeching charity "for God's sake," or "for the love of Heaven."

The Cathedral is a large and imposing edifice, at least as regards the exterior. The interior is lofty, but the pillars are plastered over in not a very neat manner. Several monuments adorn the walls. The choir only is used in time of service; it is hung around with banners of "the most noble order of St. Patrick." We heard a most excellent sermon here, though from whom I know not.

Fruit and vegetable shops have been open to-day, and worse than all, those dens of iniquity, the gin shops. I should think one out of every three shops in the city, has on the sign, "beer and spirits."

And now our short acquaintance with Ireland is ended. It was not our design to make much of a visit here, our object in coming being simply to visit the Giant's Causeway, so to-morrow morning we leave Erin's green isle.

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday eve.

MY DEAREST P. :

Imagine our disappointment on arriving here this evening, to find by a letter from Mr. P. in London, that Mr. D. was forced by continued indisposition to leave immediately for home, and that he sailed last Sunday in the Independence. We shall however adhere to our original plan of going in the New York, which sails next week. Next week! And is it possible that our long journey is so near its termination, that we shall so soon be on the bounding deep? The days are now so short we cannot accomplish much, and so cold

that it is by no means pleasant or comfortable to travel, particularly when we are obliged to start so early in the mornings, and with glad steps and willing hearts, we shall turn our faces homeward. And now back to Ireland for a moment, and then away again. We took a steamer on Monday morning from Kingston, about six miles from Dublin. The bay of Dublin is very beautiful, by some said to equal that of Naples, but it wants the mountainous scenery and rock-girt isles of the Italian bay.

The English steamers are by no means equal in beauty or comfort to those in our own land. Here they are invariably painted black, thus having what our good friend — calls a "funereal" aspect. Their cabins can, by no manner of means, compare in elegance and tastefulness with those in our boats. In fact the English boats are built for the sea, and so they are strong and firm. We made the passage of the Irish channel, a distance of seventy miles, in six hours, the greatest part of which time I spent in sleep, my invariable custom where there is nothing interesting to be seen. We were favored with a pleasant day, and an unusually quick sail, the steamers sometimes being twenty-four hours out. We landed at Holyhead in Wales. At the entrance to the town a high rocky promontory called "the Head," juts out into the sea, thus forming a good natural protection to the harbor. All around rise rock-ribbed hills, on one of which is a monumental pillar to Capt. Sherman, who by a heavy sea was washed off one of the Dublin steamers, being by the force of the waves actually carried through the bulwarks, so that almost every bone in his body was broken before he reached the water. On a small rocky island near the entrance to the harbor, stands a lighthouse. This island was owned by the keeper of the light, who died a short time since, leaving this property to a daughter about sixteen years old. Government wishing to purchase it, offered the guardian of the young girl nearly four hundred thousand pounds. A larger sum was demanded, but finally after

many negotiations, the island was transferred to the state, government paying nearly half a million pounds for it. Quite a fortune for the damsel.

We staid at a quiet inn at Holyhead all night, and, oh what a night it was! The wind howled, and the rain beat against our windows, and the waves roared, the fearful sounds making me shudder as I thought of our voyage across the wide Atlantic at this stormy season of the year. But He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," will I doubt not in His own good time bring us safely to the port where we would be.

Yesterday we had one of the most delightful journeys we have yet taken; and although I was on the top of the coach from six in the morning till after five in the afternoon, I felt but little fatigued, so varied and charming were the scenes through which we passed.

Holyhead is situated on a small island, a narrow arm of the sea separating it from the main land, but across this arm an excellent causeway is made, so that we literally rode with the sea on either side of us. For the first three hours we were in the immediate neighborhood of the sea; the country was rather barren and bleak, and vegetation seemed stunted, but still I liked the scene, there was about it such an air of wildness, though sometimes amounting to dreariness. The houses were much cleaner and neater than those we saw in Ireland. The women wear men's hats, and as some of them occasionally had on large jackets over their petticoats, or were wrapped in cloaks, at a little distance I found it difficult to recognize my own sex.

As we approached the Menai straits, the country became more fertile, and in some places really luxuriant. The hills around were quite high and well wooded, and several small rocky islands dotted the surface of the straits, their green shrubs in admirable contrast with the blue water. Near by is the beautiful seat of the Marquis of Anglesea, and on a high hill is a pillar erected to him. Across the straits is

thrown the celebrated Menai bridge, the finest bridge of the kind in the world. It is five hundred and fifty feet in length between the points of suspension, thirty in width, and one hundred feet above the level of the sea. Though not so long as the suspension bridge at Fribourg, yet as a work of art it is much superior to that. It is suspended on bars of iron, four bars being clustered together in one band. A line runs through the middle, so that coaches going and returning take different sides. It is really a magnificent affair. And then the country around is so beautiful, the banks are so rich and well wooded, that it really seems worthy of being called a second Paradise. I was perfectly charmed with the spot, and would really have been glad to have spent a week in such delightful environs, could we have been sure of good weather.

About a mile from the bridge, we passed Bangor, seated between two ridges of rocks. We saw an old cathedral, a long and low edifice, and a very pretty modern church, and this was all we noticed as particularly worthy of attention. Then for some time we rode through scenes inexpressibly grand and lovely. On our right, high hills arose, on our left, verdant meadows sloped down to the blue waters, which stretched far away in the distance. On an eminence overlooking the straits was Penrhyn castle, a splendid edifice of modern date. At a short distance was the little town of Beaumaris, its white houses peeping through the trees, and reflected on the bright waters.

Through scenes like these we rode for some time, till suddenly a change passed over nature's fair face. The green hills disappeared, and there came in their stead, barren, rocky, and precipitous heights, the straits expanded, till before us lay the sea, "boundless and fathomless." Our road was cut out of the jagged rocks, and lay directly on the margin of the water. Each step served to increase the wildness and grandeur of the scene. And yet between these rugged hills, there often appeared sweet, smiling dells,

most lovely to behold. Oh how many charms doth dear "mother nature" unfold to her loving children! Truly "she ne'er betrayed the heart that trusted her."

Soon we came to the old town of Conway, surrounded by a massive wall, fortified by circular and semicircular towers, and having four large gateways. The town is a feast for a lover of antiquity, the houses being built in the most primitive style of architecture. There is a magnificent castle, built in the time of the first Edward. It is seated on a rock, washed on two sides by the river Conway, is of oblong form, flanked by eight embattled towers.

We passed through several other towns, the houses of which, though generally poor and low, were neat and clean. St. Asaph's is in a delightful situation, lying in a lovely vale between the rivers Clywd and Elwy. Holywell is in the vicinity of the celebrated St. Winifred's Well, and near it are lead and coal mines.

We passed several majestic castles, though I cannot remember their names, so uncouth to an English ear, and even if I could, I should not venture to spell them. One called Gwyisch (pronounce it if you can), was a splendid affair. At the four corners of the park were turreted gateways. The castle though modern is noble, and the grounds around are superb.

A few miles from St. Asaph's, we passed the seat of Lord Denorban. The park is one of the finest I have yet seen, such magnificent trees, such velvet lawns; but alas! in the midst of these beauties, the house was a crumbling ruin, having that very morning been nearly destroyed by fire. All along the road, we met men and boys returning from the scene of conflagration, and alas! for humanity, scarcely one was sober. They had found their way to the wine-cellar, and in the confusion had helped themselves freely.

Certainly the houses and grounds of the English nobility are worthy of all praise. It is impossible, at least for me, to conceive of grounds laid out in more exquisite taste,

and always at the public entrance to them there is a neat porter's lodge, about the only specimens of pretty cottages we have seen in Great Britain. Sometimes they are in the Gothic style, sometimes in the Grecian, and at others in the cottage. Often their walls are almost hidden by the mantling ivy.

After leaving Conway, we had but few glimpses of the sea, but still the scenes were beautiful beyond description. Gentle hills, smiling valleys, dark groves, meadows of the richest green, winding streams, and here and there the deep blue sea, formed the elements of beauty, here combined in one harmonious whole. I have dwelt at length on this ride, because I fancy we shall take no more like it, at least at present. I hope the account has not been tedious to you.

We stopped last night at Chester, and spent a few hours this morning in looking around this old and curious town. It is the most antique looking affair we have seen in this country. Some of the houses are the oddest things, and bear the marks of venerable old age. Many are like some of the Swiss houses, plastered on the outside, and having the beams painted black, and others are quite unlike any thing I ever saw before, having the lower and upper stories projecting beyond the second, the space in front of that being used as a place for promenade, many of the shops being in the second story. Around this ancient town is a wall, a fashionable promenade, and particularly attractive, I should think, to those who like to look into their neighbors' houses and yards.

There are some interesting relics of days gone by in Chester, particularly the Cathedral, a Gothic edifice of red stone, two or three other old churches, built like the Florentine palaces, of blocks of stone, an Exchange erected in the time of Queen Anne, and a castle, part of it built by William I. In front of the castle are handsome modern buildings of stone, ornamented with rich porticoes; they are an armory, a county jail, a shire hall, and a court of

justice. In the court-yard of the castle the soldiers were going through the sword exercises.

We came from Chester by rail-road to the opposite bank of the Mersey, and then crossed the river in a steam ferry-boat. We are now at Miss Perkins', No. 70 Duke street, a most excellent house, which I should take pleasure in recommending to any of your fellow-citizens intending to visit this place.

Thursday eve.

We have just returned from a delightful visit to Mr. G.'s. Among the charms of this social interview, not a slight one was four Providence papers given to me by Mr. G. They are the first papers from our own city that we have seen. I have laid them aside to read during our homeward voyage, not neglecting first (womanlike) to look at the marriages and deaths, and to glance at some of the advertisements. The papers you say in your last that you sent us, have not been received. In vain we have been to the office for them, no one knows any thing about them; you should have directed them to the care of our banker, and then they would have come safely. Mr. P. has sent us a large package of Boston and New York papers, and I have carefully laid them by for perusal on that long voyage.

But now I must away, for to-morrow we start on one more excursion, and then adieu to merry England; so now for the present farewell.

YORK, Saturday eve.

MY DEAREST F.:

We left Liverpool Friday afternoon, and were but one hour going to Manchester, a distance of thirty-one miles. For once we were so fortunate as to get into a train that did not stop every two minutes to pick up a passenger. The country from what we could see of it we judged to be level,

somewhat marshy, but generally fertile, though the fields were mostly shorn of their crops. We passed two or three manufacturing villages, their tall chimnies sending forth clouds of smoke.

We tried to get into some of the manufactories in Manchester, but were every where told that strangers were never admitted. I did not care about seeing their goods, I merely wanted to get a look at the operatives, to see if they were as pale and cadaverous looking objects as I had heard them represented to be.

We found the air at Manchester more smoky, dirty, and thick, than in any place we have been ; we really could not at any time see the length of a street before us. The houses are of a dingy hue, in fact every thing was literally covered with fine particles of coal dust. Some of the public buildings were quite handsome, generally adorned with Doric pillars, an order of architecture well suited to the dark colored stone of which they are built. We passed by a beautiful Gothic church, with a noble spire. Near this was an open common, in which was a great number of horses, and all around were booths and stalls, which led us to imagine that some kind of a fair was being held, and on inquiry, we found that it was one for the sale of horses. Two or three temporary theatres had been erected, the actors and actresses of which were bepainted and befurbelowed in the most gaudy manner. I doubt whether their performances would have elicited much applause from an enlightened audience. Indeed their array of talent could not have been very promising, for the price of admission to a play was but one penny.

Then there were stands for cakes, nuts, fruits and oysters, but on the whole, the scene was far from having the variety and interest that attend a French or Italian fête.

I went to my room after our walk with my head aching from the effects of the noxious air, with my nostrils filled with the vile dust, and my forehead covered with dark spots,

besides having sundry long streaks of black adown one side of my face. I would not exchange the free air of my New England hills for all that this dirty town is worth. My only wonder is, how people live here at all. I should think it impossible that they could long breathe such air with impunity.

We took a coach this morning for Sheffield. We fancied it was a fine morning, but had no way of knowing through such an atmosphere, whether the sun was shining or not, but when we got out of the precincts of the dirty town, we found that indeed it bade fair to be a charming day. The ride to Sheffield was really delightful, I think one of the finest we have taken in England. Around Manchester, the country was level and well cultivated; farther beyond, it grew hilly, but the hills were covered with verdure, and between them stretched bright green vales, shaded by majestic trees. Then bare and rocky were the hills, and sterile was the land, till we reached the vale of Derbyshire near Castleton. The descent to this vale was grand, through a narrow chasm in the hills. At the entrance to this pass, was "the shivering mount," so called because fragments are constantly breaking from it and falling into the glen below. The vale, wide and beautiful, lay sheltered between the hills, its dewy meads and o'erarching trees in striking contrast to the bare summits around. So charmed were we with this scene, that we resolved at once to stop there on our return on Monday.

Again, the scene changed. We toiled up steep hills, hills covered with rocks and the "dark mountain heather," leaving "the pensive vale in quietness" behind us.

And yet again there was a change; soft, smiling scenes surrounded us, till in the midst of a country, fertile and rich as a garden, we reached Sheffield. For miles before getting there, we were aware that we were approaching it, not by its white spires glittering in the sun's rays, but by the cloud of smoke which hung over it, enshrouding hills, vales, rocks,

trees, spires, houses, every thing; but on this subject so noxious to me I will not enlarge.

I had no idea that Sheffield was so large a town, and could I have seen farther ahead than six yards at a time I might have been able to have given you some account of it. We spent our time while there in visiting the cutlery manufactory of the Rodgers', celebrated all the world over. Their show rooms are filled with specimens of articles made at their establishment, far too numerous for me even to attempt to give their names, and so I will mention but one thing, a knife having eighteen hundred and forty-one blades and instruments, and valued at two hundred guineas (one thousand dollars).

In the spring-knife manufactory, the only department we were able to visit, there are constantly employed four hundred and ten hands. I am not at all expert in describing the process of manufacturing different articles, so you will excuse me if I pass over knife-making in silence. Suffice it to say, that in forming, finishing and polishing one knife, it passes through the workman's hands no less than seventy-five times.

We were disappointed in not being able to visit the needle manufactory, but we found that it was two miles from Sheffield, however we are determined to stop as we go back. We had barely time before the "going out of the rail," to get at an inn some bread and butter and a small apple-pie, which moderate lunch cost us the immoderate sum of four shillings. You see one has to pay for being hungry in this country.

We were not quite three hours in coming here from Sheffield, a distance of nearly sixty miles. It soon became dark so that I could see but little of the country through which we passed. At one time the road for some distance was cut through rocks, in which were layers of coal, bearing the appearance of having been burnt. Of course I have nothing as yet to say of this city. Indeed we shall look

about but little, our object in coming, being simply to attend service to-morrow in the world-renowned York Minster.

Sunday eve, Oct. 3.

And now what shall I say of this great cathedral? After describing so many churches, I feel that it would be hardly fair to burden you with any more accounts, yet it would not be just to pass in total silence by so majestic and time-honored a pile as St. Peter's at York. This day, independent of its associations connected with the church, has been full of melancholy interest to us, as it is the last Sabbath we shall spend in the old world, at least for many a year.

York Minster presents an imposing exterior, the west front being surmounted by two noble towers. Around the walls are many niches, filled with statues. Service was performed this morning in the choir as usual; indeed the nave is now being rebuilt, having been lately partially destroyed by fire. The choir is large enough to be a church in itself. It is exceedingly beautiful; the walls being wainscoted with oak, the seats and canopies over them of the same material, and carved in the most delicate and perfect manner. At the upper end of the choir, there is a magnificent window of painted glass, the largest window of the kind in Europe, being seventy-five feet high. The screen, separating the nave from the choir, is perfectly beautiful, so delicate, so lace-like in its workmanship, you could scarcely imagine it to be of stone. On either side of it are seven niches, in each of which is the statue of a king of Great Britain; the seven on the left hand being those who reigned before the church was commenced, and the others, those who lived during the time it was being built. The ceiling of the whole church is vaulted, the arches rising one hundred and eighty feet from the floor. The pillars are immense, measuring twenty-one yards around. All the windows are of painted glass, and it is said that there is more stained glass in this minster than in all the churches united in the kingdom. At the end of

one of the arms of the cross is a beautiful window called "the five sisters," because the designs were first done in needlework by five sisters and presented to the church. It is fifty-seven feet high, and is divided into five compartments, each one being the handiwork of one of the sisterhood. But let us now return to the choir, where a large congregation is awaiting the commencement of the service. Just after we were seated, there came up the aisle, two men in royal livery, bearing the sword and the mace, and behind them, in scarlet robes trimmed with fur, walked the Lord Mayor of York, a fine looking, white-headed old gentleman, and his assistant. They sat in elevated seats, the sword and the mace being fixed before them.

Prayers are generally read from a desk on one side of the choir, the lessons from a lectern directly opposite, and the litany from a small desk in the centre of the aisle, but to-day they were all read from one place, as the reader was a new Prebendary, and was reading himself in, as it is called. At the end of the service he announced his name as the Rev. Robert Isaac Wilberforce. I know not who preached the sermon, but it was quite a good one.

After service was over, we took another walk around the grand old minster. In the south aisle are many monuments, some more than six hundred years old. Among them are monuments to Archbishop Sharpe, and to Sturms, the author of "Reflections for every Day in the Year." A part of this cathedral is built on the site of the most ancient church in the kingdom, where the first Christians in the island met together for worship.

In the vestry room are several antiquities, a silver crosier six feet long, presented by Queen Catherine, two chalices found in the tomb of an archbishop, where they had laid five hundred years, several rings found in another tomb, a drinking horn, presented by Rufus as a pledge that after his death his lands should be given to the church, and a wassail bowl, a gift from one of the archbishops of York to the

Cordwainers' Society. Around it are sculptured small figures, and below them is an inscription giving the name of the donor, and the society to which it was given, and stating furthermore the agreeable intelligence that whoever drank from that bowl should receive forty days' indulgence. This society for more than five hundred years had a meeting every year, at which time the bowl was filled with punch and passed around, each member in turn drinking from it. A few years since the society was given up, and the bowl was presented to the church.

Beneath, there is a subterranean chapel called the crypt where mass was formerly performed by torchlight. Near by is a deep well, named "the holy St. Peter's Well," from which was procured the water for baptism. Back of the choir are two ancient Roman coffins of stone, found about a half mile from the city.

Connected with the church is the Chapter-house, an octagonal building, seven sides of which are filled with splendid windows of stained glass. Over the entrance is engraved in gilt letters the eulogy pronounced on this edifice by some great traveller. Though written in elegant Latin, it was translated to us in the following inelegant manner, "As the rose are the chief of all flowers, so are this house the chief of all houses;" a fair specimen by the way of the conversational abilities of the lower classes in this country, who seem to know as much about grammar as about Greek and Hebrew.

I have thus spoken to you of the principal things that attracted our attention in this majestic church, though no description of mine can do justice to the splendor and magnificence of so impressive an edifice.

York abounds in old churches, for in going to and from the cathedral to-day, we have passed at least a dozen, all bearing the marks of hoary age. They are low and small, each having a little tower or spire, and windows of stained glass. A wall formerly surrounded the city, two or three

antique looking gates of which are now remaining. There is also a castle, built in the time of the first William, at present used as a county jail. The river Ouse runs through the city, and is capable of accommodating considerable shipping.

I have no more time to write, and nothing more to say just now even if I had ever so much time, so I close this letter, just saying by way of consolation for you, and in gratitude for your long continued patience, that after one or two more epistles this great "budget of letters" will be brought to a close; and you will have no further accounts of the "things which I saw abroad," till I meet you face to face, and give the same free reins to my tongue that I have hitherto given to my pen. Perhaps this prospect may not be quite as pleasing to you as to me. But I thought I had closed some time ago, so without another word, I leave you.

CASTLETON, Monday eve.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

Here we are in this quiet country town, and at a nice little inn, and while I am waiting for my usual hour for retiring, never many minutes this side of midnight, I purpose to occupy the hour or so that is given me, by throwing together a few remarks in relation to manners and customs in this country, particularly as regards hotels and inns. And first of all I cannot speak in too high terms of the perfect neatness and order that characterize "public houses" in this country, contrasted as they are with the air of discomfort that pervades a dirty Italian or French inn. Notwithstanding the unbounded approbation which in this respect I am willing and ready to bestow upon them, they have their disadvantages and grievances, which I am about forthwith to pour into your ear. On arriving at a hotel or an inn, for the remark, as far as our observation goes, applies to both,

the first question asked you is, "Will you have more than one room?" If you are on the wing, intending to stop but a night, and have any regard for the praiseworthy virtue of economy, your answer would naturally be "No." A difficulty not foreseen by you immediately arises, "Where then will you dine?" You open your eyes wide and ask, "Have you no public dining-room?" It would be difficult to tell on whose face sits the greatest look of astonishment, your own or the innkeeper's. Suffice it to say, that after much talk on the subject you are told, that there is no public table, that each party dines by itself, and that it is necessary that you should have a room where you can take your meals by yourself. Of course you coincide with the arrangement, there is no alternative but to do it. You dine, and perhaps take breakfast in a room set apart for your own use, and in the morning find an addition to your bill of four shillings, or perhaps a little less, for the use of the said room. Nor is this all. We rarely dine till the duties of the day are over, an additional expense is thus incurred; and we are charged two shillings for the use of "wax candles" on our table (no one in England burns oil). However, after dinner I always order the candles to my sleeping-room, and as I sit up late, I make out, Yankee-like, to get my "money's worth" out of them.

Morning comes, and you are told the coach is ready, or that it is time for the "rail to go out," and you descend from your room; but mercy on me, what an array of servants, drawn up perhaps out of respect to you to witness your departure! Quite the contrary. Listen to their various pleas and demands. First comes the waiter; if you have dined and breakfasted, he modestly demands two shillings, and if you demur, he tells you that he has no wages, but has to pay something himself for the situation he occupies, that he depends on the liberality of gentlemen for his support, laying full stress on the word "gentlemen." Well, you have done with him, and pass on; a sheepish looking

youth draws near, merely ejaculating, "Boots, sir, if you please," (perhaps those articles of leather have not been out of your room. No matter, it is all the same, "Boots" thinks he ought to have cleaned them, and so relies upon a sixpence.) You walk on, but a demure looking damsel places herself in your way, drops a curtsy and whines out, "The chambermaid, if you please, mem." If you offer a sixpence, she draws herself up, and says, "It is not enough when there is two persons," as though it was logically more trouble to make up a bed for two than for one. However on this point I was firm, and when we stopped but one night, would never be cajoled out of more than a sixpence. Nimble jumping on the coach, we thanked our stars that it was over; not so, our diminutive carpet bag was handed after us, the hat was touched, and now "Porter, sir," met our ear. An audible groan is extorted from you, as another sixpence comes forth, and you know that the same thing has to be repeated day after day. Then at the end of twenty miles, your coachman, a well dressed man, driving in kid gloves, gives up the ribands to his successor in office, takes off his hat to you, assures the gentlemen, glancing sideways at the ladies, that he is sorry to leave them, hopes he has given satisfaction, and ends his high sounding speech, by praying you to "remember the coachman." A half-crown from two is quite as little as he likes to take. At the end of the ride, if it has been on the mail-coach, the guard must be fee-ed, for "tuting on a horn." And so end the perplexities of that day. End! did I say? No! begin, for a new source of anxiety opens before you. You order dinner — "What will you have?" Every individual article that you wish on your table must be specified. You may think this a light affair, but I assure you I have found it no slight annoyance, for I like not to know what I am to eat till I sit down at the table; and I declare I have sometimes felt that I would rather go to bed without my dinner, than to be at the trouble of ordering it. One thing I always

have on my tongue, fish, that is excellent here, the salmon especially. For breakfast, I say the same thing every night, "boiled eggs, hot muffins." "What, no tea nor coffee?" exclaims the waiter. When I say "cold water," I am sometimes met by the answer, that it would not be any more to have tea, and we often find it on our table, so difficult is it for them to understand that any one, particularly in a cool morning, can take cold water. And now my tale of grievances is told, and after all you may think them not so very hard to be borne, to which I can but repeat the old proverb, "every one to his liking."

My hour is not yet up, so I will tell you what has happened to us since I closed my last letter, in which I told you that we designed stopping in Sheffield to-day to visit the needle manufactory of the Messrs. Rodgers, but on going to their show-room to make inquiries, we found that it was two miles out of town, so that it would be impossible for us to go there and return in season to take the coach for this place; and we are obliged now to make the most economical arrangements with respect to time, as the ship *New York* sails on Thursday, so with much reluctance we gave up our desire to witness the process of needle-making, but just as we were turning away, we were told that we should on our way hither pass through a small village, in which was quite an extensive needle manufactory. On our reaching the village, however, we found that if we stopped, there would be no way for us to get on here, as no one in the vicinity was licensed to let horses, so we had no alternative but to keep on our route.

Arriving here, we went out immediately to visit the wonders, and first of all we turned to "the Devil's Cave," (don't be frightened,) the entrance to which is in the side of the hill, crowned by the remains of the castle mentioned by Scott in "*Peveril of the Peak*." This cave is a magnificent affair, exceeding any thing of the kind we have yet seen. It extends eight hundred and seventy yards in length,

and at its greatest depth is seven hundred and fifty feet from the earth's surface. Of course in our rambles through it, we were obliged to use torches. In its size it is exceedingly irregular, the roof sometimes almost touching the earth, compelling us to bend nearly double, that we might pass along, and then stretching far upward till it was entirely hidden from mortal ken. At times we were in a narrow passage, our clothes brushing the rocks on either hand, and anon we found ourselves in a spacious room, its walls glistening like jewels as the light fell upon the crystals embedded in the stone. Through this cavern flows a little stream, called the Styx. Here a boat awaited us, in which we were obliged to lie down, to avoid the overhanging rocks. Contrary to the custom in classical times, we were not ferried over the dark river, but pulled along by means of a rope drawn by a man some distance ahead. On stepping from the boat we stood at once in a capacious chamber, called "Pluto's Hall." Around the walls candles were fixed, now throwing their bright light over jutting stones and sparkling crystals, and now casting deep shadows over dark niches and grave-like recesses. Leaving this hall we wandered along till we heard the noise of rushing water, sounding like the surging of the sea at a distance. Nearer and still nearer came the sound, till we reached the room called "Roger Rain's Chamber," (so named in honor of one of the old inhabitants of Castleton). Adown the walls of this chamber the water came trickling, and never for a moment since the discovery of the cave has it been known to have ceased dropping.

We walked beside a little rivulet, which clear as crystal flows over a pebbly bed, till we came to the termination of the cave, and then slowly retraced our steps, and got back once more to the light of day. I fear I have given you but a feeble description of this impressive scene, and I should utterly fail in attempting to convey to you an idea of the effect it produced on us. Coming as we did from one of

the masterpieces of art, St. Peter's at York, to this cavern the handiwork of God Himself, the change was striking in the extreme, and we had a renewed opportunity of observing how far superior was His workmanship, to the noblest invention of man's genius. Here nature is seen, clothed in her wildest, grandest, most imposing robes; here, in tones not to be misunderstood, she speaks to the soul of overpowering sublimity. The capacious chambers, the narrow passages, the o'erarching roof, the gushing stream, are they not overwhelming in their grandeur?

I would not willingly have missed seeing this majestic cavern. How fitting that we should leave the old world, with such scenes so fresh in our memory! To-morrow we shall probably have an interesting and exciting day. I will not therefore close my letter till I can give you the results of the day's sight-seeing.

Tuesday eve.

After an early breakfast this morning, we set out to visit the remaining curiosities of Castleton, going first to the celebrated "Blue John" Mine. We had a long walk to reach it, going for some distance along the road, then turning off by a narrow path over hills and through vales, the rocks and the stones slippery with wet, so that they were insecure stepping places for our feet. In a lonely, retired spot among the hills is the entrance to the mine. We plunged at once into the bowels of the earth, going by a steep descent down a narrow path, a natural opening in the rocks. This fissure extended far up over our heads, large and partially detached rocks hanging in a threatening manner over us. I could not but shudder as I glanced upward, to think how slight a thing might keep us in that subterranean abode till our bodies mouldered away. In two different places this narrow passage expands to a large cavern, the top of which is lost in obscurity.

Through a part of this mine winds a small but clear

stream, and it seemed to us almost like a dream, and a strange dream too, thus to wander by torchlight through these hidden regions, and by this quiet rivulet. The chief object of interest to us was the crystallizations seen in the utmost splendor and profusion in this mine. On one side of the narrow passage were the most brilliant and sparkling crystals, on the other the wall was covered with petrifications. From the roof of the caverns hung long stalactites, looking like large icicles, and reminding me of some parts of the Alpine glaciers.

I never imagined any thing so magnificent as the appearance presented by these caverns, as the rays of light from a large chandelier played over the walls, lighting up the crystallizations with a more than earthly splendor. In the long drooping stalactites, and in the various crystals sparkling on the walls, were seen all the hues of the rainbow.

Among the rocks and crystallizations is the spar known here by the name of "Blue John." It is of a deep blue color, and lies in large veins, the effect of which is very beautiful seen by the flashing light of torches. From this spar fluoric acid is made, used in etching glass.

We were perfectly enchanted with the view of this mine, so different from any thing we have ever before seen. We lingered and still lingered around, now stopping to gaze at some large stalactites, which from their size and shape are called the organ, and now looking at the different petrifications seen on every hand, now large pieces of wood, now shrubs and plants, and now snails and insects. How great, how varied are creation's wonders! how diversified the pages of nature's book! Every day some new beauty is unfolded to our gaze, so that it seems a luxury to live in a world like this.

But let us proceed now to the Speedwell mines, going by the wild pass called the "Winnats." Here every thing was as wild and grand as the most enthusiastic lover of nature could desire, a path winding between lofty and jagged hills,

the tops of which in their rude forms and shapes resembled ruined forts and castles. I was on the point of saying that I never saw any thing so grand as that pass, but I remember Switzerland, and so will qualify it by saying, that there is nothing like it in Great Britain.

Through this pass the wind came so powerfully as to force us to close our umbrella, though it was raining quite fast. The old road was through this ravine, but so many accidents occurred to the coaches and the passengers from the violence of the wind, persons being often blown from the top, and indeed heavy coaches being frequently overturned, that the road was abandoned, and a new and more circuitous one laid out.

While in the midst of this wild scene, we came suddenly upon a view of the valley, which lay nestled among the hills, its bright fields and grand old trees in striking contrast to the barren summits around.

Once more we descended to the inner regions of the earth, this time going down more than a hundred steps. Here we were obliged to take a small boat. But I can't describe this mine to you in a regular and systematic manner, so you must let me give the description in my own desultory way. The Speedwell mine has been worked about eighty years; when first opened, it was supposed that it would yield a great quantity of lead, as sixteen different veins could be seen, but on beginning to work it, these flattering hopes proved delusive, the veins being but small, and of an inferior quality of lead, so that the individuals engaged in the undertaking were ruined by the speculation. It is now worked only in the winter.

The passage cut through the limestone rocks, and used in working the mines, extends in a perfectly straight line for seven hundred and fifty yards, and does not vary four inches in width the whole distance. It is arched, and presents a fine appearance, being partially lit by candles, fastened at regular intervals along the sides. We rowed the whole

length of this passage, and then came to a large cavern in which there is a waterfall.

When the mine was first worked, there was no water at all to be seen, till at the end of the long passage the miners suddenly opened upon the cavern, then the water quickly gushed out, bearing every thing before it. The workmen fled, consternation written on every face, but no material injury ensued, only that ever since boats have been employed, the water so far filling up the passage as to render it utterly impossible to carry on the work in any other way.

But this cavern is the most wonderful thing I ever saw. Yes, after visiting so many places of interest, I think I may safely pronounce this the most wonderful of all, and the object of all others that most filled my mind with admiration and awe, and I may almost say with fear.

But let me describe it to you more particularly. A strong platform has been built over the water with a railing around it, and standing on this floor and leaning over this railing, we stood gazing down into the depths beneath, a waterfall one hundred and forty-four feet deep, sending up its thundering noise below. I do not think I ever experienced more awful sensations than at that moment, when with one startled hurried glance I took in the whole scene, the boiling, foaming water below, and the vaulted ceiling rising so far over our heads, as to be actually lost in obscurity. Indeed no one knows how far up it does extend, for a rocket has been sent up two hundred and seventy yards, but did not reach the top. Nor is this all that is wonderful and mystical about this cavern. The fall empties into a basin or lake, about fifteen yards across at the top, but how far it extends within the inner regions of the earth, or how deep it is, no mortal knows, but this one thing is known, that no bottom has ever been found to it, although a cord three hundred feet long has been lowered down. One of the guides told us that during eleven years, sixteen tons of

rubbish taken from the mine were thrown daily into this basin, without apparently diminishing its depth. May it not aptly be called a bottomless pit? Can you imagine any thing more sublime or terrific than to stand in that cavern and look upon its solid walls, its ceiling veiled in obscurity, to gaze down upon that dark, mysterious lake, and listen to the unceasing din of that waterfall, and then to know, to feel that one step forward would carry you far, far beyond mortal aid? Oh it is awfully grand and impressive.

This stream of water has some connection with the one which runs through "the Devil's Cave," as chaff thrown in here, in due time makes its appearance there. Another experiment has been tried; some little twigs were thrown into a stream about four miles from Castleton, and though it is not known where this stream enters the earth, yet, these twigs in a little while were seen on the water in this mine.

As we re-seated ourselves in our little boat, it was a beautiful sight that long narrow passage, with its little twinkling lights, reflected in the still water.

Sometimes the Duke of Derbyshire visits the mine and cavern, and then the whole passage is brilliantly illuminated, forty pounds of candles being used for that purpose. A band of musicians is stationed near the centre, and the effect of the music in such a place must be fine indeed.

Well, we did not feel as though we had seen quite enough of this interesting country, so we trudged across the fields through long wet grass to the Odin lead mines. We did not however go down into the mines, as the descent is difficult, and the air damp and unwholesome. I doubt much whether we should have been deterred by these difficulties, but there was still another, the time was wanting, for we must get back to Liverpool this evening, as on Tuesday morning we sail. We went into the huts above the mine, where we saw the work-people engaged in different

processes. When the lead is brought from the mine, it is broken up, and separated from the stone. Then it is pounded with a hammer into very small pieces, and put into a sieve over water; the pure lead sifts through and falls to the bottom, the alloy remains in the sieve. The water is then drawn off, and the lead is sent away to be smelted.

The man who showed us around this mine was very old, and he has been engaged in working here for eighty years, having begun when he was a little boy. He is active and energetic, stepping around as vigorously and talking as briskly as though he was near the beginning of life, instead of its close. According to his information, this is the oldest lead mine in England, having been worked in the earliest ages of the country, tradition says even before the times of our Saviour.

Wet and somewhat tired we returned to the inn, and after unloading our pockets of the specimens we had collected, we climbed up the hill to take a near view of the old Peveril Castle, and I think of all hills I ever ascended, this is the steepest. How they ever built a castle on the top of such a hill, far surpasses my feeble knowledge.

We met a man who officiously offered to be our conductor, and though we declined his services, he kept by us, and we were quite amused by the praises he so lavishly bestowed upon me, continually telling me that he never saw a lady who went up so easily and so actively, but when he found out that we had been out for more than six hours, he seemed to be perfectly overwhelmed with astonishment at my powers of endurance.

From the top of the hill the view was really magnificent. On one side we saw hills bare, rocky, and wild, while on the other the scene was soft and beautiful, the green vale seeming to sleep calmly and securely in the mountain fastnesses. Of the old castle, interesting to us from the charm thrown around it by Sir Walter Scott, but one square tower now remains, the village church having been built of the

stone taken from the ruins. A part of the wall is yet standing; it is overgrown with ivy, and presents a picturesque appearance.

As we descended the hill, we had a grand view of the ravine, in which is the entrance to the Cave of his Satanic Majesty, a wild ravine surely. At the foot of the hill, our self-constituted guide pointed out the house said to have been Major Bridgenorth's.

In this vale of Derbyshire, we saw several persons who had goitres on their necks, caused, it is supposed, by drinking the water from the mountains.

Once more we are in our comfortable quarters in Liverpool. The first information we had on arriving here was that the New York does not sail till Friday, thus giving me an opportunity of writing you one more letter, which with this I shall leave here to be forwarded by the next steamer, as the probability is that we shall not get home till long after they reach you.

I am too tired at present to add another word.

LIVERPOOL, Thursday, Oct. 7.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

Our last day on land, at least for some time to come; how many days and nights we shall be rocked about on "the boisterous main," is more than we can tell, probably a goodly number, as at this season of the year the packet ships have long voyages. But with our usual propensity to look on the bright side, we hope for the best, and with willing feet and joyous hearts, we shall step on board the gallant ship that is to bear us on our homeward path.

Our time yesterday and to-day has been occupied with preparing for our departure. The last walk has been taken, the last duties performed, and now as usual on all occasions, I turn to you, and with a sort of melancholy pleasure indite this my last epistle.

This morning we walked to Everton, a village about a mile and a half from Liverpool. At the head of this street we passed the cemetery, a pretty, romantic spot on the side of a hill. The tombs are cut out of the solid rock. A neat little church is at the entrance to the grounds. As we drew near a funeral procession was issuing from the church. No where have I seen such display in funerals as in England. Every thing is arranged with the utmost pomp and parade. Enormous bunches of black feathers wave from the top of the hearse. The carriages are all black, black trappings cover the horses, and sable plumes nod from their heads. All the men in the procession have wide pieces of black crape or silk around their hats, the long ends hanging down on their shoulders. I have never seen ladies in any of the carriages, and from a certain air and expression in all the men, I have been led to think the bearers and mourners hired for the occasion. But be that as it may, there is an ostentation of mourning about all the funeral processions I have seen, exceedingly repugnant to my ideas of that heart-felt sorrow which seeks to avoid the public eye.

The remainder of our walk was rather devoid of interest. We passed some fine houses, but the greater part of them was of brick, and quite ordinary looking. The principal thing which attracted us to Everton was a church built of cast iron, that is, the frame-work is of iron, the filling up, stone.

The hill whereon the village stands, must command a fine view of the river and the channel, when the air is sufficiently clear, which was far from being the case this morning. We thought we saw a faint gleaming of water through the smoke and fog, but we were not sure.

And thus has ended our last day in the old world. Now farewell to merry England, England with its thriving towns, its scenes of quiet loveliness, its hills and vales and beautiful lakes; and farewell to beautiful France, to gay, enchanting Paris, to sunny Italy, and hardest of all to say,

farewell to thee, dear Switzerland, the country that next to my own native land, I love the best. I fear I never shall see thee again, never climb thy snow-clad mountains, or rest in thy beautiful vales, never listen to the wild music of thy waterfalls, and the noisy dashings of thy streams, but in my dreams I shall oft revisit thee. Well does it cause sorrow in my heart to bid adieu, perhaps forever, to loved scenes like these; yet there comes joy too, for in leaving them, I turn to my own father-land, the land of my birth, the land where are all that I love. Oh joy, joy! Shall I indeed see my home again, my own loved home? Then farewell to the varied scenes I have gazed upon with so much delight, and welcome the sea, welcome America!



NOTE.

After a boisterous and stormy passage of forty-four days, we stepped once more on our native shore. Will the reader allow me to give the following statistics of our journey? We travelled by sea in two different ships seven thousand miles; in steamers, thirteen hundred and twelve; by rail-road, six hundred and seventy-nine; in diligences, thirteen hundred and fifty; in a carriage we hired, eleven hundred and fifty; in coaches, eight hundred and forty-four; and in other kinds of carriages, three hundred; making in all, twelve thousand six hundred and thirty-five miles, of which nineteen hundred and sixty-four miles were in Great Britain. Eight hundred miles we rode on the outside of coaches. Of course I can make no mention of the countless

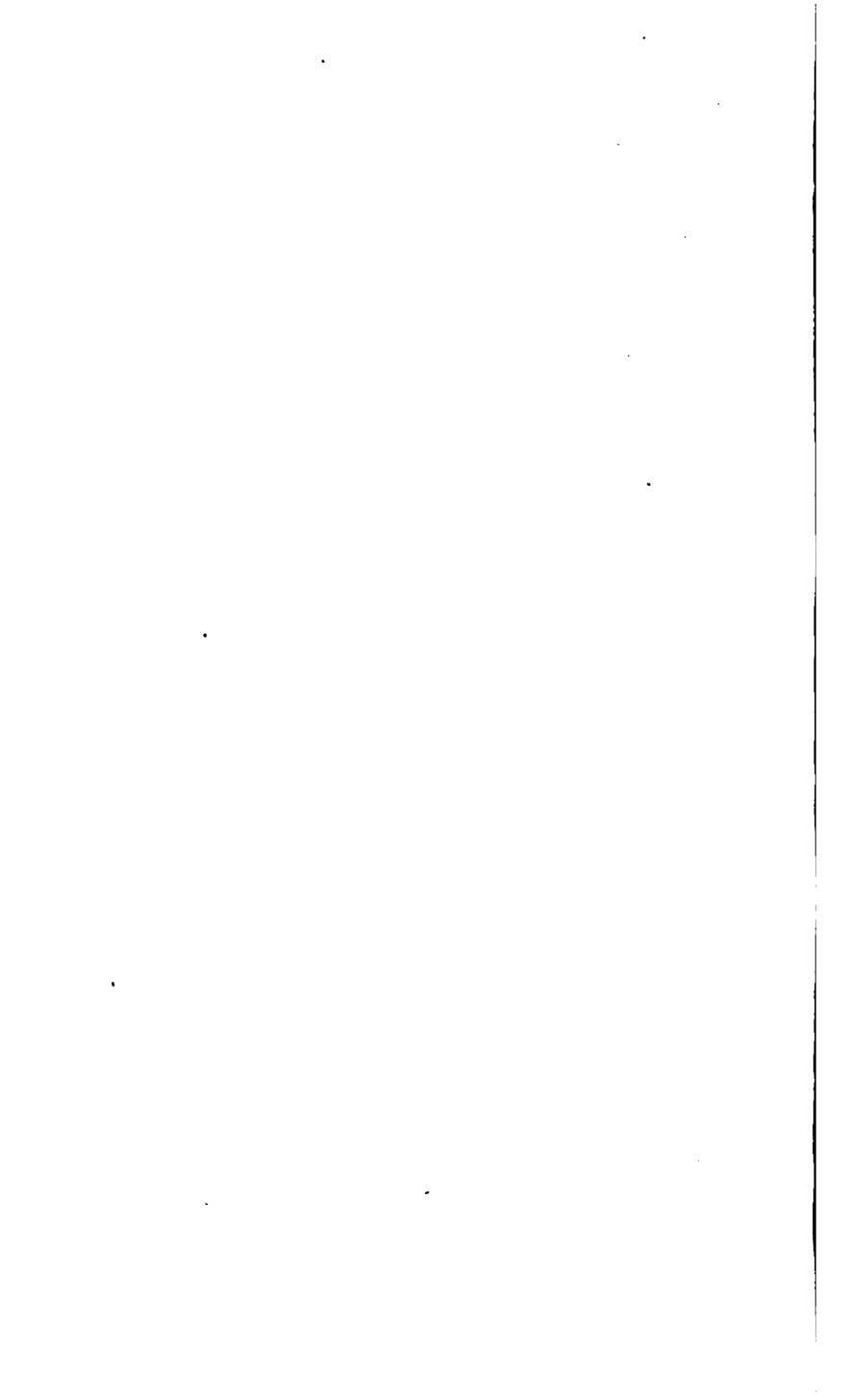
number of miles we rode in hackney coaches and cabs in our excursions around different cities.

As we were gone from home two hundred and forty days, our average rate of travelling was little more than fifty miles a day. In all this long journey we met with nothing that deserves the name of an accident, although we were often travelling night and day, starting at all hours, and going in all sorts of conveyances. We never lost even the slightest article from our baggage, and were never subjected to those little annoyances arising from leaving things behind, or being too late at steam-boat, rail-road, or coach-office.











MAY 18 '68 H

